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Late—299

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I

1 §

IT was disconcerting to the governor. The man's smile was so peculiar. Of course these educated prisoners—doctors, solicitors, parsons—one could never say good-bye to them quite without awkwardness; couldn't dismiss them with the usual: "Shake hands! Hope you'll keep straight, and have luck." No! With the finish of his sentence a gentleman resumed a kind of equality, ceased to be a number, ceased even being a name without prefix, to which the law and the newspapers with their unfailing sense of what was proper at once reduced a prisoner on, or even before, his conviction. No: 299 was once more Doctor Philip Raider, in a suit of dark-gray tweeds, lean and limber, with gray hair grown again in readiness for the outer world, with deep-set shining eyes, and that peculiar smile—a difficult subject. The governor decided suddenly to say only, "Well, good-bye, Doctor Raider," and, holding out his hand, he found it remain in contact with nothing.

So the fellow was going out in defiant mood—was he! The governor felt it rather hard after more than two years, and his mind retraced his recollections of this prisoner: An illegal operation case! Not a good "mixer"—not that his prisoners were allowed to mix; still, always reassuring to know that they would if not strenuously prevented! Record—Exemplary. Chaplain's report—Nothing doing (or words to that effect). Work—Bookbinding. Quite! But chief memory that of a long loose figure loping round at exercise, rather like a wolf. And there he stood! The tall governor felt at the moment oddly short. He raised his hand from its posture of not too splendid isolation, and put the closure with a gesture. No: 299's lips moved:

"Is that all?"

Accustomed to being "sirred" to the last, the governor reddened. But the accent was so refined that he decided not to mention it.

"Yes, that's all."

"Thank you. Good morning."

The eyes shone from under the brows, the smile curled the lips under the long, fine, slightly hooked nose; the man loped easily to the door. He carried his hands well. He made no noise going out. Damn! The fellow had looked so exactly as if he had been thinking: "You poor devil!" The governor gazed round his office. Highly specialized life, no doubt! The windows had bars; it was here that he saw refractory prisoners in the morning, early. And, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he frowned. . . .

Outside, the head warder, straight, blue-clothed, grizzled, walked ahead, with a bunch of keys.

"All in order," he said to the blue-clothed janitor, "No: 299—going out. Any one waiting for him?"

"No, sir."

"Right. Open!"

The door clanged under the key.

"Good day to you," said the head warder.

The released prisoner turned his smil-

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ing face and nodded; turned it to the janitor, nodded again, and walked out between them, putting on a gray felt hat. The door clanged under the key.

"Smiling!" remarked the janitor.

"Ah! Cool customer," said the head warder. "Clever man, though, I'm told."

His voice sounded resentful, a little surprised, as if he had missed the last word by saying it. . . .

Hands in pockets, the released prisoner walked at leisure in the centre of the pavement. An October day of misty sunshine, and the streets full of people seeking the midday meal. Chancing to glance at this passer-by, their eyes glanced away at once, as a finger flies from a too-hot iron. . . .

2 §

On the platform the prison chaplain, who had a day off and was going up to town, saw a face under a gray hat which seemed vaguely familiar.

"Yes," said a voice, "Late—299. Raider."

The chaplain felt surprise.

"Oh! Ah!" he stammered. "You went out to-day, I think. I hope you——"

"Thanks very much."

The train came clattering in. The chaplain entered a third-class compartment; Late—299 followed. The chaplain experienced something of a shock. Extremely unlike a prisoner! And this prisoner, out of whom he had, so to speak, had no change whatever these two years past, had always made him feel uncomfortable. There he sat opposite, turning his paper, smoking a cigarette, as if on terms of perfect equality. Lowering his own journal, the chaplain looked out of the window, trying to select a course of conduct; then, conscious that he was being stared at, he took a flying look at his *vis-à-vis*. The man's face seemed saying: "Feel a bit awkward, don't you? But don't worry. I've no ill feeling. You have a devilish poor time."

Unable to find the proper reply to this look, the chaplain remarked:

"Nice day. Country's looking beautiful."

Late—299 turned those shining eyes of his toward the landscape. The man had a hungry face in spite of his smile, and the chaplain asked:

"Will you have a sandwich?"

"Thanks. . . ."

"Forgive my inquiring," said the chaplain presently, blowing crumbs off his knees, "but what will you do now? I hope you're going to—" How could he put it? "Turn over a new leaf"? "Make good"? "Get going"? He could not put it, and instead took the cigarette which Late—299 was offering him. The man was speaking too; his words seemed to come slowly through the smoke, as if not yet used to a tongue.

"These last two years have been priceless."

"Ah!" said the chaplain hopefully.

"I feel right on top."

The chaplain's spirit drooped.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you don't regret—that you aren't—er—?"

"Priceless!"

The man's face had a lamentable look—steely, strangely smiling. No humility in it at all. He would find society did not tolerate such an attitude. No, indeed! He would soon discover his place.

"I'm afraid," he said kindly, "that you'll find society very unforgiving. Have you a family?"

"Wife, son, and daughter."

"How will they receive you?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"And your friends? I only want to prepare you a little."

"Fortunately I have private means."

The chaplain stared. What a piece of luck—or was it a misfortune?

"If I'd been breakable, your prison would have broken me. Have another cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

The chaplain felt too sad. He had always said nothing could be done with them so long as their will-power was unbroken. Distressing to see a man who had received this great lesson still so stiff-necked! And, lifting his journal, he tried to read. But those eyes seemed boring through the print. It was most uncomfortable. Oh! most! . . .

II

1 §

In the withdrawing-room of a small house near Kew Gardens, Mrs. Philip Raider was gazing at a piece of pinkish

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paper in her hand, as if it had been one of those spiders of which she had so constitutional a horror. Opposite her chair her son had risen, and against the wall her daughter had ceased suddenly to play Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn.

"He says to-night!"

The girl dropped her hands from the keys. "To-night? I thought it was next month. Just like father—without a word of warning!"

The son mechanically took out his pipe, and began polishing its bowl. He was fresh-faced, fair, with a small head.

"Why didn't he tell us to meet him in London? He must know we've got to come to an arrangement."

The daughter, too, got up, leaning against the piano—a slight figure, with bushy, dark, short hair.

"What are we to do, Mother?"

"Jack must go round, and put Mabel and Roderick off for this evening."

"Yes, and what then, if he's going to stay here? Does he know that I'm engaged, and Beryl too?"

"I think I told him in my last letter."

"What are *you* going to do, Mother?"

"It's come so suddenly—I don't know."

"It's indecent!" said the boy violently.

His sister picked up the dropped telegram. "'Earl's Court, five four.' He may be here any minute. Jack, do hurry up! Doesn't he realize that nobody knows down here?"

Mrs. Raider turned to the fire.

"Your father will only have realized his own feelings."

"Well, he's got to realize. I'll make him——!"

"Doctor Raider, ma'am."

Late—299 stood, smiling, in front of the door which the maid had closed behind him.

"Well, Bertha?" he said. "Ah, Beryl! Well, Jack!"

His daughter alone replied.

"*Well*, Father, you might have let us know beforehand!"

Late—299 looked from one face to the other.

"Never tell children they're going to have a powder. How are you all?"

"Perfectly well, thank you. How are you?"

"Never better. Healthy life—prison!"

As if walking in her sleep Mrs. Raider came across the room. She put out her hand with a groping gesture. Late—299 did not take it.

"Rather nice here," he said. "Can I have a wash?"

"Jack, show your father the lavatory."

"The bathroom, please."

The son crossed from the window, glanced at his father's smiling face, and led the way.

Mrs. Raider, thin, pale, dark, spoke first. "Poor Philip!"

"It's impossible to pity father, Mother; it always was. Except for his moustache being gone, I don't see much change anyway. It's you I pity. He simply can't stay here. Why! everybody thinks you're a widow."

"People generally know more than they seem to, Beryl."

"Nobody's ever given us a hint. Why couldn't he have consulted us?"

"We must think of *him*."

"He didn't think of us when he did that horrible thing. And it was so gratuitous, unless—! Mother, sometimes I've thought he had to do it; that he was her—her lover as well as her doctor!"

Mrs. Raider shook her head.

"If it had been that, he'd have told me. Your father is always justified in his own eyes."

"What am I to do about Roddy?"

"We must just wait."

"Here's Jack! Well?"

"He's having a bath as hot as he can bear it. All he said was: 'This is the first thing you do when you go in, and the first thing you do when you come out—symmetrical, isn't it?' I've got to take him up a cup of coffee. It's really too thick! The servants can't help knowing that a Doctor Raider who gets into the bath the moment he comes to call must be our father."

"It's comic."

"Is it? He doesn't show a sign of shame. He'll call it from the housetops. I thought, of course, he'd go abroad."

"We all thought that."

"If he were down in the mouth, one could feel sorry for him. But he looks as pleased as Punch with himself. And it's such a beastly sort of crime—how am I to put it to Mabel? If I just say he's been in prison,

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she'll think it's something even worse. Mother, do insist on his going at once. We can tell the servants he's an uncle—who's been in contact with smallpox."

"*You* take him the coffee, Mother—oh! you can't, if he's to be an uncle! Jack, tell him nobody here knows, and mother can't stand it, and hurry up! It's half past six now."

The son passed his fingers through his brushed-back hair; his face looked youthful, desperate.

"Shall I?"

Mrs. Raider nodded.

"Tell him, Jack, that I'll come out to him, wherever he likes to go; that I always expected him to arrange that; that this is—too difficult—" She covered her lips with her hand.

"All right, Mother! I'll jolly well make him understand. But don't launch out about it to the servants yet. Suppose it's we who have to go? It's his house!"

"Is it, Mother?"

"Yes, I bought it with his money under the power of attorney he left."

"Oh! Isn't that dreadful?"

"It's *all* dreadful, but we must consider *him*."

The girl shook back her fuzzy hair.

"It does seem rather a case of 'coldly received.' But father's always been shut up in himself. He can't expect us suddenly to slobber over him. If he's had a horrible time, so have we."

"Well, shall I go?"

"Yes, take him the coffee. Be quick, my dear boy, and be nice to him!"

The son said with youthful grimness, "Oh! I'll be nice!" and went.

"Mother, don't look like that!"

"How should I look? Smiling?"

"No, don't smile—it's like him. Cry it off your chest."

2 §

Late—299 was sitting in the bath, smiling through steam and the smoke of his cigarette at his big toe. Raised just above the level of the water, it had a nail blackened by some weight that had dropped on it. He took the coffee-cup from his son's hand.

"For two years and nine months I've been looking forward to this—but it beats the band, Jack."

"Father—I ought to——"

"Good coffee, tobacco, hot water—greatest blessings earth affords. Half an hour in here, and—spotless, body and soul!"

"Father——!"

"Yes, is there anything you want to add?"

"We've—we've been here two years."

"Not so long as I was there. Do you like it?"

"Yes."

"I didn't. Are you studying medicine?"

"No. Botany."

"Good. You won't have to do with human beings."

"I've got the promise of a job in the gardens here at the beginning of next year. I'm—I'm engaged."

"Excellent. I believe in marrying young."

"Beryl's engaged too."

"Your mother isn't, by any chance?"

"Father!"

"My dear fellow, one expects to have been dropped. Why suppose one's family superior to other people's? *Pas si bête!*"

Gazing at that smiling face where prison pallor was yielding to the heat, above the neck whose sinews seemed unnaturally sharp and visible, the boy felt a spasm of remorse.

"We've never had a proper chance to tell you how frightfully sorry we've been for you. Only, we don't understand even now why you did such a thing."

"Should I have done it if I'd thought it would have been spotted? A woman going to the devil; a small risk to oneself—and there we were! Never save any one at risk to yourself, Jack. I'm sure you agree."

The boy's face went very red. How could he ever get out what he had come to say?

"I have no intention of putting my tail between my legs. D'you mind taking this cup?"

"Will you have another, Father?"

"No, thanks. What time do you dine?"

"Half past seven."

"You might lend me a razor. I was shaved this morning with a sort of billhook."

"I'll get you one."

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Away from that smiling stranger in the bath, the boy shook himself. He must and would speak out!

When he came back with the shaving gear, his father was lying flat, deeply immersed, with closed eyes. And setting his back against the door, he blurted out: "Nobody knows down here. They think mother's a widow."

The eyes opened, the smile resumed control.

"Do you really think that?"

"I do; I know that Mabel—the girl I'm engaged to—has no suspicion. She's coming to dinner; so is Roddy Blades—Beryl's *fiancé*."

"Mabel, and Roddy Blades—glad to know their names. Give me that big towel, there's a good fellow. I'm going to wash my head."

Handing him the towel, the boy turned. But at the door he stopped. "Father——!"

"Quite. These natural relationships are fixed, beyond redemption."

The boy turned and fled.

His mother and sister stood waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"Well?"

"It's no good. I simply can't tell him we want him to go."

"No, my dear. I understand."

"Oh! but, Mother—! Jack, you must."

"I can't, I'm going to put them off." Seizing his hat, he ran. He ran between small houses in the evening mist, trying to invent. At the corner of the long row of little villas, he rang a bell.

"Can I see Miss Mabel?"

"She's dressing, sir. Will you come in?"

"No. I'll wait here."

In the dark porch he tried hard to rehearse himself. Awfully sorry! Somebody had come—unexpectedly—on business! Yes! On what business?

"Hallo, Jack!"

A vision in the doorway—a fair head, a rosy, round, blue-eyed face above a swansdown collar.

"Look here, darling—shut the door."

"Why? What is it? Anything up?"

"Yes, something pretty badly up. You can't come to-night, Mabel."

"Don't squeeze so hard! Why not?"

"Oh! well—there—there's a reason."

"I know. Your father's come out!"

"What? How——?"

"But of course. We all know about it. We must be awfully nice to him."

"D'you mean to say that Roddy and everybody— We thought nobody knew."

"Bless you, yes! Some people feel one way, and some the other. I feel the other."

"Do you know what he did?"

"Yes, I got hold of the paper. I read the whole trial."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't *you?*"

"It was too beastly. Well?"

"I think it was a shame."

"But you can't have that sort of thing allowed."

"Why not?"

"Where would the population be?"

"Well, we're overpopulated. Everybody says so."

"That's quite another thing. This is the law."

"Look here! If you want to argue, come in. It's jolly cold."

"I don't want to argue; I must go and tell Roddy. It's an awful relief about you, darling. Only—you don't know my father."

"Then I can't come?"

"Not to-night. Mother——"

"Yes, I expect she's frightfully glad."

"Oh! yes—yes! She—yes!"

"Well, good night. And look here—you go back. *I'll* tell Roddy. No! Don't rumple me!"

Running back between small houses, the boy thought: "Good God! How queer! How upside down! She—she—! It's awfully modern!"

3 §

Late—299 sat in the firelight, a glass beside him, a cigarette between his smiling lips. The cinders clicked; the clock struck. Eleven! He pitched the stump of his cigarette into the ashes, stretched himself, and rose. He went up-stairs and opened the first door. The room was dark. A faint voice said:

"Philip?"

"Yes."

The light sprang out under his thumb. His wife was sitting up in bed, her face pale, her lips moving:

"To-night—must you?"

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Late—299 moved to the foot of the bed; his lips still smiled, his eyes gazed hungrily.

"Not at all. We learn to contain ourselves in prison. No vile contacts? Quite so. Good night!"

The voice from the bed said faintly:

"Philip, I'm so sorry; it's the suddenness—I'm——"

"Don't mention it." The light failed under his thumb. The door fell to. . . .

Three people lay awake, one sleeping. The three who lay awake were thinking: "If only he made one feel sorry for him! If only one could love him! His self-control is forbidding—it's not human! He ought to want our sympathy. He ought to sympathize with us. He doesn't seem to feel—for himself, for us, for anything. And to-morrow what will happen? Is life possible here, now? Can we stand him in the house, about the place? He's—frightening!"

The sleeper, in his first bed of one thousand and one nights, lay, with eyes pinched up between brows and bony cheeks of a face as if carved from ivory, and lips still smiling at the softness under him.

Past dawn the wakeful slept, the sleeper awoke. His eyes sought the familiar little pyramid of gear on the shelf in the corner, the bright tins below, the round port-hole, the line of distemper running along the walls, the closed and solid smallness of a cell. And the blood left his heart. They weren't there! His whole being struggled with such unreality. He was in a room staring at light coming through chintz curtains. His arms were not naked. This was a sheet! For a moment he shivered, uncertain of everything; then lay back, smiling at a papered ceiling.

III

1 §

"It can't go on, Mother. It simply can't. I feel an absolute worm whenever I'm with him. I shall have to clear out, like Beryl. He's just one object all the time—to make every one feel small and mean."

"Remember what he's been through!"

"I don't see why *we* should be part of his revenge. We've done nothing, except suffer through him."

"He doesn't want to hurt us or any one."

"Well, whenever people talk to him, they dry up, at once, as if he'd skinned them. It's a disease."

"One can only pity him."

"He's perfectly happy, Mother. He's getting his own back."

"If only that first night——"

"We tried. It's no good. He's absolutely self-sufficient. What about to-morrow night?"

"We can't leave him on Christmas Day, Jack."

"Then we must take him to Beryl's. I can't stick it here. Look! There he goes!"

Late—299 passed the window where they stood, loping easily, a book under his arm.

"He must have seen us. We mightn't exist! . . ."

2 §

Late—299, with the book under his arm, entered Kew Gardens and sat down on a bench. A nursery governess with her charges came and settled down beside him.

"Peter, Joan, and Michael," said Late—299, "quite in the fashion."

The governess stirred uneasily; the gentleman looked funny, smiling there!

"And what are you teaching them?"

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic, sir, and Bible stories."

"Intelligent? . . . Ah! Not very. Truthful? . . . No! No children are."

The governess twisted her hands. "Peter!" she said, "where's your ball? We must go and look for it."

"But I've got it, Miss Somers."

"Oh! Well, it's too sharp, sitting here. Come along!"

She passed away, and Peter, Joan, and Michael trailed after her.

Late—299 smiled on; and a Pekinese, towing a stout old lady, smelled at his trousers.

"It's the cat," said Late—299. "Dogs and cats their pleasure is——"

Picking up the Pekinese, the stout old lady pressed it under her arm as though it were a bagpipe, and hurried on like a flustered goose.

Some minutes passed. A workman and his wife sat down to gaze at the pagoda.

"Queer building!" said Late—299.

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"Ah!" said the workman. "Japanese, they say!"

"Chinese, my friend. Good people, the Chinese—no regard for human life."

"What's that? Good did you say?"

"Quite!"

"Eh?"

The workman's wife peered round him.

"Come on, John! The sun gits in me eyes 'ere."

The workman rose. "'Good,' you said, didn't you? *Good* people?"

"Yes."

The workman's wife drew at his arm. "There, don't get arguin' with strangers. Come on!" The workman was drawn away. . . .

A clock struck twelve. Late—299 got up and left the gardens. Walking between small houses, he rang at the side entrance of a little shop.

"If your father's still blind—I've come to read to him again."

"Please, sir, he'll always be."

"So I supposed."

On a horsehair sofa, below the dyed-red plumes of pampas-grass, a short and stocky man was sitting, whittling at a wooden figure. He sniffed, and turned his sightless eyes toward his visitor; his square face in every line and bump seemed saying: "You don't down me."

"What are you making?" said Late—299.

"Christmas Eve. I'm cuttin' out our Lord. I make 'em rather nice. Would you like this one?"

"Thank you."

"Kep' 'Is end up well, our Lord, didn't He? 'Love your neighbor as yourself'—that means you got to love yourself. And He did, I think; not against Him, neither."

"Easier to love your neighbors when you can't see them, eh?"

"What's that? D'you mind lendin' me your face a minute? It'll help me a lot with this 'ere. I make 'em lifelike, you know."

Late—299 leaned forward, and the tips of the blind man's fingers explored his features.

"'Igh cheek-bones, eyes back in the 'ead, supraorbital ridges extra special, rather low forehead slopin' to thick hair. Comin' down, two 'ollers under the cheek-bones, thin nose a bit 'ooky, chin sharpish, no moustache. You've got a smile, 'aven't you? And your own teeth? I should say you'd make a very good model. I don't 'old with 'Im always 'avin' a beard. Would you like the figure 'angin', or carryin' the cross?"

"As you wish. D'you ever use your own face?"

"Not for 'Im—for statesmen, or 'eroes, I do. I done one of Captain Scott with my face. Rather pugnacious, my style; yours is sharp, bit acid, suitable to saints, martyrs, and that. I'll just go over you once more—then I'll 'ave it all 'ere. Sharp neck; bit 'unchy in one shoulder; ears stick up a bit; tallish thin man, ain't you, and throw your feet forward when you walk? Give us your 'and a minute. Bite your fingers, I see. Eyes blue, eh—with pin-points to 'em—yes? Hair a bit reddish before it went piebald—that right? Thank you, much obliged. Now, if you like to read, I'll get on with it."

Late—299 opened the book.

"'. . . But at last in the drift of time Hadleyburg had the ill luck to offend a passing stranger, possibly without knowing it, certainly without caring, for Hadleyburg was sufficient unto itself and cared not a rap for strangers and their opinions. Still, it would have been well to make an exception in this one's case, for he was a bitter man and revengeful.'"

"Ah!" interjected the blind man deeply, "there you 'ave it. Talkin' of feelin's, what gave you a fellow-feelin' for me, if I may ask?"

"I can look at you, my friend, without your seeing me."

"Eh! What about it with other people, then?"

"They can look at me without my seeing them."

"I see! Misanthropical. Any reason for that?"

"Prison."

"What oh! Outcast and rejected of men."

"No. The other way on."

The blind man ceased to whittle and scoop.

"I like independence," he said; "I like a man that can go his own way. Ever noticed cats? Men are like dogs mostly; only once in a way you get a man that's like a cat. What *were* you, if it's not a rude question. In the taxes?"

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"Medico."

"What's a good thing for 'eartburn?"

"Which kind?"

"Wind, ain't it? But I see your meanin'. Losin' my sight used to burn my 'eart a lot; but I got over that. What's the use? You couldn't have any worse misfortune. It gives you a feelin' of bein' insured-like."

"You're right," said Late—299, rising to go.

The blind man lifted his face in unison. "Got your smile on?" he said. "Just let me 'ave another feel at it, will you?"

Late—299 bent to the outstretched fingers.

"Yes," said the blind man, "same with you—touched bottom. Next time you come I'll 'ave something on show that'll please you, I think; and thank you for readin'."

"Let me know if it bores you."

"I will," said the blind man, following without movement the footsteps of his visitor that died away.

3 §

Christmas night—wild and windy, a shower spattering down in the street; Late—299 walking two yards before his wife, their son walking two yards behind his mother. A light figure, furred to the ears, in a doorway watching for them.

"Come along, darling. Sorry we had to bring him."

"Of course you had to, Jack!"

"Look! He can't even walk with mother. It's a disease. He went to church to-day, and all through the sermon never took his eyes off—the poor old vicar nearly broke down."

"What was it about?"

"Brotherly love. Mother says he doesn't mean it—but it's like—what's that thing that stares?"

"A basilisk. I've been trying to put myself in his place, Jack. He must have swallowed blood and tears in there—ordered about like a dog, by common men, for three years nearly. If you don't go under, you must become inhuman. This is better than if he'd come out crawling."

"Perhaps. Look out—the rain! I'll turn your hood up, darling." A spattering shower, the whispering hushed. . . .

A lighted open doorway, a red hall, a bunch of hanging mistletoe, a girl beneath, with bushy hair.

"Happy Christmas, Father!"

"Thanks. Do you want to be kissed?"

"As you like. Well, Mother darling! Hallo, you two! Come in! Roddy, take father's coat."

"How are you, sir? Beastly weather!"

"That was the advantage we had in prison. Weather never troubled us. 'Peace and Goodwill' in holly-berries!—Very neat! They used to stick them up in there. Christianity is a really remarkable fraud, don't you think? . . ."

Once again those four in the street, and the bells chiming for midnight service.

"What an evening!"

"Let them get out of hearing, Jack."

"Worse than ever! My God, he'd turn the milk sour! And I thought liquor might make him possible. He drank quite a lot."

"Only a few days now, and then! . . ."

"Do you agree with mother that he doesn't mean it, Mabel?"

"Oh! yes, I do."

"The way he sits and smiles! Why doesn't he get himself a desert?"

"Perhaps he is . . ."

4 §

"'Ere you are!" said the blind man. "Best I can do under the circs. 'Ad a bit o' trouble with the cross; got it top-'eavy, I'm afraid; but thought you'd rather carry it."

"Quite a masterpiece!"

"Speaking serious?" said the blind man. "You could improve it with a box o' colors; make it more 'uman like."

"I'll do that."

"I wouldn't touch the face, nor the cross—leave 'em wooden; but the hair and the dress, and the blood from the crown o' thorns might be all the better for a bit o' brightenin'. How's the man that corrupted 'Adleyburg?"

Late—299 opened the book.

"'. . . Goodson looked him over, like as if he was hunting for a place on him that he could despise the most; then he says: "So you are the Committee of Inquiry, are you?" Sawlsberry said that was about what he was. "H'm! Do they require particulars, or do you reckon

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a kind of *general* answer will do?" "If they require particulars I will come back, Mr. Goodson; I will take the general answer first." "Very well, then; tell them to go to hell—I reckon that's general enough. And I'll give you some advice, Sawlsberry; when you come back for the particulars, fetch a basket to carry what's left of yourself home in." ' "

The blind man chuckled.

"Ah! I like that Mark Twain. Nice sense o' humor—nothin' sickly."

"Bark and quinine, eh?"

"Bark and bite," said the blind man. "What do you think of 'uman nature yourself?"

"Little or nothing."

"And yet there's a bit of all right about it, too. Look at you and me; we got our troubles, and 'ere we are—jolly as sandboys! Be self-sufficient, or you've got to suffer. That's what you feel, ain't it? Am I mistook, or did you nod?"

"I did. Your eyes look as if they saw."

"Bright, are they? You and me could 'ave sat down and cried 'em out any time—couldn't we? But we didn't. That's why I say there's a bit of all right about us. Put the world from you, and keep your pecker up. When you can't think worse of things than what you do, you'll be 'appy—not before. That's right, ain't it?"

"Quite."

"Took me five years. 'Ow long were you about it?"

"Nearly three."

"Well, you 'ad the advantage of birth and edjucation; I can tell that from your voice—got a thin, mockin' sound. *I* started in a barber's shop, got mine in an accident with some 'air-curlers. What I miss most is not bein' able to go fishin'. No one to take me. Don't you miss cuttin' people up?"

"No."

"Well, I suppose a gent never gets a passion; I'd a perfect passion for fishin'. Never missed Sunday, wet or fine. That's why I learned this carvin'—must 'ave an 'obby to go on with. Are you goin' to write your 'istory? Am I wrong, or did you shake your 'ead?"

"I did. My hobby is watching the show go by."

"That might 'ave suited me at one time—always liked to see the river flowin' down. I'm a bit of a philosopher myself. You ain't, I should say."

"Why not?"

"Well, I've a fancy you want life to come to heel too much—misfortune of bein' a gent, perhaps. Am I right?"

Late—299 closed the book and rose. "Pride!" he said.

"Ah!" said the blind man, groping with his eyes, "that's meat and drink to you. Thought as much. Come again, if I don't worry you."

"And take you fishing?"

"Reelly? You will? Shake 'ands."

Late—299 put out his hand. The blind man's groped up and found it. . . .

§

"Wednesday again, is it, partner, if I'm not troublin' you?"

"Wednesday it is."

At the door of his house, with the "catch" in a straw bag, the blind man stood a minute listening to his partner's footsteps, then felt his way to his horsehair sofa under the pampas-grass. Putting his cold feet up under the rug, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction, and fell asleep.

Between the bare acacias and lilac-bushes of the little villas, Late—299 passed on. Entering his house, he sought his study, and stretched his feet toward the fire, and the cat, smelling him fishy, sprang on to his knee.

"Philip, may I come in?"

"You may."

"The servants have given notice. I wanted to say, wouldn't you like to give this up and go abroad with me?"

"Why this sudden sacrifice?"

"Oh, Philip! You make it so hard for me. What do you really want me to do?"

"Take half my income and go away."

"What will you do, here, alone?"

"Get me a char. The cat and I love chars."

"Philip!"

"Yes?"

"Won't you tell me what's in your heart? Do you want always to be lonely like this?"

Late—299 looked up.

"Reality means nothing to those who haven't lived with it. I do."

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"But why?"

"My dear Bertha—that is your name, I think?"

"Oh, God! You *are* terrible!"

"What would you have me—a whining worm? Crawling to people I despise—squirming from false position to false position? Do you want humility? What is it you want?"

"I want you to be human."

"Then you want what you have got. I *am* so human that I'll see the world damned before I take its pity, or eat its salt. Leave me alone. I am content."

"Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes, stand out of my firelight. . . ."

6 §

Two figures, in the dark outside, before the uncurtained window.

"Look, Mabel!"

"Be careful! He may see. Whisper!"

"The window's shut."

"Oh! Why doesn't he draw the blinds—if he must sit like that!

"'A desert dark without a sound
And not a drop to eat or drink
And a dark desert all around!'

Jack, I pity him."

"He doesn't suffer. It's being fond of people makes you suffer. He's got all he wants. Look at him."

The firelight on the face—its points and hollows, its shining eyes, its stillness and intensity, its smile; and on the cat, hunched and settled in the curve of the warm body. And the two young people, shrinking back, pass on between small houses, clutching each other's hands.

New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[THIRD PAPER]

THE story on which in the two following letters Stevenson describes himself as working is probably "A Country Dance"—never completed or printed. "Adelaïde" is, of course, Beethoven's famous song. "Prose Poems" means a projected volume of which the title, and to some extent the scheme, were suggested by Baudelaire's "Petits Poëmes en Prose," but which was never carried to completion; although a score or more of pieces intended for it were written, as mentioned in further references below and particularly in the published "Letters," vol. I, p. 237, Scribner Edition, 1911. "My poet" is W. E. Henley; whom Stevenson had lately been taken by Leslie Stephen to see in hospital, as related in "Letters," vol. I, p. 209, Scribner Edition, 1911, and with whom he quickly formed what, although broken before the end, was destined to be for long a close and stimulating friendship.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875]
Thursday.

Well, my dear, at last. I have been working so hard, every day till yesterday, that I had no hand even to put down a word to you when I was done; and yesterday I was seedy and afraid to write at all. I have finished the two first chapters now; but before going farther, I have set to work to transcribe them yet again, because I am not quite sure of the characters. I can't tell you what a joy of battle I have in this work. Two days ago, when I read some pages over, and found them bad, I went out and had a walk for half an hour. I was not depressed; I said

*** The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

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"This is harder than I thought; but I'll make it right or die." You know, if I could make it right, it would make such a difference, I could be so much more free, if once I had a position and could make money. And then, it's all work, of course. The amount of work I am doing takes the Springtime out of me a good bit, and I cannot give way to the unrest and delightful sadness of it, but what you say is true—every year it is sadder and gladder and more intense. Only this year I have given the giant a fall, and turned him to work, in irons, on my luckless story.

Friday.

I do not know if you are aware how much you help me in my work; it is not only that I have a strong motive; it is that I have always a woman to think of; and that is for so much.

I had *Adelaïde* sung to me to-night—a girl cousin living in the house—and it took me such a far journey into the past. There goes a quarter to twelve on the chimney clock on the stair; there is a faint moaning of wind without; and the night looks in at me, blue as a sapphire, through the window. There—there were two new noises; a railway whistle, and the roll of a cab in neighbouring streets.

[Swanston, Spring, 1875],
Friday.

Write to you, it seems, I cannot. I hope, only, you will not draw any wrong conclusions. I cannot write letters—that is all. One of the things that keeps me unhappy is just this, that I fear you will think I do not write because I am somehow changed towards you. Perhaps I am; I think not; I know I cannot spare you any more than before, my mother; I cling to you as a drowning man to a straw. Only I am changed to myself; all my *sham* goodness, I mean the orderliness, and citizenliness, and sort of respectability, that I had laid on, is going away and away down through wind into everlasting space. I cannot play these games; I am made for the other thing; as I grow well, I fall back into it, day by day. O don't forsake me for that; despise me if you like; though I can't see anything despicable in it—quite the reverse—only I'm so frightened you may; despise me if you please, my lady, but mind you, I'll do good work in spite of it all, even though I cannot catch trains (as now *I cannot*) and cannot write letters (O mea culpa! mea culpa!) and cannot keep engagements, nor, generally, do anything that a stout thoughtful citizen should do by nature, as he took his mother's milk.

Saturday.

Such pens as I have, and such an empty ink bottle! I have to paint and potter over half the words. Prose poems going on; also (fear not!) the law. The law comes in the second place; duly! Colvin never writes to me; it is past a joke. However, I don't deserve people to write to me, and, so long as they do not quarrel with me, I am content. God knows about the summer. My parents, I think, have it in their heads to follow me; they insist on Switzerland (the place of my pet abhorrence!) and now I hear them talk threateningly of London.

Sunday.

I must just send this scrap to you, though I am ashamed of it, and ashamed of the little I have done also. I have got the first chapter as good as I can get it. The second requires transcription still. The third, fourth, and fifth I haven't attempted yet, but I know about them.

My poet writes good stuff; it is slack still, and unequal, but I think some of it capital.

I simply can't write. Never mind, I shall see you in no very long time, and I shall bring all (all!) that I have written, and take a holiday. I really do work hard anyway; I take every bit of virtue I can get out of my body to put into this poor story; for poor story, of course, it will be; I am not fool enough to expect anything else.

Ever your loving son,
Robert Louis Stevenson.

The dating of the following letter is conjectural only. The idea of his possible intromission in Scotch ecclesiastical politics can hardly have been more than momentary and nowhere recurs. The character of George Wishart, the Scottish reformer, by his pupil Emery Tylney, occurs in Tylney's "Narrative" in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs": in applying some words from it to his correspondent, Stevenson has to change the gender of the pronouns to suit her sex.

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SWANSTON, Thursday,
MY DEAR FRIEND, [Spring, 1875.]

Again a fine, moonlight night with a high wind; and again no news. Forgive me, if I be a little despondent when I am left in the dark; I cannot help it; and my despondency is at least of a serviceable and cheerful sort. I should go on working doggedly whatever turned up; and, whatever turned up, you would know what place you had in my intention. I think I am going to make a figure in Scotch ecclesiastical politics; at least I am turning over in my own mind the expediency of the step, as I have been doing for some time back; and more and more as days go by do I seem to see my way to doing possibly some good with small chance of harm. If the Church be virtuous enough to take my suggestion, it has the elements of life in it, and would live whether or no; I shall only give another heroic example for mankind; and, of these, we cannot have too many. If, on the other hand, it has too little virtue, or too much policy, I shall have done good service in unveiling a sham and struck another deathblow at the existence of superannuated religion. Besides, I am not politic in these matters. I prefer to see men noble, even if it be to the ruin of my own views; what I wish to see in the world is not the triumph of these views, but the multiplication of noble and disinterested men. The views may be hurtful; good men will ever be helpful. These are very dark sayings, but if my purpose ripens you will see more clearly what I mean.

Friday night.

I am so glad to hear no ill of your health. You must not die. I cannot think of what life would be to me if you were gone; a great black hole, without form and void. Please keep this in view. Although I speak jocularly I am grave at heart. I should be left to speak in the words of surely the most affecting historical document in the world—Emery Tylney's character of George Wishart, "O that the Lord had left her to me, her poor boy, that she might have finished what she had begun." I can't tell you how beautiful that whole paper is from which these words are imitated. I was reading it again the other day, and my heart came into my mouth when I got to that passage: one is so little prepared for such a cry of the soul amid the succinct details of life and manners that surround it. And the saying, in my mind, attaches itself to you: I have had to explain all round that you might understand the full meaning of the words and how they are not simply my words, but have been sanctified by the fire of martyrdom and the name of one of the good, pure, quiet delicate spirits of the Earth; and you needed to know that to know why I like to apply them to you. I shall keep this letter until you are at Mrs. H.'s, as after my highland experience I have a horror of letters arriving after one is gone; they might as well be cast into the sea with a millstone about their neck.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875.]
Friday.

Now I have a moment to write to you. I have been working every spare moment, and *obsédé* by two girls living in the house, on whom I was called to lavish attentions.

First, the Wagner Concert. Yes, it was a great success, and what do you think? Baxter said the very thing of him that you had said, to wit, that he was like Walt Whitman. Baxter and I go together to all the concerts that are going; however, we generally come and go with Beethoven —we have now added Wagner to the list; he is jolly and fresh, like a wind.

I have been in a curiously impressionable state; the sight of people and things has pursued me, (spring, spring, I suppose). The other day, a little wee deformed girl, with that curious voice, neither boy's nor girl's nor man's nor woman's, but of sexless and ageless deformity; yesterday, two little children—such pretty children, who had been lost, and were being taken to the police station, the wee boy stoically eating scone on the policeman's shoulder, and the wee girl trotting unconcernedly at his side, with a great semicircle of scone, about as big as herself, in one hand, and the hem of the policeman's trouser in the other; a train that I saw going round the outside of our station (I was looking down from overhead on the Bridge) on a very curved line of rails—if you had seen the sinuous grace of it as it turned slowly from one curve on to another; lastly, a nice ugly girl who

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went by me smiling, and looking so happy, that I could not help smiling myself and was happy for a great while after. These are some of the things that took hold of me. I don't like being so sensitive in town though, for the impressions are more often painful than agreeable. In the country now, it would be different.

Saturday.

I am idle to-day; I had a little tic last night, but somehow I am better in spirits. I have thrown off the worst of my depression; indeed this morning I can scarcely call myself depressed. I am a little *February*, that is all.

I am to act Orsino (The Duke) in Twelfth Night at the Jenkins's. I could not resist that; it is such a delightful part; and I got them to put off my rehearsals to the last moment; so that I may get a fortnight with you in London and a fortnight with Bob in France; for that must be done this time, *coûte que coûte*. I am not altogether satisfied that I shall do Orsino *comme il faut;* but the Jenkins are pleased, and that is the great affair.

Colvin says he does not know what I have been doing. Well, I don't know myself. I seem to waste my time sadly, and yet I do try to work, I think you know that.

O—I must tell you a nice thing about my mother; when I was in low spirits about my work to-day, she came up quite suddenly and kissed me. I think this shows we are on good terms, does it not?

Sunday.

What to say, I do not know. It rains, the bells ring clamorously for church; and as they ring, all the weary Sundays of my childhood go in a procession through my heart. O, the ennui, the ennui, the ennui of it all!

Never mind, I will work and keep brave and happy, till the time comes.

Ever your loving son,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[SWANSTON, February or March, 1875.]

Thursday.

I have been in town, and had a fine time with toothache; I am writing such nice things—at least, so I fancy, I have no time for elaborate letters, and yet my heart is much with you, as you will see when you come to read what I have written.

Friday.

Since Tuesday evening, I have written six prose poems, and I shall likely do a seventh before night. At this rate, I shall have a book in no time. What about my exam? O God knows. To-morrow for that—to-morrow for that: I do believe some of them are good. There's one about Sudbury water-meadows which is simply a little masterpiece. I desire to repeat that, in case you might think I didn't mean it. I'm as cock-a-hoop as a man can be; and that, in spite of toothache which hangs round me and now and then makes a run in.

I have done "The quiet waters by"; that's Sudbury. "In a Garden," that's well, it's rather private. "A Summer Night," that's about staying out a whole night making plans in the streets of Edinburgh; Bob and I did it. "The drunkard and the Sea," that's a wild thing; that I am pleased with. "The Lighthouse: no. 1; On the roof": I'm going to have another called "The Lightroom." Lastly, "A sermon by your leave"; but I don't know if they will give me leave. Of course, they'll remind people of Baudelaire, but I think they're really quite unlike.

Saturday.

Not a moment. Catch post. All well and jolly. Don't keep me too long, although after this sorry note, anything would be fair. Like Jingle in Pickwick. *Dieu vous benisse.*

Sunday.

Interrupted. Well, you can't get a letter till Tuesday. I had a nice time to-day, hanging about the church outside in the sunshine, hearing the psalms and the strong solitary voice of the preacher. All the same, Sunday comes hard on me. The mind goes back of a Sunday; and repents. I hope you will like my prose poems. I hope you will like something of mine, anyway. I think there are some of the bits of letters I have written to you that might come in; a letter for instance, I wrote last May or June about the green and daisies and great spring winds. Perhaps, too, a thing I sent last winter about the lamp in the chapel.

Ever yours,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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[SWANSTON, March, 1875.]
Sunday.

I don't know why the recurrence of this day always depresses me; but it does. O the bitter, bitter, dead, empty life—it is dull and vile.

I am teaching my cousin Algebra, have I told you? It is something to cling to, that makes me feel as if my life were less hollow. Goodnight.

Monday.

A steeping rain, a wet mist, clings and falls about our wooded garden. It is wet and cold and sorry.

My father has been quite sewed up for some days back, by Clifford's article (a fine article it was, too). I wish he hadn't been, poor man, for he has enough on his shoulders just now. The world is not using him well. As indeed, does it use anyone.

O the wild wet world, the soaking rain, the aching heart. And I am so well, all the same, brown and strong and growing fatter, they say. Thanks be to God for all His mercies! I lick my greasy lips, "Give me some more pudding, please God. I am a good boy. This is the best of possible worlds, and you are a very fine fellow for having made it." Noble R. L. S.!

Tuesday.

I could not sleep, so I arose about half past six, and went out into the breathing world. You must be very miserable indeed if you can be miserable in the open air. It stupefies and woos and amuses you; it is like some great healthy narcotic; and the visions are visions of green trees, and men ploughing, and larks, and the golden morning clouds breaking and showing us the high blue sky beyond. *A la bonne heure!* After all, life is very liveable under the open sky. It is in houses mostly that the blue devils do consort. Goodbye. I am as fresh and jolly as the open air.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XIV prose poems in existence now!—No. 15!!

Stevenson's first visit to Barbizon in the forest of Fontainebleau, besides being the occasion of an immediate temporary improvement in his health and spirits (compare "Letters," vol. I, p. 210, Scribner Edition, 1911) marked also the beginning of a great and abiding change in his life and habits. It seems doubtful whether the letter next following his return, in which he announces his consciousness of such a change, dates from before or after this visit.

[BARBIZON, April, 1875.]

My dear,—I am much better here in the forest, but not yet quite what I ought to be. I went about your sister's affair on Monday before I left Paris, but it was *un jour férié* and they would do nothing for me. I shall see to it when I go back. I am exposing my mind to the forest day by day, and hope it is going to get into an article to redeem my failure. I suppose, of course, that no news means good news. Hotel Siron, Barbizon, Seine et Marne.

Ever your faithful
R. L. S.

[PARIS, Spring, 1875.]

My dear, the Gods are against me. I have missed the trains so freely that I am stuck here for yet another night. I shall be in London, however, to-morrow at six. I shall go straight to the club, in hopes of finding Colvin, or a note from you. It is the most splendid weather, the trees are out along the bright streets in their first greens, and the whole town sounds and shines about one, so that it goes to the head like wine.

Ever your faithful
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, Spring, 1875.]
Friday.

For the first time for so long, there has come a real rent in my life; and that was when I managed to be happy for a while, without afterthought, in my old easy way; managed to take food and drink, and the sweet winds and sun, and trees, and people, as they came to me, and be glad in them without irony. Well, you know what that did; it made some years become the past; it closed up a long, long, present; my life went into another tense. I cannot say how glad I am of it, how glad I am to feel my own body again, and recognize my own laugh. And yet I don't quite know how to say it, but I despise myself

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a little that it should have happened. I must not write about that, though; for the wolves are at the door; I must wait for the perfect day, before I unbolt it and go fairly out into the sunshine, me and my whole pack of thoughts, as in old times.

And remember this always, when I say I find myself again, I mean I have found much that was me, nay, and most, nay, and I think *all*, only there is another thought in it now. This spirit of mine must ever be somewhat holy ground; your son must be better than the sons of other people, madonna.

[SWANSTON, Spring, 1875.]
Saturday.

I can make no plans for the summer. I do not think I shall get my thousand pounds; and indeed all my ideas of taking more money from my people vanished from me as soon as I shook off the barbarism of the forest (see my Fontainebleau article, which ought to be a beauty); I am going to pay back the ten pounds that were advanced to me. Gumminess also is gone; it went the length of a pair of dress boots and there miserably perished. Life is a curious problem (original remark: copyright); and I do not see my way through it very distinctly at present. I do so hunger and thirst after money (i. e. happiness); *and yet to get that, I must give up my hope of making myself strong and well* (*i. e. happiness*). Two birds are building a nest in the holly before my window; you should see them fly up with great straws in their mouths; God prosper them. They are better off than we; they are not obliged to play other people's games, wear other people's clothes, walk with other people's gait, and say other people's silly words after them by leaden rote, under pain of breaking hearts and drawing hot tears and driving home the gross dagger of disappointment into breasts full of hope. There, you see, I am as moral as ever, again, God help me. Wild work, madonna, wild work—this decency to others. I may say with Sir Andrew, "Nay, I care not for good life!" It seems to me the wildest of follies, the most indecent prodigality of our little hopes and chances; and yet—Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon. From circumference to middle, the whole is a riddle, and I hope to be out of it soon.—Impromptu verses: copyright. Adieu. Well, one thing I have to be thankful for to "Whatever Gods may be." I am no longer the miserable perverse tremulous childish DEVIL, who came down to London in March. I could throw my hat over the house when I think of it—over the house?—over Uranus.

Always your faithful,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The following letter must date from a second visit paid by Stevenson to Barbizon in the summer of 1875. "Nous n'irons plus aux bois" is the beginning of a poem by Théodore de Banville, which he had set himself in these days very successfully to translate, or rather paraphrase (see "Letters," vol. I, p. 229, Scribner Edition, 1911). "Béranger" means an article on that poet which Stevenson had been commissioned to write for a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

[Chez Siron, BARBIZON, Summer, 1875.]

Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés; that thing has rung in my ears ever since I saw you, Madonna. I could not write for a thousand reasons; and even now, write only in the teeth of a positive reluctance, lest you should think I had forgotten you; which is not so.

I have had one of my curious inertias and desires to sleep these last days; yesterday I slept almost the whole day; but I am alright again now. I should like to sleep a great deal; I do not like being awake and averse from work; which is a virtuous feeling. Béranger still trails on, I cannot get my back into anything.

Birds chirp, cocks crow, asses bray, a little wind goes about among the trees, some women splash wet clothes outside my window.

Good-bye, think of me a little if you can. Love to all.

Ever your faithful,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, Early Spring, 1876.]

You may well say why; but I can't answer. I had a favour to ask too, which—without further delay—I shall ask: please

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send me that piece of Augier's by post; Henley wishes to see it.

I am in capital health, I have re-written a story with which I mean to try Blackwood; I have written an article about the Raeburn Gallery, with which I am trying Stephen; and I am about half-way done with another article with which I am to try Morley. So you see I have not been idle. Indeed, I am in a state of wonderful mental activity. My spirits are good. I am not thinking anything that I can help, except about my work. There's work and thinking for you. Will you be angry if I send such a scrap? I wish to catch the post to-day, and my back is aching so that I can't write more. I have been working since half-past nine this morning; and have scrolled between five and six magazine pages. Don't suppose I am ever likely to forget you my dear friend, even if I am remiss. I rest in the thought of you so much now.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

None of the several writings mentioned in the above letter found any favour with editors. No story of Stevenson's ever appeared in *Blackwood*. Nothing of his appears about this date in *The Fortnightly*, of which Morley was then editor. His essay on Raeburn was declined with one consent by *Blackwood*, *The Pall Mall*, and *The Cornhill*, under the editorship though it then was of a good friend of his, Leslie Stephen. To make amends, however, Stephen printed the papers "Walking Tours" and "Forest Notes" in *The Cornhill* for April and May of this same year.

[EDINBURGH, 1876.]

My dear madonna, I don't know where and how I have been living this while back. I had a letter written to you some time ago, and burned it because I thought it nasty; since when I have not been able to write any. I have now been three days in the house with sore throat, very painful, but not serious. This is the beginning of my third; and except that I keep reading XVth Century, my mind is as loose as—as a fish in a river. I think I am now, if you know that old word under the sign of *Nonchaloir*. I am quite jolly, but I have lost my hold of life; and so much the better, perhaps; only as I did live earnestly for a while, the change is not easy. That is all there is to say about me. I hope my forest notes may be in the Cornhill by April, but it is no more than a hope for that date. I have written to-day a little piece on Walking Tours; mais je ne le trouve pas bon.

Please let me hear how you all are. I have spent 2/- in the last fortnight, which is not extravagant.

"Quand on ne peut avoir ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." Ouida! C'est trés beau ça; seulement—pas moyen!

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

With these last letters a chapter in Stevenson's life can be felt to be closing. The day was approaching when he was ready, a character formed and firm, to stand on his own feet for the future. In compliance with his father's wish he had passed for the English Bar in the summer of 1875; but this had been barely more than a matter of form, and it was tacitly accepted that literature should be his real and working vocation. He was left master, within such limits as his finances made possible, of his own movements; and naturally leaned less entirely than before on the sympathy and guidance of his first friends, although without the least breach of his affection for them or of intimate confidence in them upon occasion. He spent more of his time each year in France, especially frequenting, in the company of his cousin "Bob," Barbizon and the other artist haunts in the forest of Fontainebleau. There in the summer of 1876 he met the American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, whom he presently determined to make his wife. Under the circumstances of her life and his, to realize that determination made a new call on all the grit and strength of will in his nature. He succeeded, and the world knows how stimulating a companion, and how devoted a nurse and critic, Stevenson had thenceforward in his wife. In the period of trial and difficulty which preceded it, Mrs. Sitwell remained as closely as ever his trusted friend and helper, and now and again at need an intermediary between himself and his father. But their

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occasions for the interchange of letters became fewer, and from the date of Stevenson's expedition to California and return as a married man in 1879, the lady became, of the pair, Mrs. Sitwell's far more frequent correspondent. The very few letters remaining here to be printed are separated one from another by wide periods of time.

The "my book" of the next two letters is "The Inland Voyage," and the dedication is to Sidney Colvin. Stevenson's father, the "Scotch Presbyterian," presently to be mentioned, had been taken by Stevenson into confidence about the new complications of his life, and had just been to see his son in Paris. I was about to stay as his guest at the family home in Edinburgh, where I was under engagement to give a lecture.

[Barbizon or Paris, Spring, 1878.]

I have corrected 96 pages of my book in proof.

I am in bed; for two days I was really very seriously ill; and I am still very pale, very weak, very full of rheumatisms and rather a bad hand at passing the night. However, the doctor says there is nothing really very wrong. Indeed, it is a wonder either of us is alive. And my father, too; after his journey here and back at his time of life; but he seems quite well, and writes me the kindest letters.

I am sorry I shall not be in Edinburgh for Colvin. But I daresay he will not object to meet the Scotch Presbyterian who has been to Paris under such strange circumstances.

Please write, and take a short note from

An invalid, R. L. S.

[Gairloch, Easter, 1878,]
Patmos, Ash Wednesday.

I have begun several letters to you, and ended by giving them up; to say truth I was worried, and after trying around for a confidante, gave it up altogether and went without. I have been ill, and still am, but am on the mend. I cannot walk, cannot work, and am not very good at eating or the little internal chemistry that should follow thereafter.

Are you at home? Are you well? What's your news?

I am staying with my people at Shandon Hydropathic Establishment, Gairloch, Clyde. I hate it and am dull, stupid, and a little wee bit gloomy between whiles. When I cannot work, cannot walk, and am not much in the humour to read, my time hangs upon my hands. I think I never feel so lonely as when I am too much with my father and mother, and I am ashamed of the feeling, which makes matters worse.

Be a good lady and write me a word. I am so tired of being ill. I kiss your hand with affection.

Don't imagine me worse than I am either in body or mind. I am only withered—suffer very little pain now, and hope, although somewhat chimerically, to get up and be myself again after each new night's rest.

Ever your faithful friend,
Robert Louis Stevenson.

My book is through the Press. I have dedicated it as I said, Silence! for your life. I am so frightened lest he should find out.

I am so languid as hardly to reckon among men. And yet I believe a little happiness would pick me up at once. But it does not come my way in the meantime; it goes to others though; God bless them! When I see you, as I hope it may be given me soon, I shall explain the little mystery at the beginning of this note. F., in a letter which did me much good, sent you her love.

[17, Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
Summer, 1878.]

My dear friend, here I am pretty well and all squared with my people. I know no way of thanking you for all you have done. Perhaps, after all, the confident trust with which I came to you was better than any thanks after the event. At least, so I try to think. I am afraid Fanny is not very bright in health, but she says she is taking care. And Fate has handled us so lightly hitherto, that I almost begin to think it means us well in the main. Her letter to me was mostly about you. Indeed you need be under no surprise if you have made a very enthusiastic friend of her. She could not honestly be less. Will you write and tell me how your cold has been getting on? And pray forgive my silence. There is a

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heavy nervous reaction after my struggles and excitements, and I am so stupid and sluggish as to be hardly sane!

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Hotel Buol, DAVOS, 1882.]

My dear, thank you for your letter. I am in the blackness of low spirits to-night, for Fanny has had a sharp relapse, and I have hurt my dog, and bust my own knee. We have been both in bed again for near a week; but I am up, though wretched. I will not write much more, for I should fear to say what I really felt. Mrs. D. is condemned; poor little D. out here again, so wretched: Symonds' oldest daughter ill; his wife and he both wild in consequence. I write out of a dark cloud. But though I have no pleasant news to give you, and little spirit to write at all, I wished only to tell you that I am

Yours always the same,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I have said how from the date when Stevenson's life and destiny had come to be bound up for good and all with those of Mrs. Osbourne, whom he followed to California and brought back to England as his wife in 1879—I have said how from that date the lady became, of the pair, much the more frequent correspondent of his old friend and confidante, Mrs. Sitwell. But when he did take up the pen to write to her himself, it was in a tone always of quite unabated affection and confidence. The reader has just had before him one such letter written from the Swiss mountain-cure station of Davos in a mood of sickness and black depression; he will doubtless be glad to see the present specimens of the correspondence close in a contrasted mood of a year or two later—a mood of riotous high spirits and topsy-turvy nonsense such as in the actual presence and company of his friends was at all times, to their delight, apt to come upon him. The following letter was written during the eight or nine months of good health and prosperous work which Stevenson spent at Hyères on the Provençal coast in the year 1884: unluckily the first sheet is lost, and the letter begins in the middle:—

[HYÈRES, 1884.]

Fanny out of sorts; self had a cold, but better, and only silly, as the above will amply demonstrate. I have wasted all my time fooling, and now must close this valuable epistle. There is nothing like a good correspondent: Absence is destroyed: Why, it's like living in the same house! All the details of your friend's life unroll before you like a panorama; you know his thoughts, his feelings, his minutest habits and surroundings. So, in this era of the postal union, we laugh at separation. But I fear I weary you with this extreme particularity, or I might go on to tell you . . . and that . . . and all about . . . which it would be too much to ask you to peruse. Let us then bring this document to a deserved conclusion, and may the Lord have mercy on its soul!

It is as impossible for me to be serious as for a Camel to go through the eye of a Commercial Traveller. Something gave way within me, like a trap falling, and ever since I have not ceased to laugh. Heaven grant I be not fey! Do you know what fey is? A certain causeless mirth and high spirit is supposed in Scotland to be the forerunner of destiny. The Greeks thought so too; and for aught I know, the Mesopotamians. Thus if you see anyone extremely happy, you may predict with certainty that his mood will not continue unchanged; and if you find him offensively melancholy, you had better look out for somebody else. Joy and grief are rarely permanent, or so philosophers affirm, and I am too little of a scholar to controvert their doctrine. Let us, therefore, take them as they come; and when we are out of spirits be damned miserable, and when we are happy, be as foolish as we know how—Shakespeare. But I fear I digress. To continue: I remain

Ever your affectionate friend,
R. L. MCIDIOT STEVENSON OF BEDLAM.

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J. Smith, Spicklefisherman

BY FREDERICK WHITE
Author of "The Whirling Dervish"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

EXCEPT that years of experience have taught me that anything may happen on a trout stream I could not have believed it.

Occasionally strangers projected themselves into our carefully preserved and protected trout water, and we landholders and club members used our judgment in either graciously permitting them to fish or gruffly refusing the privilege. With most of us it depended on the man and his methods. If he looked like an understanding fisherman, stuck to the fly, and observed the legal limit as to size and number, we smiled upon him and wished him a day of good sport; but woe betide the pot-hunter or bait fisherman caught defiling our cherished water. In short, we were willing to be brothers of the angle but not of the angleworm.

But here was a case so flagrant, so shameless in its raw crudity, that I pulled up in astonished and smouldering resentment.

He sat upon the very rock from the shelter of which it had been my intention to cast a long and crafty dry-fly, and no more incongruous figure had, to my knowledge, ever bulked itself against the background of hemlock and rhododendron that enhanced the beauty of Shadow Pool.

He was garbed in a rusty-black alpaca coat, with nondescript trousers flopping damply above broken patent-leather shoes. Beneath a shapeless sports hat of once-white canvas, bushy eyebrows merged into a thicket of sideburns, which, in turn, commingled with the sweep of a heavy gray-shot beard. Other outstanding features included a nose of really noble proportions and a necktie of green and yellow, the flowing ends of which were tucked into the upper pocket of his coat, decoration-wise.

And while I gazed, still almost unbelieving, he raised a thick two-piece rod and swung into the air an undeniable salt-water rig of heavy line, sinker, and two snelled hooks, to which were attached horrid gobs of half-drowned angleworms. With a glance at the untouched bait, he heaved the mess back into the middle of our usually chaste and always cherished pool.

I had a vision of trout, no less scandalized than I, scurrying away from this desecration of all our mutual finer instincts and the flouting of years of progress and education along the line of the higher sportsmanship.

But no such feeling disturbed the mental processes of the figure on the rock. He straightened his line against the weight of the sinker, tested it for a moment, and, apparently satisfied, lit a cigarette and settled back to wait, hopefully.

I was angry—righteously angry—as I clumped through the shallow riff, intent on putting an end to the sacrilege without delay.

"Hello there!" I cried, by way of warning.

"Hello, Meester!" he replied, turning his head with an ingratiating smile, as I splashed up to the rock. "You ketch 'em sometings—not? Me, I ketch two chums, but no spicklefish."

He opened a dilapidated black-leather bag, such as I have often seen salt-water fishermen carry on subway and elevated when the flounder and tom-cod season is on, and displayed two silver chub, their staring eyes and gaping mouths set in a more than ordinary expression of pained surprise—or so it seemed to me.

"Alvays, I ketch chums," he added despondently. "Not eelers or spicklefish. You ketch spicklefish?" he questioned.

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"Vat you say, drouts—fishes mit spickles—red mit black unt goldt?"

So that was what he meant by the strange nomenclature that had puzzled me.

"Yes," I answered testily, "I catch them"—and I was about to raise my war-cry when he broke in eagerly:

"You ketch 'em to-day? You show me vunce?"

Something—the eager appeal—or was it the tacit admission of piscatorial superiority—disarmed me. Belligerency oozed from head and heart and was swept away on the dancing ripples about my feet. If he wanted to see a trout—taken in the orthodox manner—I would endeavor to make the demonstration.

"See," I said. "This is the way we do it"—and I held out for him the perfect little ginger quill, dressed on a No. 14 hook, which graced the tapered end of a gossamer leader.

He looked at the feathered replica uncomprehendingly, shook his head, and glanced at me with a hopeless shrug.

I took out my dry-fly box, and snapped back the covers of the several compartments.

His eyes brightened understandingly and his hands displayed typical signs of excited amazement.

"Young bugs!" he pronounced, and then demanded: "How you ketch 'em?"

"Flies," I corrected. "Artificial flies. Tied with silk and feathers."

Again he shook his head and looked puzzled.

"Meester," he said apologetically, "please excoose. Some Inglees I haf, but not mooch. Pickled, iss it—dot leetle bugs?"

Again I endeavored to explain that the flies were modelled and cunningly manufactured to represent the living insect—not pickled or mummified—but he seemed unable to accept even demonstrable evidence of the miracle. So I moved away and began casting in the shallow water under the bushes of the opposite bank. A seven-inch trout rewarded my efforts, and I carried it over to let him admire the unfaded coloration.

"Leetle," he said, unimpressed. "Not so grosser as chums or carp. You feesh all time for leetle spicklefish?"

"No, I don't," I retorted. "I fish for big ones."

"Vere iss?" he demanded. "Show me!"

Despite a certain irritation, caution came to my rescue. One big one, with whom I had a rising acquaintance, lived in this very pool. "Oh, they're all around," I said carelessly, "but it's hard to get them up on the fly."

"You got no vums?" he asked.

"'Vums'?" I repeated.

"Shure, dirt vums. See, I lent you some. Odder time you do same mit me."

"We never use worms here," I protested angrily.

Again he looked baffled, and again a light dawned in his eyes. "You take 'em anavay," he said. "Blenty I haf, unt vat iss a cuppla vums mit frendts."

It was hard to make him understand, and harder still, in the face of his helpful simplicity, to bring myself to the point of conveying to him that he and his methods were not popular on our trout stream. In fact, it was not long before I found myself completely disarmed and practically routed.

It happened in this wise. Somehow, I found myself listening to the story of his life: his coming from Warsaw with his parents at the age of ten; their early struggles and his for a foothold, and his final success as a small manufacturer.

He had married, had children, helped support his own and his wife's parents in their old age, and was happy and content until a quick series of stunning blows left him alone and lonely, with the loneliness of one of a race to whom the family relation means everything—except business.

"Now," he said, with a long look at the distant hills down our little valley, "I haf noddings but me unt der beezness. Lonely I am unt sad; mit no wife, no poys, no girl, no noddings. So I feesh to remember not. Rockaway, I ketch me tommies unt flat feesh unt eelers; Yersey, I ketch carp unt sunnies. Now I come here, by Meester Ravinofski, to see mebbe I get spicklefish; but alvays I ketch chums, noddings but chums."

Ravinofski ran the big, bare boarding-house, without shades or shutters, on the hill. What his guests did to amuse themselves we could not discover. Seem-

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"Hello, Meester!"—Page 149.

ingly, three meals a day and strolling in companies along the highway was all they desired in the way of summer diversion, for apparently they had no inclination to fish. Our present visitor was evidently a pioneer, and in turning to fishing —even as a solace for sorrow—unique among his people.

"Well," I said, weakly capitulating, "I hope you catch a trout. I'm getting along up-stream. Good luck."

"You lif here, Meester?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said, pointing out with my rod the bungalow where it nestled in the old orchard on the side hill. "Up there."

"So," he said. "You marry?"

"Yes," I answered. "Wife and two children."

"Vell," he said, with an inimitable shrug, "vere vife unt yoong ones iss, iss habbiness, even in so loneliness as der coundry. Me, I vass habby vonce, by

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Essex Street. Now I got only der beezness."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a soiled card, which he offered me. I took it and read: "J. Smith, Neckties," and the address was on the far East Side.

"Smith?" I inquired, with something more than surprise.

"Shure," he asserted, almost aggressively. And then, with a return to his friendly, half-apologetic manner, he added confidentially: "Smith iss better in beezness by Noo Yorrik. Vat's your line, Meester?"

I felt as if I was getting in over my waders, but I told him. "Lawyer," I said.

"Lawyer iss?" he echoed, apparently pleased. "Mebbe I gif you a yob; collections or somedings. Vat name, pleeze?"

Then I realized that I should have obeyed my first impulse and driven him away with loud cries, or even, if need be, with sticks and stones. I might have lied—perhaps for the sake of wife and children and friends I *should* have lied. For the first time I was ashamed to give the information and equally ashamed to withhold it or to prevaricate.

"Smith," I said chokingly. "Jackson Smith."

II

Often I have wondered how men feel, how they live and laugh and carry on when burdened with a guilty secret concealed from family and friends, and unsuspected by the community in which their lot is cast.

But I wondered no longer. I *knew!* Never again could intolerance and smug satisfaction oust the very proper feeling of sympathy and understanding which one human being should accord another, even when the other stoops to folly, and, in furtherance of the folly, adds concealment to the burden he already bears.

J. Smith, spicklefisherman and manufacturer of unspeakable neckties, had become my guilty secret. Almost in the twinkling of an eye I found myself involved with him in his nefarious practice of an honored pursuit. How he had beguiled me I could not understand, but the bald fact stood out that when we parted I had the uneasy feeling that he regarded me as a fellow-sportsman, a sympathetic friend, and a possible business associate. I pass over the accident of our similarity of names. His gratification over that unkind trick of fate was intolerable.

I wanted to lose him—to forget him. All the following day I kept away from the stream, much to the astonishment of my wife, who accepted with—what seemed to me *suspicious*—reservations my avowed intention of devoting myself to my family and various household chores, heretofore put off from day to day on the plea of the exigencies of fishing.

Late in the afternoon I wandered down to the bridge and leaned over the rail, looking for signs which might show the possibilities of the evening fishing. Below, telltale circles on the flat water indicated that the inevitable trout of the pool were feeding on infinitesimal insects, while above, the long stretch of ripple and run showed no hopeful break or flash of rising fish. However, the air was soft, the sky lowery, and, as usual, I felt creep over me that optimistic feeling in regard to an evening catch and a consequent feeding session of hungry fish. With the intention of snatching a hasty supper and hurrying back to the stream I was about to make my way to the house, when I heard a hail from the path which leads from the bridge end to the road across the stream.

It was Horton, returning from somewhere up-stream, and I waited to hear what his report of the afternoon might be.

"Look here, Jackson," he exploded aggressively, as he clumped up in his heavy brogues, and behind his tortoise-rimmed glasses I could see his eyes snapping, "did you give permission to fish to a whiskered old geezer from Ravinofski's?"

"No, I didn't," I said slowly, with an awful sinking feeling. "I saw him yesterday, but he didn't seem to be doing any particular harm. He was only catching chub."

"Noddings but chums," Horton quoted sarcastically. "That's the one! Do you realize what it means if we permit that sort of thing? We'll be overrun and driven out, sure as fate. Why didn't you chase him?"

"What's the use of getting excited?" I defended lamely. "This old fellow will get tired and go away."

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Horton looked at me strangely and shook his head. "See here, Jack," he said, "of course, if you're under business obligations or anything, I can understand, but——"

"Did you give permission to fish to a whiskered old geezer from Ravinofski's?"—Page 152.

"What!" I cried, appalled.

"Well," Horton admitted, with apparent reluctance, "when I started to hound him out of the stream he gave me to understand that you and he were business associates or something. Of course, I didn't take any stock in the similarity of the family name," he added with a grin.

"Did he—did he—?" I sputtered.

"He certainly did. Made it awkward for me, for he seemed to know all about you: where you lived, family affairs, and

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everything. Perhaps I misunderstood—he isn't easy to follow—but I gathered that he had even swapped worms with you on at least one occasion."

"You can't believe that!" I cried, aghast.

"Frankly, I can't," he replied. "I've fished with you too long. But the entire affair is beyond me. However did you get tangled up in such a mess?"

I told him—fully and sorrowfully. How my belligerency had been minimized by his simplicity and my sympathy aroused during the recital of his life-story and by his present lonely state.

"And they call you a successful lawyer," Horton scoffed, when I paused. "Now he'll stick to you like the Old Man of the Sea, and it makes it deuced awkward for the rest of us."

"Mea culpa," I admitted. "First impulses are best. I should have chased him."

"Right!" Horton exclaimed. "Wish I'd beaned him on sight. If we meet again you can bet there'll be one less Smith cumbering the directory. Beg pardon, old man—thoughtless of me—but—oh, hell! we can't have this sort of thing around here. Just suppose," he went on, "just suppose he landed our big one. He might do it, by chance, on bait."

Now the "big one" to which Horton referred lived in Shadow Pool, and we estimated his weight at three pounds. He was a consistent riser, but wary about taking the fly. Twice that summer Horton and I had struck him, but each time he had managed to tear loose before we could slip a landing-net beneath his shining bulk. We both fairly ached to see that fish stuffed and mounted above our respective hearthstones, and we were eager, if friendly, rivals for the honor of landing him. The thought of J. Smith hauling him out with his worms and salt-water tackle was intolerable.

"Horton," I said, "I'm sorry. I should have nipped this thing in the bud yesterday. The next time I meet him on the stream I'll get rid of him, never fear."

"Do it—if I don't get to him first," he answered savagely. "By the way, I'm thinking of trying Shadow Pool this evening. Perhaps the big 'un will be interested in a nice clean white miller after being insulted by that creature's unspeakable bait all day."

"All right," I said. "Go to it and good luck to you. Call me up when you get back—if you do anything. I'm fishing down below after supper, but I'll be home by nine-thirty."

"Good enough," Horton replied. "Hope you hit something. Feels as if we might have a good rise to-night"—and with a wave of his rod he turned back and took his way homeward down the road.

I lingered on the bridge for a few minutes, watching the cloud shadows drift across hill and meadow and stream, and then sauntered back to the house. Halfway up the path I received a sudden shock, which brought me up standing and almost stunned by a mingled surge of wrath and dismay.

On my door-step sat the unmistakable figure of J. Smith and, astride his knee, my first-born, Junior, aged five, tugged with one hand at the green-and-yellow necktie, while with the other he patted and caressed the luxuriant beard of my happily smiling Nemesis.

"Giddap, horsey!" my carefully protected heir was crying gleefully as I staggered up.

Now Molly and I had agreed, long before, upon the unwisdom of displaying anger or excitement in the presence of our children—and, in fairness to my wife I must admit that this imposed restraint was, on her part, a vicarious offering designed to show her willingness to share with me the worst as well as the best of our mutual responsibilities. So, with an effort, I controlled myself, and, standing before the misguided pair, ejaculated: "What's this?"

"See!" exclaimed J. Smith, "I make acquainted mit your leetle poy. Fine poy, unt so sthrong he iss. Like a young calluf he pulls on my negtie."

"Junior," I said severely, "go at once and get washed for supper—washed all over!" And I picked him up and set him in the doorway, where he began to swell visibly, as he always does before he starts to howl.

J. Smith, too, looked sorrowful.

"Too mooch vashing mit kids iss no

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good," he declared. "Mebbe veakens 'em."

"I hope it may," I snapped, as Junior's roars faded away gradually in the recesses of the house. "Now what's the trouble with you?"

"Trouble iss," he admitted eagerly. "Comes a loudt man mit spicticles unt svear vords, unt says I should beat it, qvick. To hell, he says, I should beat it," he added, with an apologetic gesture of hands and head.

I had no difficulty in identifying Horton.

"Well," I asked, "what about it?"

"I should beat it—not," he said with dignity. "Ven you be so nice mit me, Meester Smit, unt you so reech a man, mit house unt landt unt vater froont. Iss it I must insoolt a frendt? So I tell him unt—*so* I stay."

Again I felt myself slipping. Short of actual brutality of expression it was impossible to make him understand, and weakly, I admit, I tried to pass the buck.

"I'll tell you, Smith," I said. "I don't own all this water. Other people have equal rights to it, and they don't want strangers fishing here. Some of them are likely to make trouble if they find you on the stream."

"So," said J. Smith, moving his head slowly up and down. Then he said quietly: "Trouble I haf enough, alretty. Likes me I should ketch vun spicklefish, but loock I haf not—noddings but chums. Morning, I go back by Essex Street unt beezness."

I wanted to give three cheers. The deed was done, and without violence. The war-clouds were lifting, and the sun of peace shining once more on our peaceful valley. Soft words—diplomacy—the appeal to reason—had accomplished more than hard knocks. And I was glad, for, somehow, I knew that I could never bring myself to assault J. Smith strenuously by word or deed. At the moment I had to admit that he was inherently decent—and I almost liked him.

"I'm sorry about the trout, Smith," I said almost cordially. "Better luck another time. Perhaps, some day, you'll catch a big one."

"You like ketch beeg vun, Meester Smit?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered. "We're all after big ones."

"So!" he said thoughtfully, and then: "Loudt mans mit svear vords, he vant beeg vun, too?"

"He does indeed," I answered, and added: "There's one big one he'd give a leg to get before I do."

"Unter der rock by der shore vere I feesh!" announced J. Smith. "Shure, I seen him yoomp."

He spread his hands about a yard apart and then turned palms downward, clearly indicating his estimate of the size of our trout in Shadow Pool and the height at which he had thrown himself from the water.

"Listen, Meester Smit," he went on, "you treat me nice unt I like see you get um—not loudt mans. You try night crawlers—beeg vums," he whispered confidentially.

"Or June bugs, or bumblebees, or mice," I suggested sarcastically.

"Bugs iss no good unt bees bite," he said decidedly. "Micers, mebbe. I ain't try."

There was no use attempting to make him understand, so I let it go. Then, hearing Molly's voice in the house, I tried to get rid of him.

"Well, good-by," I said. "I hope you'll find the business all right."

"Shure," he assured me, as we walked down the path. "Sometime you come see me. I gif you nice negties mit no charge. All to silk negties, unt stylish."

"All right," I promised, "sometime"—and to my embarrassment, after shaking hands, I found myself touching my cap in emulation of his own act of courtesy.

Truly there was something about J. Smith that "got" me in spite of my inherent antagonism.

"Who was that queer-looking man, Jackson?" my wife inquired as we sat down to supper.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "he's an old fellow up for a couple of days' fishing. He's going home to-morrow."

Junior, who looked excessively scrubbed and somewhat resentful, broke in:

"He's a nice man. He has long whiskers and he played horse with me 'til daddy came."

"You have some very remarkable fish-

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ing friends, Jackson," said my wife doubtfully. "I wonder if a change to the seashore would not be a good thing for the children, next year?"

"I wanner go bathin'! I wanner go bathin'!" Edith, aged four, chanted. She was a bright child and remembered a week-end at the sea the previous September.

"I had two baths," bragged Junior. "One right after the other."

"Did you know that Junior had *had* his bath when you sent him up-stairs?" my wife asked.

"No," I said.

"Well, he had. Katie gave him one at four o'clock. I did not know it when he came to me, crying, with your message, so I gave him another."

"Well," I said, "I thought he needed it—he usually does—and I don't believe it will weaken him."

"Weaken him?" Molly's eyes were full of surprised wonder. "Why should it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said hastily, and after kissing her and the children, I sought the back porch and my fishing paraphernalia.

It was after nine o'clock and quite dark when I returned with a light heart and heavy creel. The evening rise had been a good one, and for once I was ready with the very fly which the trout had selected for their evening meal. My heart was light as my creel was heavy, for, aside from a perfect evening's fishing, the spectre of the Old Man of the Sea ceased to obtrude itself in the guise of J. Smith, spicklefisherman. It—and he—had departed. Forever, I hoped.

Damp waders off, dry slippers on, and with pipe going comfortingly, I was about to take my well-earned ease when the telephone-bell jangled. "Three long and two short," I groaned as I recognized our call and, perforce, lowered my legs from the muscle-stretching veranda rail.

"Hello! Hello! Jackson, that you?" came smouldering over the wire.

"Yes. Who's speaking—Horton?"

"You're damn right it's me! Now get this straight! That double condemned *cousin* of yours is loose again, and next time I lay eyes on him I'll shoot at sight!"

"Hold on there," I said, with a sinking feeling in my heart. "Calm down and cut out the profanity. What's up?"

"Calm down! What do you think I am? That—whiskered relative of yours rocked Shadow Pool to-night when I was fast to the big trout—the slippery scoundrel—and *you* ask *me* to calm down!"

So that was it. J. Smith had broken out again with a vengeance. And yet—and yet——

"Did he get away?" I asked falteringly.

"Get away!" Again a period of flashes and blanks—"How could I hold him with half a tree across my line, but listen here, if ever I lay hold of that——"

Again the gentle censor intervenes, but I gathered that both the big trout and J. Smith had escaped, much to Horton's chagrin.

When the wire quieted down I ventured to express my regret and Horton's voice came back almost tearful in its intensity of feeling.

"Let me tell you, Jack. He came at the first cast—light-yellow may, it was—and I snagged him hard. He came out of water two feet, and I'd just got him straightened out when a rock plunked into the pool, and I saw that white-hatted, whiskered Bolshevik in the bushes just below the road. Then, down came a dead branch across my line, and it was all off."

"That's outrageous," I put in. "What then?"

"Well, he beat it, and I couldn't get up the bank fast enough in my waders—but, believe me, if I'd had a gun I'd have plunked him and taken the consequences. There are some things no fellow's expected to stand."

He was right, and wanton interference at such a moment was one of those things. And yet I had the unhappy feeling that J. Smith's action had worked for my gain. I say "unhappy," for if in the future I succeeded in landing the big fish, there always would be a sort of inward reservation detracting from the pride and pleasure which rightly belongs to one who secures such a prize.

"I'll tell you, Horton," I said. "I'm really distressed about this thing. I saw Smith this afternoon and advised him to

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"Then, down came a dead branch across my line, and it was all off."—Page 156.

clear out. He was decent about it—said he was not looking for trouble and would leave in the morning. He was sore at you, but I never thought he would be vindictive about it or have the nerve to do a thing like this. I'm sorry."

"Well," said Horton, somewhat mollified. "I'm sore as a boil. I doubt if either of us has such a chance with that fish again. He's probably having hysterics this minute, and with my fly sticking in his snout, too."

"He'll get over it," I said. "They always do, and I honestly hope you'll hook into him again"—and I meant that, too.

"All right, old man. I'll see you in the morning, and tell Mrs. Smith from me that I don't blame her for being thankful she's only your wife and not a blood rela-

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tion"—and with this nasty dig he rang off.

But I did not give Molly his parting message.

III

AWAKENING in the early morning in a trout-fishing country brings with it, to the true fisherman, a pleasurable sense of alert well-being experienced in no other locality. Perhaps it is the tonic of the clean mountain air, or, possibly, the satisfying knowledge that he has before him another absorbing, sun-shot day at his chosen sport on riff and run and hemlock-shaded pool.

In any event, I know that on this particular morning I sprang from bed with the feeling that birds sang, the good sun shone, the river was at the proper height, and lusty trout lay beneath the rippling surface, eager for the drifting fly above them.

Birds, sunshine, and river greeted me as I stood at the open window breathing in a morning cocktail of life-giving ozone. Dew sparkled on the long grasses of the meadow and on the shrubs and bushes bordering the rough-flagged path leading to the stream. On the sun-warmed stones of the bridge approach I could see the jumper-clad figures of Junior and Edith exercising their somewhat reluctant pet box-turtles, and kitchenward the voices of my wife and our domestic treasure, Katie, were wafted cheerfully on a delicious back-draft of bacon-scented air.

Contentedly I lathered my face preparatory to shaving, glancing, from time to time, from mirror to the fair picture of foothills, fishing, and family, as framed by the open window. Far off, across the hills to the south, came the faint whistle of the seven-thirty train, bearing unfortunates from Paradise to Purgatory, with, no doubt, an added passenger in the person of J. Smith, with all my two days' troubles and annoyances packed safely in his evil-flavored black bag, along with sundry increasingly doubtful silver chub.

"Poor old cuss," I said softly, from the peace and content in my heart. "'Noddings but chums.' I wish the unmitigated scamp had at least one 'spicklefish' to show for his pains."

Reaching for my razor, I took one more look from the window. Was it that the sun was obscured and that the very air and water had lost their sparkle? Worse than that! For, squatting on his haunches, and wearing a low-crowned derby in place of the floppy white hat, was the unmistakable J. Smith, patting the innocent heads of my evidently delighted offspring.

For a moment I experienced a rage like unto Horton's profane wrath of the night before. Then a sense of the inevitable oppressed me, and I understood exactly the despair of the gentleman in Mr. Poe's "Raven," when the black-omened bird happened to drop in unexpectedly. After this I experienced a feeling of utter, hopeless helplessness, augmented, no doubt, by the fact that at the moment I found myself lathered, pajama-clad, and in no wise accoutred for strenuous out-door pursuits. Mechanically, though, I made ready for action, destroying the carefully prepared shaving surface with a towel and hurrying into my clothes. And as I struggled into golf stockings and shoes, all the wrath, oppression, and hopelessness merged into one desire: to reach J. Smith and by some means to get rid of him before Horton discovered or my wife got a good look at him. In the first case I feared there would be murder done, and, in the second, something not far short of it but with another for the victim—myself!

Coatless, and with what hair I have standing awry, I rushed down-stairs and out on to the porch, there to be greeted with a far-off hail and flourish of rod from Horton, who was approaching the house cross lots, two fields away. Anxiously my gaze ran down the path to the bridge approach, but was checked half-way by the sight of Junior and Edith toddling toward me, alone. J. Smith had disappeared from the scene!

Junior clutched to his bosom a long, newspaper-wrapped parcel, and Edith carried proudly in her hand what seemed to be a piece of white paper. Excited cries greeted me as I hurried down the path to meet them.

"Letter, daddy, letter, daddy!" Edith prattled, running to me, and Junior shouted: "Look what I got from the horsey man! I guess it's a present, an' it's sticky!"

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"If we were elemental sports we'd have that fish mounted and sent to him."—Page 160.

Hastily I snatched the letter—it was an envelope with J. Smith's name and business address on the corner—and with difficulty read the message scrawled in pencil across its face:

"Mr. Smit, frendt

"I go avay by 9 clock R. R. so I haf no time see you. Unnerstan you ketch big spicklefish so early today before loudt mans git up. Mebbe he be madder as las nicht but so is goot. Anivay you git fish from yrs respic

J. SMITH."

Only half comprehending, I turned the envelope and saw on the back:

"P.S.

"You gif me right. Micers done it."

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Quickly I took the heavy parcel from Junior's tired hands, guessing and dreading to see what was concealed beneath the folds of the damp paper.

With a feeling of horror I laid upon the stones the lordliest trout I had seen taken from the river in many a year. Bright, full-bodied, and in perfect condition, he lay in the sunshine with exquisite color and marking only slightly dimmed, showing how recent had been his removal from his native element, and fast in his gristly snout was set a draggled fly, still recognizable as a yellow may.

"Great cats!"

Horton's voice boomed over my shoulder as he crushed through the hedge and stood above the big fish. Then he whirled and faced me accusingly: "That's my trout, Jackson Smith!" he shouted. "You stole him!"

"Didn't!" Junior screamed. "Horsey man ketched him and *gave* him to my daddy! 'Tisn't your old trout!" And Edith, little copy-cat that she is, chimed in:

"'Tisn'—or—ol' towt! 'Tisn'—or—ol' towt!"

"Stop that!" I commanded severely. "Go straight to the house and have your hands washed for breakfast. Tell your mother you've been messing with fish."

Then as, abashed, they stumbled slowly backward up the path, with wide, inquiring eyes and mouths ringed in protesting "Oh's," I turned to Horton.

"Look here!" I said. "You ought to know enough not to say a thing like that before the children. Read *this*"—and I handed him the scrawled envelope.

Horton deciphered it with frowning difficulty. Then he demanded, emphasizing every word: "Do you mean to say that your damned cousin had it in for me for cussing him out, and caught that fish and gave it to you so that you could make me think you had beaten me to it?"

"That's what it looks like. There's the fish with your fly in his mouth. You claim you lost him; I know I didn't catch him. The answer is in your hand."

"But how—how could he land a fish like that?" Horton questioned.

"Turn over the envelope," I said.

"Micers!" he exploded. "What's that?"

"He probably means that he floated a live mouse over the big 'un and he fell—or rose—for it."

"The blear-eyed pelican!" Horton ejaculated, with such a disgusted look at the fish that I was in doubt as to whom he intended the epithet to apply.

"Well," I said, "there he is. Under the circumstances, I can't claim him. He's yours by right—tagged with your own mark. Take him and be happy."

"Not I," he declared. "I wanted him badly enough, but not this way. You know," he went on quickly, "this thing gets me, somehow. There's something bigger here than that fish. I can't help feeling that the old blighter did a sporting thing—according to his lights—when he gave up that trout, his only spicklefish, even if in doing it he hoped to oblige a friend and confound an enemy."

"He is a sport," I agreed, "even if his processes are somewhat elemental in this complicated civilization of ours."

"Hell!" said Horton shortly. "If we were elemental sports we'd have that fish mounted and sent to him. But, as it is, we've got to consider the club and consequences."

"I'd thought of that," I agreed, "but it is too complicated. It won't do."

"Well, it's up to you," he said with a shrug. "There's the fish, and here comes Molly."

Molly was coming down the steps, a welcoming smile on her face, and holding by the hand a slick-headed child on either side.

"I've changed my mind," I said quickly. "I'm going to have him stuffed. It's what J. Smith expected of me."

Horton looked surprised. "You can have a nice little brass plate with 'Taken by J. Smith' engraved on it, in all truth," he almost sneered.

I grinned at him. "Stuffed," I repeated, "and baked in cream. You'll be elementary enough, I hope, to help eat him."

Horton's laugh rang clear as he clapped me on the back.

"Spoken like a man and a lawyer!" he declared. "I'm your silent partner in this. You've found the one way out."

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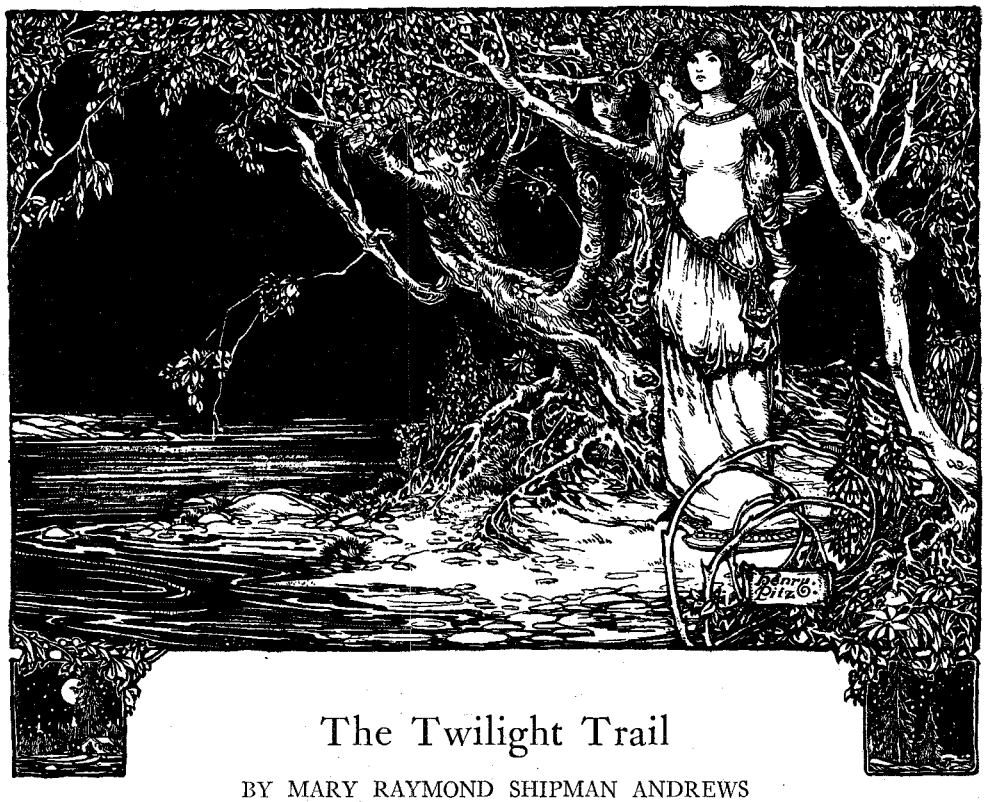

The Twilight Trail

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Over the mountain and through the burning and deep in the marshy way,
Tired and grimy and hot and happy, we have come to the end of the hard, sweet day;
Only the length of the lake to paddle, only a stretch of dim forest to breast,
Camp is against the sunset hill—firelight and food and home and rest.
The alders part in a swaying arch; homing waters lie close at hand;
Guides slip past with canoes on their heads—hark! how the keels grate soft in the sand.
Only the lake and the last portage—then a camp-fire star will shout to us hail!
Laughing and low, two voices I know come up behind in the twilight trail.

Lord, when the end of the long trail comes and I stand by an unfamiliar river,
Worn out a bit, yet happy, likely, to drop the load on the sand forever,
I shall be very grimy, I think, soiled with the journey, traveller-wise,
And the glory of Heaven—if I win to it—will seem overbright to tired eyes;
Lord, I am hoping that out of Your goodness You will send me a simpler Heaven at first,
Before the blaze of the angels' whiteness, before the music's rapturous burst;
Out of Your own divine understanding, You'll spare me the light of the blessed land,
As I trudge to the gate, a dazed, tired pilgrim, and give me a Heaven I understand.
You being God, who can do it, I'm hoping I'll come to a quiet forest I know,
With its twilight hush and a late bird calling and down in the West a copper glow;
Alders will sway in an arch before me, and a rippled lake stretch friendly and dear;
Silent mountains about the sky-line; one lavender peak pulsating clear;
Sweet and afar a camp-fire star will shine out a homely, welcoming hail—
While, laughing and low, two voices I know come close behind in the twilight trail.

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Adventure
Song of Salisbury Plain

BY GERARD WALLOP

THE wind doth bend the grass
To meet the mounting day,
The road runs o'er the pass,
That marks the viking way.

For still the earth is young,
And while our life is true,
The viking whence we sprung,
Bids us go forth anew.

The down, that bears the sky,
Doth hold no fence or wall.
The world goes swinging by,
And sings its changeless call.

"Who follows me
(By earth and sea)
To find Valhalla's Bridge?
Who follows far
To gain the star,
Above the Windy Ridge?"

* * * * * *

"Who follows home
(By range or foam)
To rest in Saxon town?
Who limps at last,
When life is cast
To sleep beneath the down?"

Caprice

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

ELUSIVE as the flying foam,
Blown from the bosom of the main,—
Uncertain as the sky of spring
When sun-rays chase the April rain,—
And sometimes in the murky night
A Jack-o-lantern's darting light.

Transients

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE loveliest of lovely things
They never come—and stay,
Seeing their beauty is the wings
That carry them away.

Though we light lanterns in our hearts
And make our crystal shine,
The well-beloved guest departs
While yet we pour the wine.

A heartbeat here—a lifetime gone,
Yet richer life therefor,
Remembering the wings that shone
Their moment at our door.

In a Play of Heywood's

BY LOUISA BROOKE

GOD take from me all other gifts,
Yet leave this gift to me,
That this my book of life may read,
"Fortune by Land and Sea."

They never trusted me, and so
I trusted not myself.—
How should one know the tempered blade
That rusted on the shelf?

Because I was a girl, they said
That I must bide at home.
Welcome gray hairs and hollow eyes
That give me leave to roam.

They feared to draw the tempered blade
That rusted on the shelf.—
Why should they trust the timid soul
That trusted not itself?

Why will God give me gifts, and yet
Withhold this gift from me,—
Who long to write upon my soul
"Fortune by Land and Sea"?

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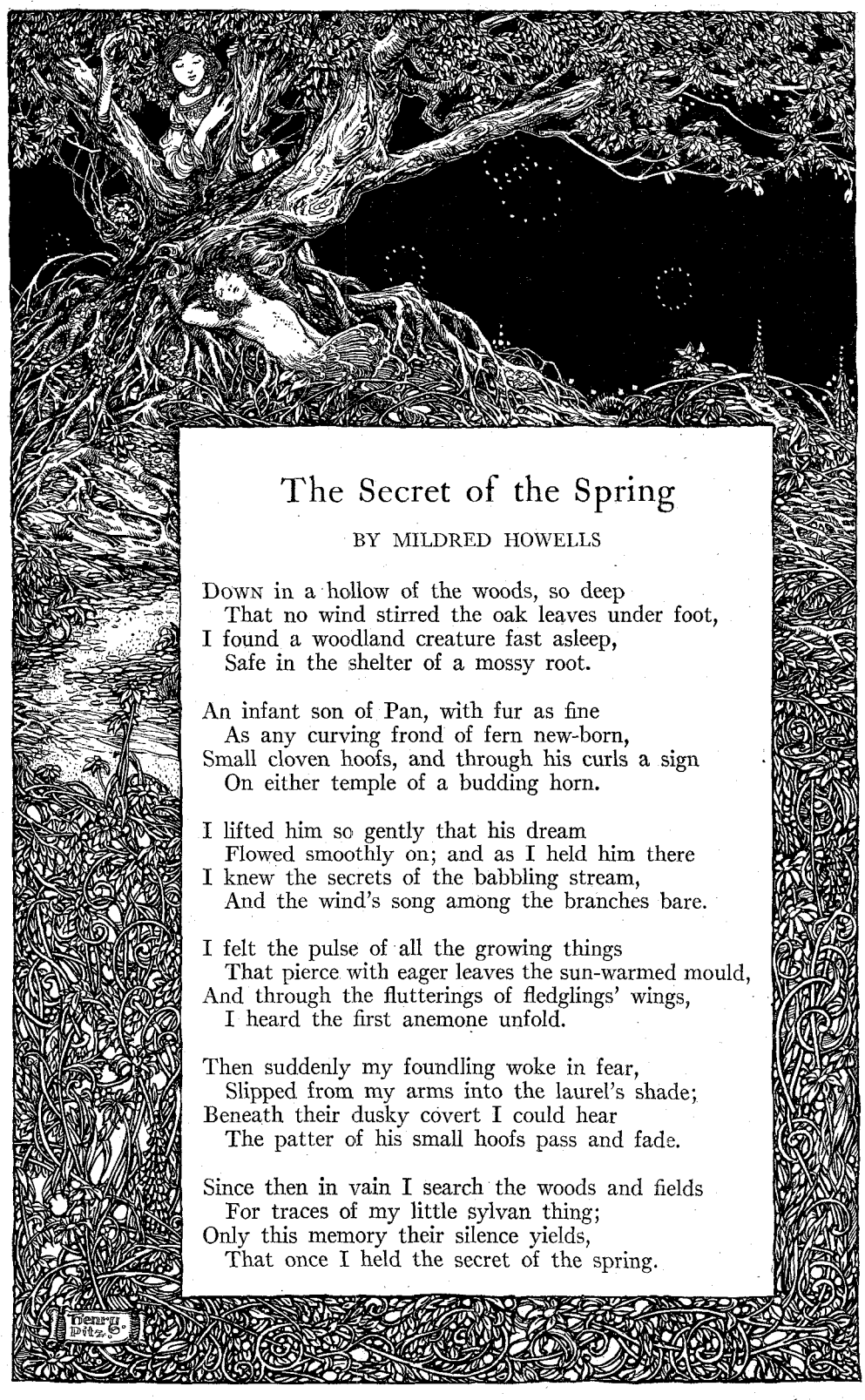

The Secret of the Spring

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

Down in a hollow of the woods, so deep
That no wind stirred the oak leaves under foot,
I found a woodland creature fast asleep,
Safe in the shelter of a mossy root.

An infant son of Pan, with fur as fine
As any curving frond of fern new-born,
Small cloven hoofs, and through his curls a sign
On either temple of a budding horn.

I lifted him so gently that his dream
Flowed smoothly on; and as I held him there
I knew the secrets of the babbling stream,
And the wind's song among the branches bare.

I felt the pulse of all the growing things
That pierce with eager leaves the sun-warmed mould,
And through the flutterings of fledglings' wings,
I heard the first anemone unfold.

Then suddenly my foundling woke in fear,
Slipped from my arms into the laurel's shade;
Beneath their dusky covert I could hear
The patter of his small hoofs pass and fade.

Since then in vain I search the woods and fields
For traces of my little sylvan thing;
Only this memory their silence yields,
That once I held the secret of the spring.

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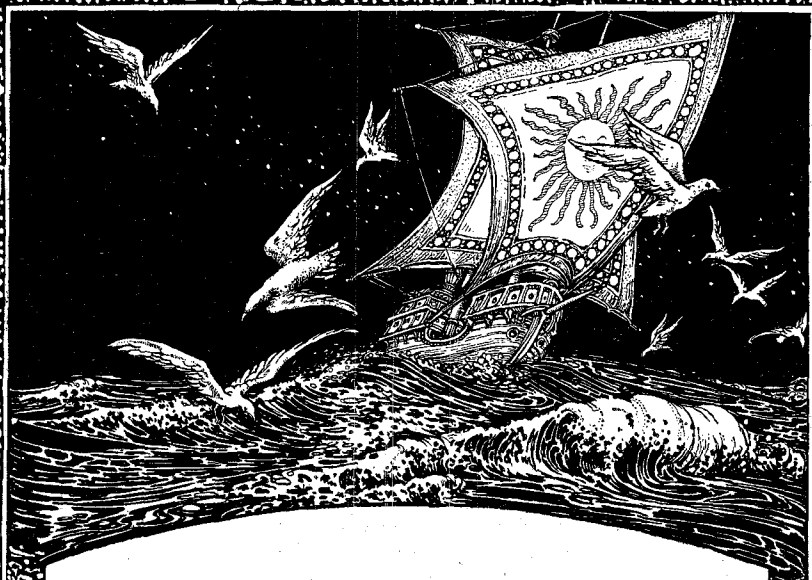

Sea-Folk

BY CORNELIA DUSHANE HOPKINS

You can't tell land-folk of the sea,
They never understand,
It's only folk like you and me,
That's tramped along the sand.

That's tramped along the sand and heard
The whispering of the waves,
That has watched the dip of the white sea-bird
To the prey his wild heart craves.

It's only folk like you and me,
That's held the tiller true,
That has felt its pull as the sheet swings free,
Sung chanties with the crew.

Sung chanties, leaning 'gainst the mast
As the anchor-rope pulls taut,
And heard the suck as the tide slips past.
No, the landsman knows it not.

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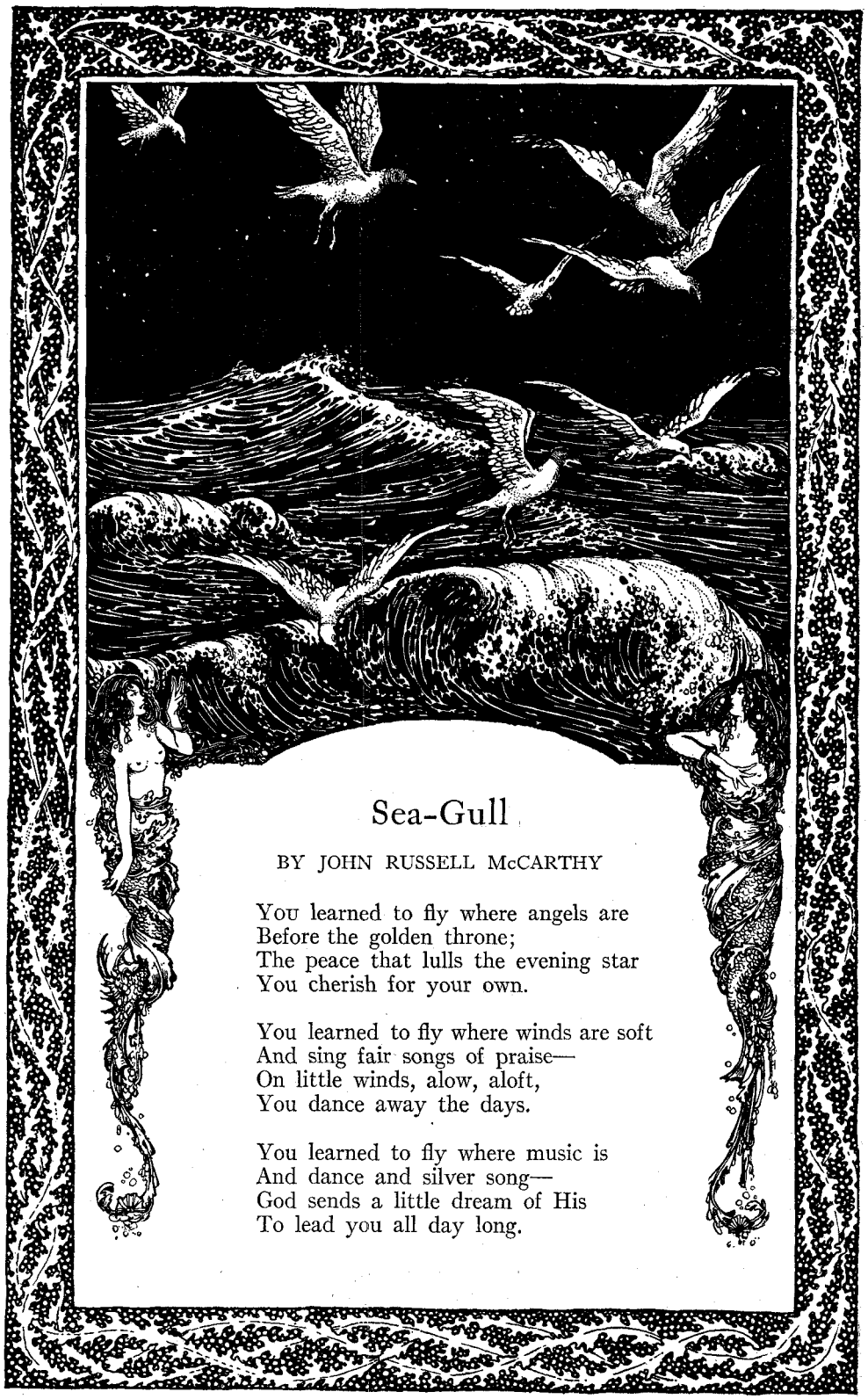

Sea-Gull

BY JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

You learned to fly where angels are
Before the golden throne;
The peace that lulls the evening star
You cherish for your own.

You learned to fly where winds are soft
And sing fair songs of praise—
On little winds, alow, aloft,
You dance away the days.

You learned to fly where music is
And dance and silver song—
God sends a little dream of His
To lead you all day long.

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Going up to London

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say—
Going up to London
In such a casual way!
He turned the magic phrase
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
Shall take to London town.

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;
Count them on my finger-tip
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome
And a roof of gold,
And a latticed window high
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool—
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge—
London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footmen falling back a space;—
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the King!
If I met the King himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes travelling up
So light to London town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng,
(Travelling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),
I'll hurry fast to London gate,
(The way was long, and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song—
Some old rhyme of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,
Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream
And waked and found it true!

Sing, you rhymes, and ring, you chimes,
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!

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Dusk on the Hill Road

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THE long, sweet, twilit roadway of the hills,—
A shy star trembling on the farthest crest;
Deep-nested valleys where the still dusk fills
With slow, far-reaching shadows of the west.
Tender and white a little moon hangs low,
Glinting a winding river, silver-gray;
Amber and pink, the sun's faint afterglow
Brushes the heights, and slowly dies away.
And down the dew-wet, fragrant dusk the road
Goes on unfettered, where the sumach glows,
And gleaming goldenrod nods with it's load,
And here, the crimson berry of the rose.
And now the greatest height, where far lands lie
All velvet soft within the twilight gray;
Vast distances and silences,—and high
Thoughts lifted like as holy ones who pray.
And then a valley where the breezes blow
The deep, sweet breath of freshly upturned loam,
A lighted lamp across the fields,—and lo,
The one who came the hill road has come home.

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The Indian of the Screen

BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

Clad, for the camera's eye, in all his father's finery
Which lends him fleeting wisps of ancient ways;
His face made up to suit a whiteman's whims, a whiteman
Who would counterfeit his saint for silver coin—
All day for hire he plays at war, and playing, pricks
To life the deadened spirit of a warrior's time:

His blood throbs in his ears and drowns the camera's clicking,
As charging and wheeling, a horseman still, he earns his hire.
The war-cry rings, his eyes flash fire!—The scalp-dance timed
To beating drums, the song his father sang in victory,
Stir his heart till, aching with the yearn for their reality?
He counts his coups at night as real within his lodge.

Dancing he boasts there of the deeds he did that day
Before the camera's eye and men who gave him gold;
And as though these were his hero-part in tribal war,
His comrades cry "well done!" And deep, the rawhide drums
Accord him the many coups, and honor—playing, all,
In sanction of the bit of life—and but the clothes were true.

I could not scoff, for hearts so tuned to other days
Have need to borrow from the past if they would sing.

In the Last Land

BY EVELYN HARDY

It seems so long ago that you preferred
To walk among the silent dead, than here
Upon the wind-swept moor. Never a word
You said, but slipped away, with only Fear
For company, down that dim road which meets
The bridgeless, Stygian tide.
Among the dead
Have you found one who radiantly greets
You on a hill at dawn; or crowns your head
With violets, at dusk, as was my wont?
Or are you waiting, hoping, without care?—
Some day I'll come there too, and blindly hunt
For you.—Will you still be sublimely fair?
Or faded, tired, and very changed to see?
But most of all—will you remember me?

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK IV

XXXII

HEAVILY the weeks went by.

The world continued to roar on through smoke and flame, and contrasted with that headlong race was the slow dragging lapse of hours and days to those who had to wait on events inactively.

When Campton met Paul Dastrey for the first time after the death of the latter's nephew, the two men met with a long hand-clasp and then sat silent. As Campton had felt from the first, there was nothing left for them to say to each other. If young men like Louis Dastrey must continue to be sacrificed by hundreds of thousands to save their country, for whom was the country being saved? Was it for the wasp-waisted youths in sham uniforms who haunted the reawakening hotels and restaurants, in the frequent intervals between their ambulance trips to safe distances from the front? Or was it for the elderly men like Dastrey and Campton, who could only sit facing each other with the spectre of the lost between them? Young Dastrey, young Fortin-Lescluze, René Davril, Benny Upsher—and how many hundreds more each day! And not even a child left by most of them, to carry on the faith they had died for. . .

"If we're giving all we care for so that those little worms can reopen their dance-halls on the ruins, what in God's name *is* left?" Campton questioned.

Dastrey sat looking at the ground, his grey head bent between his hands. "France," he said.

"What's France, with no men left?"

"Well—I suppose, an Idea."

"Yes. I suppose so." Campton stood up heavily.

An Idea: they must cling to that. If Dastrey, from the depths of his destitution, could still feel it and live by it, why did it not help Campton more? An Idea: that was what France, ever since she had existed, had always been in the story of civilization; a luminous point about which striving visions and purposes could rally. And in that sense she had been as much Campton's spiritual home as Dastrey's; to thinkers, artists, to all creators, she had always been a second country. If France went, western civilization went with her; and then all they had believed in and been guided by would perish. That was what George had felt; it was what had driven him from the Argonne to the Aisne. Campton felt it too; but dully, through a fog. His son was safe; yes—but too many other men's sons were dying. There was no spot where his thoughts could rest: there were moments when the sight of George, intact and immaculate—his arm at last out of its sling—rose before his father like a reproach.

The feeling was senseless; but there it was. Whenever the young man entered the room Campton saw him attended by the invisible host of his comrades, the fevered, the maimed and the dying. The Germans had attacked at Verdun: horrible daily details of the struggle were pouring in. No one at the rear had really known, except in swift fitful flashes, about the individual suffering of the first months of the war; now such information was systematized and distributed everywhere, daily, with a cold impartial hand. And every night, when one laid one's old bones on one's bed, there were those others, the young in their thousands, lying down, perhaps never to rise again, in the mud and blood of the trenches.

Even Boylston's Preparedness was beginning to get on Campton's nerves. He tried to picture to himself how he should

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exult when his country at last fell into line; but he could realize only what his humiliation would be if she did not. It was almost a relief, at this time, to have his mind diverted to the dissensions among the "Friends of French Art," where, at a stormy meeting, Harvey Mayhew, as a member of the Finance Committee, had asked for an accounting of the money taken in at Mrs. Talkett's concert. This money, Mr. Mayhew stated, had passed through a number of hands. It should have been taken over by Mr. Boylston, as treasurer, at the close of the performance; but he had failed to claim it—had, in fact, been unfindable when the organizers of the concert brought their takings to Mrs. Talkett—and the money, knocking about from hand to hand, had finally been carried by Mrs. Talkett herself to Mr. Campton. The latter, when asked to entrust it to Mr. Mayhew, had refused on the ground that he had already deposited it in the bank; but a number of days later it was known to be still in his possession. All this time Mr. Boylston, treasurer, and chairman of the Financial Committee, appeared to think it quite in order that the funds should have been (as he assumed) deposited in the bank by a member who was not on that particular committee, and who, in reality, had forgotten that they were in his possession.

Mr. Mayhew delivered himself of this indictment amid an embarrassed silence. To Campton it had seemed as if a burst of protest must instantly clear the air. But after he himself had apologized for his negligence in not depositing the money, and Boylston had disengaged his responsibility in a few quiet words, there followed another blank interval. Then Mr. Mayhew suddenly suggested a complete reorganization of the work. He had something to criticize in every department. He, who so seldom showed himself at the office, now presented a list of omissions and commissions against which one after another of the active members rose to enter a mild denial. It was clear that some one belonging to the organization, and who was playing into his hands, had provided him with a series of cleverly falsified charges against the whole group of workers.

Presently Campton could stand it no longer, and, jumping up, suddenly articulate, he flung into his cousin's face a handful of home-truths under which he expected that glossy countenance to lose its lustre. But Mr. Mayhew bore the assault with urbanity. It did not behove him, he said, to take up the reproaches addressed to him by the most distinguished member of their committee—the most distinguished, he might surely say without offense to any of the others (a murmur of assent); it did not behove him, because one of the few occasions on which a great artist may be said to be at a disadvantage is when he is trying to discuss business matters with a man of business. He, Mr. Mayhew, was only that, nothing more; but he *was* that, and he had been trained to answer random abuse by hard facts. In no way did he intend to reflect on the devoted labours of certain ladies of the committee, nor on their sympathetic treasurer's gallant efforts to acquire, amid all his other pressing interests, the rudiments of business habits; but Miss Anthony had all along been dividing her time between two widely different charities, and Mr. Boylston, like his distinguished champion, was first of all an artist, with the habits of the studio rather than of the office. In the circumstances——

Campton jumped to his feet again. If he stayed a moment longer he felt that he should knock Mayhew down. He jammed his hat on, shouted out "I resign," and stumbled blindly from the room.

It was the way in which his encounters with practical difficulties always ended. The consciousness of his inferiority in argument, the visionary's bewilderment when incomprehensible facts are thrust on him by fluent people, the helpless sense of not knowing what to answer, and of seeing his dream-world smashed in the rough-and-tumble of shabby motives—it all gave him the feeling that he was drowning, and must fight his way to the surface before they had him under.

In the street he stood in a cold sweat of remorse. He knew the charges of negligence against Miss Anthony and Boylston were trumped up. He knew there was an answer to be made, and that he was the man to make it; and his eyes

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filled with tears of rage and self-pity at his own incompetence. But then he took heart at the thought of Boylston's astuteness and Miss Anthony's courage. They would not let themselves be beaten—probably they would fight their battle better without him. He tried to protect his retreat with such arguments, and when he got back to the studio he called up Mme. Lebel, and plunged again into his charcoal study of her head. He did not remember having ever worked with such supernatural felicity: it was as if *that* were his victorious answer to all their lies and intrigues. . .

But the Mayhew party was victorious too. How it came about a mind like Campton's could not grasp. Mr. Mayhew, it appeared, had let fall that a very large gift of money from the world-renowned philanthropist, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein (obtained through the good offices of Mmes. de Dolmetsch and Beausite) was contingent on certain immediate changes in the organization ("drastic changes" was Mr. Mayhew's phrase); and thereupon several hitherto passive members had suddenly found voice to assert the duty of not losing this gift. After that the way was clear. Adele Anthony and Boylston were offered ornamental posts which they declined, and within a week the Palais Royal saw them no more, and Paris drawing-rooms echoed with the usual rumours of committee wrangles and dark discoveries.

The episode left Campton with a bitter taste in his soul. It seemed to him like an ugly little allegory of Germany's manœuvring the world into war. The speciousness of Mr. Mayhew's arguments, the sleight-of-hand by which he had dislodged the real workers and replaced them by his satellites, reminded the painter of the neutrals who were beginning to say that there were two sides to every question, that war was always cruel, and that how about the Russian atrocities in Silesia? As the months dragged on a breath of lukewarmness had begun to blow through the world, damping men's souls, confusing plain issues, casting a doubt on the worth of everything. People were beginning to ask what one knew, after all, of the secret motives which had impelled half-a-dozen self-indulgent old men ensconced in Ministerial offices to plunge the world in ruin. No one seemed to feel any longer that life is something more than being alive; apparently the only people not tired of the thought of death were the young men still pouring out to it in their thousands.

Still those thousands poured; still the young died; still, wherever Campton went, he met elderly faces, known and unknown, disfigured by grief, shrunken with renunciation. And still the months wore on without result.

One day in crossing the Tuileries he felt the same soft sparkle which, just about a year earlier, had abruptly stirred the sap in him. Yes—it was nearly a year since the day when he had noticed the first horse-chestnut blossoms, and been reminded by Mme. Lebel that he ought to buy some new shirts; and though to-day the horse-chestnuts were still leafless they were already misty with buds, and the tall white clouds above them full-uddered with spring showers. It was spring again, spring with her deluding promises—her gilding of worn stones and chilly water, the mystery of her distances, the finish and brilliance of her nearer strokes. Campton, in spite of himself, drank down the life-giving draught and felt its murmur in his veins. And just then, across the width of the deserted gardens he saw, beyond a stretch of turf and clipped shrubs, two people, also motionless, who seemed to have the same cup at their lips. He recognized his son and Mrs. Talkett.

Their backs were toward him, and they stood close together, looking with the same eyes at the same sight: an Apollo touched with flying sunlight. After a while the pair walked on again, against a background of evergreens, slowly and close to each other. George, as they moved, seemed now and then to point out some beauty of sculpture, or the colour of a lichened urn; and once they turned and took their fill of the great perspective tapering to the Arch—the Arch on which Rude's Maenad-Marseillaise still yelled her battalions on to death.

XXXIII

CAMPTON finished his charcoal of Mme. Lebel; then he attacked her in oils. Now

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that his work at the Palais Royal was ended, painting had once more become his only refuge.

Adele Anthony had returned to her refugees; Boylston, pale and obstinate, toiled on at Preparedness. But Campton found it impossible to take up any new form of beneficence; his philanthropic ardour was exhausted. He could only revert to his brushes, and shut himself up, for long solitary hours, in the empty and echoing temple of his art.

George emphatically approved of his course: George was as insistent as Mrs. Brant on the duty of "business as usual." But on the young man's lips the phrase had a different meaning; it seemed the result of that altered perspective which Campton was conscious of whenever, nowadays, he tried to see things as his son saw them. George was not indifferent, he was not callous; but he seemed to feel himself mysteriously set apart, destined to some other task for which he was passively waiting. Even the split among the "Friends of French Art" left him, despite of his admiration for Boylston, curiously unperturbed. He seemed to have taken the measure of all such ephemeral agitations, and to regard them with an indulgent pity which was worse than coldness.

"He feels that all we do is so useless," Campton said to Dastrey; "he's like a gardener watching ants rebuild their hill in the middle of a path, and knowing all the while that hill and path are going to be wiped out by his pick."

"Ah, they're all like that," Dastrey murmured.

Mme. Lebel came up to the studio every afternoon. The charcoal study had been only of her head; but for the painting Campton had seated her in her own horsehair arm-chair, her smoky lamp beside her, her sewing in her lap. More than ever he saw in the wise old face something typical of its race and class: the obstinate French gift, as some one had put it, of making one more effort after the last effort. The old woman could not imagine why he wanted to paint her; but when one day he told her that it was for her grandsons, her eyes filled, and she said: "For which one, sir? For they're both at Verdun."

One autumn afternoon he was late in getting back to the studio, where he knew she was waiting for him. He pushed the door open, and there, in the beaten-down attitude in which he had once before seen her, she lay across the table, her cap awry, her hands clutching her sewing, and George kneeling at her side. His arm was about her, his young head pressed against her breast; and on the floor lay the letter, the fatal letter which was always, nowadays, the explanation of such scenes.

Neither George nor the old woman had heard Campton; and for a moment he stood and watched them. George's face, so fair and ruddy against Mme. Lebel's rusty black, wore a look of boyish compassion which Campton had never seen on it. Mme. Lebel had sunk into his hold as if it soothed and hushed her; and Campton said to himself: "These two are closer to each other than George and I, because they've both seen the horror face to face. He knows what to say to her ever so much better than he knows what to say to his mother or me."

But apparently there was no need to say much. George continued to kneel in silence; presently he bent and kissed the old woman's withered cheek; then he got to his feet and saw his father.

"The *chasseur Alpin*," he merely said, picking up the letter and handing it to Campton. "It was the grandson she counted on most."

Mme. Lebel caught sight of Campton, smoothed herself and stood up also.

"I had found him a wife—a strong healthy girl with a good *dot*. There go my last great-grandchildren! For the other will be killed too. I don't understand any more, do you?" She made an automatic attempt to straighten the things on the table, but her hands beat the air and George had to lead her downstairs.

It was that day that Campton said to himself: "We shan't keep him in Paris much longer." But the heavy weeks of spring and summer passed, the inconclusive conflict at the front went on with its daily toll of dead, and George still stuck to his job. Campton, during this time, continued to avoid the Brants as much as possible. His wife's conversation was in-

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tolerable to him; her obtuse optimism, now that she had got her son back, was even harder to bear than the guiltily averted glance of Mr. Brant, between whom and Campton their last talk had hung a lasting shadow of complicity.

But most of all Campton dreaded to meet the Talketts; the wife with her flushed cheek-bones and fixed eyes, the husband still affably and continuously arguing against Philistinism. One afternoon the painter stumbled on them, taking tea with George in Boylston's little flat; but he went away abruptly, unable to bear the interminable discussion between Talkett and Boylston, and the pacifist's reiterated phrase: "To borrow one of my wife's expressions"—while George, with a closed brooding face, sat silent, laughing drily now and then. What a different George from the one his father had found, in silence also, kneeling beside Mme. Lebel!

Once again Campton was vouchsafed a glimpse of that secret George. He had walked back with his son after the funeral mass for young Lebel; and in the porter's lodge of the Avenue Marigny they found a soldier waiting—a young square-built fellow, with a shock of straw-coloured hair above his sunburnt rural face. Campton was turning from the door when George dashed past him, caught the young man by both shoulders, and shouted out his name. It was that of the orderly who had carried him out of the firing line and hunted him up the next day in the Doullens hospital. Campton saw the look the two exchanged: it lasted only for the taking of a breath; a moment later officer and soldier were laughing like boys, and the orderly was being drawn forth to shake hands with Campton. But again the glance was an illumination; it came straight from that far country, the Benny Upsher country, which Campton so feared to see in his son's eyes.

The orderly had been visiting his family, fugitives from the invaded regions who had taken shelter in one of Adele Anthony's suburban colonies. He had obtained permission to stop in Paris on his way back to the front; and for two joyful days he was lodged and feasted in the Avenue Marigny. Boylston provided him with an evening at Montmartre, George and Mrs. Brant took him to the theatre and the cinema, and on the last day of his leave Adele Anthony invited him to tea with Campton, Mr. Brant and Boylston. Mr. Brant, as they left this entertainment, hung back on the stairs to say in a whisper to Campton: "The family are provided for—amply. I've asked George to mention the fact to the young man; but not until just as he's starting."

Campton nodded. For George's sake he was glad; yet he could not repress a twinge of his old dormant jealousy. Was it always to be Brant who thought first of the things to make George happy—always Brant who would alone have the power to carry them out?

"But he can't prevent that poor fellow's getting killed to-morrow," Campton thought almost savagely, as the young soldier beamed forth from the taxi in which George was hurrying him to the station.

It was not many days afterward that George looked in at the studio early one morning. Campton, over his breakfast, had been reading the *communiqué*. There was heavy news from Verdun, and from east to west the air was dark with calamity; but George's face had the look it had worn when he greeted his orderly.

"Dad, I'm off," he said; and sitting down at the table, he unceremoniously poured himself some coffee into his father's empty cup.

"The battalion's been ordered back. I leave to-night. Let's lunch together somewhere presently, shall we?"

His eye was clear, his smile confident: a great weight seemed to have fallen from him, and he looked like the little boy sitting up in bed with his Lavengro. "After ten months of Paris—" he added, stretching his arms over his head with a great yawn.

"Yes—the routine—" stammered Campton, not knowing what he said. Yet he was glad too; yes, in his heart of hearts he knew he was glad; though, as always happened, his emotion took him by the throat and silenced him. But it did not matter, for George was talking.

"I shall have leave a good deal oftener nowadays," he said with animation.

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"And everything is ever so much better organized—letters and all that. I shan't seem so awfully far away. You'll see."

Campton still gazed at him, struggling for expression. Their hands met. Campton said—or imagined he said: "I see—I do see, already—" though afterward he was not even sure that he had spoken.

What he saw, with an almost blinding distinctness, was the extent to which his own feeling, during the long months, had imperceptibly changed, and how his inmost impulse, now that the blow had fallen, was not of resistance to it, but of acquiescence, since it made him once more one with his son.

He would have liked to tell that to George; but speech was impossible. And perhaps, after all, it didn't matter; it didn't matter, because George understood. Their hand-clasp had made that clear, and an hour or two later they were lunching together almost gaily.

Boylston joined them, and the three went on together to say goodbye to Adele Anthony. Adele, for once, was unprepared: it was almost a relief to Campton, who had winced in advance at the thought of her warlike attitude. The poor thing was far from warlike: her pale eyes clung to George's in a frightened stare, while her lips, a little stiffly, repeated the stock phrases of good cheer. "Such a relief . . . I congratulate you . . . getting out of all this *paperasserie* and red-tape. . . If I'd been you I couldn't have stood Paris another minute. . . The only hopeful people left are at the front. . ." It was the formula that sped every departing soldier.

The day wore on. To Campton its hours seemed as interminable yet as rapid as those before his son's first departure, nearly two years earlier. George had begged his father to come in the evening to the Avenue Marigny, where he was dining with the Brants. It was easier for Campton nowadays to fall in with such requests: during the months of George's sojourn in Paris a good many angles had had their edges rubbed off.

Besides, at that moment he would have done anything for his son—his son again at last! In their hand-clasp that morning the old George had come back to him, simple, boyish, just as he used to be; and Campton's dread of the future was lightened by a great glow of pride.

In the Avenue Marigny dining-room the Brants and George were still sitting together about the delicate silver and porcelain. There were no flowers: Julia, always correct, had long since banished them as a superfluity. But there was champagne for George's farewell, and a glimpse of rich fare being removed.

Mr. Brant rose to greet Campton. His concise features were drawn with anxiety, and with the effort to hide it; but his wife appeared to Campton curiously unperturbed, and the leave-taking was less painful and uselessly drawn out than he had expected.

George and his father were to be sent to the station in Mr. Brant's motor. Campton, as he got in, remembered with a shiver the grey morning, before daylight, when the same motor had stood at the studio door, waiting to carry him to Doullens; between himself and his son he seemed to see Mr. Brant's small suffering profile.

To shake off the memory he said: "Your mother's in wonderfully good form. I was glad to see she wasn't nervous."

George laughed. "No. Madge met her this morning at the new *clairvoyante's*. —It does them all a lot of good," he added, with his all-embracing tolerance.

Campton shivered again. That universal smiling comprehension of George's always made him seem remoter than ever. "It makes him seem so old—a thousand years older than I am." But he forced an acquiescent laugh, and presently George went on: "About Madge—you'll be awfully good to her, won't you, if I get smashed?"

"My dear boy!"

There was another pause, and then Campton risked a question. "Just how do things stand? I know so little, after all."

For a moment George seemed to hesitate: his thick fair eyebrows were drawn into a puzzled frown. "I know—I've never explained it to you properly. I've tried to; but I was never sure that I could make you see." He paused and added quietly: "I know now that she'll never divorce Talkett."

"You know—?" Campton exclaimed with a great surge of relief.

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"She thinks she will; but I see that the idea still frightens her. And I've kept on using the divorce argument only as a pretext."

The words plunged Campton back into new depths of perplexity. "A pretext?" he echoed blankly.

George drew a deep breath. "My dear old Dad—don't you guess? She's come to care for me awfully; if we'd gone all the lengths she wanted, and then I'd got killed, there would have been nothing on earth left for her. I hadn't the right, don't you see? We chaps haven't any futures to dispose of till this job we're in is finished. Of course, if I come back, and she can make up her mind to break with everything she's used to, we shall marry; but if things go wrong I'd rather leave her as she is, safe in her little old rut. So many people can't live out of one—and she's one of them, poor child, though she's so positive she isn't."

Campton sat chilled and speechless as the motor whirled them on through the hushed streets. It paralyzed his faculties to think that in a moment more they would be at the station.

"It's awfully fine: your idea," he stammered at length. "Awfully—magnanimous." But he still felt the chill down his spine.

"Oh, it's only that things look to us so different—so indescribably different—and always will, I suppose, even after this business is over. We seem to be sealed to it for life."

"Poor girl—poor girl!" Campton thought within himself. Aloud he said: "My dear chap, of course you can count on my being—my doing——"

"Of course, of course, old Dad."

They were at the station. Father and son got out and walked toward the train. Campton put both hands on George's shoulders.

"Look here," George broke out, "there's one thing more. I want to tell you that I know what a lot I owe to you and Adele. You've both been awfully fine: did you know it? You two first made me feel a lot of things I hadn't felt before. And you know this *is* my job; I've never been surer of it than at this minute."

They clasped hands in silence, each looking his fill of the other; then the crowd closed in, George exclaimed: "My kit-bag!" and somehow, in the confusion, the parting was over, and Campton, straining blurred eyes, saw his son's smile—the smile of the light-hearted lad of old days—flash out at him from the moving train. For an instant the father had the illusion that it was the goodbye look of the boy George, going back to school after the holidays.

Campton, as he came out of the station, stumbled, to his surprise, on Mr. Brant. The little man, as they met, flushed and paled, and sought the customary support from his eye-glasses.

"I followed you in the other motor," he said, looking away.

"Oh, I say—" Campton murmured; then, with an effort: "Shouldn't you like me to drive back with you?"

Mr. Brant shook his head. "Thank you. Thank you very much. But it's late and you'll want to be getting home. I'll be glad if you'll use my car." Together they strolled slowly across the station court to the place where the private motors were aligned; but there Campton held out his hand.

"Much obliged; I think I'll walk."

Mr. Brant nodded; then he said abruptly: "This *clairvoyante* business: is there anything in it, do you think? You saw how calm—er—Julia was just now: she wished me to tell you that that Spanish woman she goes to—her name is Olida, I think—had absolutely reassured her about . . . about the future. The woman says she knows that George will come back soon, and never be sent to the front again. Those were the exact words, I believe. *Never be sent to the front again.* Julia put every kind of question, and couldn't trip her up; she wanted me to tell you so. It does sound . . . ? Well, at any rate, it's a help to the mothers."

XXXIV

THE next morning Campton said to himself: "I can catch that goodbye look if I get it down at once—" and pulled out a canvas before Mme. Lebel came in with his coffee.

As sometimes happened to him, the

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violent emotions of the last twenty-four hours had almost immediately been clarified and transmuted into vision. He felt that he could think contentedly of George if he could sit down at once and paint him.

The face grew under his feverish fingers —feverish, yet how firm! He always wondered anew at the way in which, at such hours, the inner flame and smoke issued in a clear guiding radiance. He saw—he saw; and the mere act of his seeing seemed to hold George safe in some pure impenetrable medium. His boy was actually there, sitting to him, the old George he knew and understood, essentially vividly face to face with him.

He was interrupted by a ring. Mme. Lebel, tray in hand, opened the door, and a swathed and voluminous figure, sweeping in on a wave of musk, blotted her out. Campton, exasperated at the interruption, turned to face Mme. Olida.

So remote were his thoughts that he would hardly have recognized her had she not breathed, on the old familiar guttural: "Juanito!"

He was less surprised at her intrusion than annoyed at being torn from his picture. "Didn't you see a sign on the door? 'No admission before twelve'—" he growled.

"Oh, yes," she said; "that's how I knew you were in."

"But I'm *not* in; I'm working. I can't allow——"

Her large bosom rose. "I know, my heart! I remember how stern you always were. 'Work—work—my work!' It was always that, even in the first days. But I come to you on my knees: Juanito, imagine me there!" She sketched a plunging motion of her vast body, arrested it in time by supporting herself on the table, and threw back her head entreatingly, so that Campton caught a glint of the pearls in a crevasse of her quaking throat. He saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"What can I do? You're in trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, such trouble, my heart—such trouble!" She leaned to him, absorbing his hands in her plump muscular grasp. "I must have news of my son; I must! The young man—you saw him that day you came with your wife? Yes—he looked in at the door: beautiful as a god, was he not? That was my son Pepito!" And with a deep breath of pride and anguish she unburdened herself of her tale.

Two or three years after her parting with Campton she had married a clever French barber from the Pyrenees. He had brought her to France, and they had opened a "Beauty Shop" at Biarritz and had prospered. Pepito was born there, and soon afterward, alas, her clever husband, declaring that he "hated grease in cooking or in woman" ("and after my Pepito's birth I became as you now see me"), had gone off with the manicure and all their savings. Mme. Olida had had a struggle to bring up her boy; but she had kept on with the Beauty Shop, had made a success of it, and not long before the war had added fortune-telling to massage and hair-dressing.

"And my son, Juanito; was not my son an advertisement for a Beauty Shop, I ask you? Before he was out of petticoats he brought me customers; before he was sixteen all the ladies who came to me were quarrelling over him. Ah, there were moments when he crucified me . . . but lately he had grown more reasonable, had begun to see where his true interests lay, and we had become friends again, friends and business partners. When the war broke out I came to Paris; I knew that all the mothers would want news of their sons. I have made a great deal of money; and I have had wonderful results —wonderful! I could give you instances —names that you know—where I have foretold everything! Oh, I have the gift, my heart, I have it!"

She pressed his hands with a smile of triumph; then her face clouded again.

"But six months ago my darling was called to his regiment—and for three months now I've had no news of him, none, none!" she sobbed, the tears making dark streaks through her purplish powder.

The upshot of it was that she had heard that Campton was "all-powerful"; that he knew Ministers and Generals, knew great financiers like Jorgenstein (who were so much more powerful than either Generals or Ministers), and could assuredly, if he chose, help her to trace her boy, who, from the day of his departure for the

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front, had vanished as utterly as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Not a word, not a sign—to me, his mother, who have slaved and slaved for him, who have made a fortune for him!"

Campton looked at her, marvelling. "But your gift as you call it . . . your powers . . . you can't use them for yourself?"

She returned his look with a tearful simplicity: she hardly seemed to comprehend what he was saying. "But my son! I want *news* of my son, real news; I want a letter; I want to see some one who has seen him! To touch a hand that has touched him! Oh, don't you understand?" she gasped.

"Yes, I understand," he said; and she took up her desperate litany, clinging about him with soft palms like medusa-lips, till by dint of many promises he managed to detach himself and steer her gently to the door.

On the threshold she turned to him once more. "And your own son, Juanito—I know he's at the front again. His mother came the other day—she comes often. And I can promise you things if you'll help me. No, even if you don't help me—for the old days' sake, I will! I know secrets . . . magical secrets that will protect him. There's a Moorish salve, infallible against bullets . . . handed down from King Solomon . . . I can get it. . ."

Campton, guiding her across the sill, led her out and bolted the door on her; then he went back to his easel and stood gazing at the sketch of George. But the spell was broken: the old George was no longer there. The war had sucked him back into its awful whirl-pool—once more he was that dark enigma, a son at the front. . .

In the heavy weeks which followed, a guarded allusion of Campton's showed him one day that Boylston was aware of there being "something between" George and Madge Talkett.

"Not that he's ever said anything—or even encouraged me to guess anything. But she's got a talking face, poor little thing; and not much gift of restraint. And I suppose it's fairly obvious to everybody—except perhaps to Talkett—that she's pretty hard hit."

"Yes. And George?"

Boylston's round face became remote and mysterious. "We don't really know—do we, sir?—exactly how any of them feel? Any more than if they were—" He drew up sharply on the word, but Campton faced it.

"Dead?"

"Transfigured, say; no, trans—what's the word in the theology books? A new substance . . . somehow. . ."

"Ah, you feel that too?" the father exclaimed.

"Yes. They don't know it themselves, though—how far they are from us. At least I don't think they do."

Campton nodded. "But George, in the beginning, was—frankly indifferent to the war, wasn't he?"

"Yes; intellectually he was. But he told me that when he saw the first men on their way back from the front—with the first mud on them—he knew he belonged where they'd come from. I tried hard to persuade him when he was here that his real job was on a military mission to America—and it *was*. Think what he might have done out there! But it was no use. His orderly's visit did the trick. It's the thought of their men that pulls them all back. Look at Louis Dastrey—they couldn't keep him in America. There's something in all their eyes: I don't know what. *Dulce et decorum*, perhaps——"

"Yes."

There was a pause before Campton questioned: "And Talkett?"

"Poor little ass—I don't know. He's here arguing with me nearly every day. She looks over his shoulder, and just shrugs at me with her eyebrows."

"Can you guess what she thinks of George's attitude?"

"Oh, something different every day. I don't believe she's ever really understood. But then she loves him, and nothing else counts."

Mrs. Brant continued to face life with apparent serenity. She had returned several times to Mme. Olida's, and had always brought away the same reassuring formula: she thought it striking, and so did her friends, that the *clairvoyante's* prediction never varied.

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There was reason to believe that George's regiment had been sent to Verdun, and from Verdun the news was growing daily more hopeful. This seemed to Mrs. Brant a remarkable confirmation of Olida's prophecy. Apparently it did not occur to her that, in the matter of human life, victories may be as ruinous as defeats; and she triumphed in the fact —it had grown to be a fact to her—that her boy was at Verdun, when he might have been in the Somme, where things, though stagnant, were on the whole going less well. Mothers prayed for "a quiet sector"—and then, she argued, what happened? The men grew careless, the officers were oftener away; your son was ordered out to see to the repairs of a barbed-wire entanglement, and a sharpshooter picked him off while you were sitting reading one of his letters, and thinking: "Thank God he's out of the fighting." And besides, Olida was *sure*, and all her predictions had been so wonderful. . .

Campton began to dread his wife's discovering Mme. Olida's fears for her own son. Every endeavour to get news of Pepito had been fruitless; finally Campton and Bolyston concluded that the young man must be a prisoner. The painter had a second visit from Mme. Olida, in the course of which he besought her (without naming Julia) to be careful not to betray her private anxiety to the poor women who came to her for consolation; and she fixed her tortured velvet eyes on him reproachfully.

"How could you think it of me, Juanito? The money I earn is for my boy! That gives me the strength to invent a new lie every morning."

He took her fraudulent hand and kissed it.

The next afternoon he met Mrs. Brant walking down the Champs Elysées with her light girlish step. She lifted a radiant face to his. "A letter from George this morning! And, do you know, Olida prophesied it? I was there again yesterday; and she told me that he would soon be back, and that at that very moment she could see him writing to me. You'll admit it's extraordinary? So many mothers depend on her—I couldn't live without her. And her messages from her own son are so beautiful——"

"From her own son?"

"Yes: didn't I tell you? He says such perfect things to her. And she confessed to me, poor woman, that before the war he hadn't always been kind: he used to take her money, and behave badly. But now every day he sends her a thought-message—such beautiful things! She says she wouldn't have the courage to keep us all up if it weren't for the way that she's kept up by her boy. And now," Julia added gaily, "I'm going to order the cakes for my bridge-tea this afternoon. You know I promised Georgie I wouldn't give up my bridge-teas."

Now and then Campton returned to his latest portrait of his son; but in spite of George's frequent letters, in spite of the sudden drawing together of father and son during their last moments at the station, the vision of the boy George, the careless happy George who had ridiculed the thought of war and pursued his millennial dreams of an enlightened world—that vision was gone. Sometimes Campton fancied that the letters themselves increased this effect of remoteness. They were necessarily more guarded than the ones written, before George's wounding, from an imaginary H. Q.; but that did not wholly account for the difference. Campton, in the last analysis, could only say that his vision of his boy was never quite in focus. Either—as in the moment when George had comforted Mme. Lebel, or greeted his orderly, or when he had said those last few broken words at the station—he seemed nearer than ever, seemed part and substance of his father; or else he became again that beautiful distant apparition, the winged sentry guarding the Unknown.

The weeks thus punctuated by private anxieties rolled on dark with doom. At last, in December, came the victory of Verdun. Men took it reverently but soberly. The price paid had been too heavy for rejoicing; and the horizon was too ominous in other quarters. Campton had hoped that the New Year would bring his son back on leave; but still George did not speak of coming. Meanwhile Boylston's face grew rounder and more beaming. At last America was stirring in her

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sleep. "Oh, if only George were out there!" Boylston used to cry, as if his friend had been an army. His faith in George's powers of persuasion was almost mystical. And not long afterward Campton had the surprise of a visit which seemed, in the most unforeseen way, to confirm this belief. Entering his studio one afternoon he found it tenanted by Mr. Roger Talkett.

The young man, as carefully brushed and arrayed as usual, but pale with emotion, clutched the painter's hand in a moist grasp.

"My dear Master, I had to see you—to see you alone and immediately."

Campton looked at him with apprehension. What was the meaning of his "alone"? Had Mrs. Talkett lost her head, and betrayed her secret—or had she committed some act of imprudence of which the report had come back to her husband?

"Do sit down," said the painter weakly.

But his visitor, remaining sternly upright, shook his head and glanced at his wrist-watch. "My moments," he said, "are numbered—literally; all I have time for is to implore you to look after my wife." He drew a handkerchief from his glossy cuff, and rubbed his eye-glasses.

"Your wife?" Campton echoed, dismayed.

"My dear sir, haven't you guessed? It's George's wonderful example . . . his inspiration. . . I've been converted! We men of culture can't stand by while the ignorant and illiterate are left to die for us. We must leave that attitude to the Barbarian. Our duty is to set an example. I'm off to-night for America—for Plattsburg."

"Oh—" gasped Campton, wringing his hand.

Boylston burst into the studio the next day. "What did I tell you, sir? George's influence—it wakes up everybody. But Talkett—I'll be hanged if I should have thought it! And have you seen his wife? She's a war-goddess! I went to the station with them: their farewells were harrowing. At that minute, you know, I believe she'd forgotten that George ever existed!"

"Well, thank God for that," Campton cried.

"Yes. Don't you feel how we're all being swept into it?" panted Boylston breathlessly. His face had caught the illumination. "Sealed, as George says—we're sealed to the job, every one of us! Even I feel that, sitting here at a stuffy desk. . ." He flushed crimson and his eyes filled. "We'll be in it, you know; America will—in a few weeks now, I believe! George was as sure of it as I am. And, of course, if the war goes on, our army will *have* to take short-sighted officers; won't they, sir? As England and France did from the first. They'll need the men; they'll need us all, sir!"

"They'll need *you*, my dear chap; and they'll have you, to the full, whatever your job is," Campton smiled; and Boylston, choking back a sob, dashed off again.

Yes, they were all being swept into it together—swept into the yawning whirlpool. Campton felt that as clearly as all these young men; he felt the triviality, the utter unimportance, of all their personal and private concerns, compared with this great headlong outpouring of life on the altar of conviction. And he understood why, for youths like George and Boylston, nothing, however close and personal to them, would matter till the job was over. "And not even for poor Talkett!" he reflected whimsically.

That afternoon, curiously appeased, he returned once more to his picture of his son. He had sketched the boy leaning out of the train window, smiling back, signalling, saying goodbye, while his destiny rushed him out into darkness as years ago the train used to rush him back to school. And while Campton worked he caught the glow again; it rested on brow and eyes, and spread in sure touches under his happy brush.

One day, as the picture progressed, he wavered over the remembrance of some little detail of the face, and went in search of an old portfolio into which, from time to time, he had been in the habit of thrusting his unfinished studies of George. He plunged his hand into the heap, and Georges of all ages looked forth at him: round baby-Georges, freckled schoolboys, a thoughtful long-faced youth (the delicate George of St. Moritz); but none

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seemed quite to serve his purpose and he rummaged on till he came to a page torn from an old sketch-book. It was the pencil study he had made of George as the lad lay asleep at the Crillon, the night before his mobilisation.

Campton threw the sketch down on the table; and as he sat staring at it he relived every phase of the emotion out of which it had been born. How little he had known then—how little he had understood! He could bear to look at the drawing now; could bear even to rethink the shuddering thoughts with which he had once cast it away from him. Was it only because the atmosphere was filled with a growing sense of hope? Because, in spite of everything, the victory of Verdun was there to show the inexhaustible strength of France, because people were more and more sure that America was beginning to waken . . . or just because, after too long and fierce a strain, human nature always instinctively contrives to get its necessary whiff of moral oxygen? Or was it that George's influence had really penetrated him, and that this strange renewed confidence in life and in ideals was his son's message of reassurance?

Certainly the old George was there, close to him, that morning; and somewhere else—in scenes how different!—he was sure that the actual George, at that very moment, was giving out force and youth and hope to those about him.

"I couldn't be doing this if I didn't understand—at last," Campton thought as he turned back to the easel. The little pencil sketch had given him just the hint he needed, and he took up his palette with a happy sigh.

A knock broke in on his rapt labour, and without turning he called out: "Damn it, who are you? Can't you read the sign? *Not in!*"

The door opened and Mr. Brant entered.

He appeared not to have heard the painter's challenge; his eyes, from the threshold, sprang straight to the portrait, and remained vacantly fastened there. Campton, long afterward, remembered thinking, as he followed the glance: "He'll be trying to buy this one too!"

Mr. Brant moistened his lips, and his gaze, slowly detaching itself from George's face, moved back in the same vacant way to Campton's. The two men looked at each other, and Campton jumped to his feet.

"Not—not——?"

Mr. Brant tried to speak, and the useless effort contracted his mouth in a pitiful grimace.

"*My son?*" Campton shrieked, catching him by the arm. The little man dropped into a chair.

"Not dead . . . not dead . . . Hope . . . hope . . ." was shaken out of him in jerks of anguish.

The door burst open again, and Boylston dashed in beaming. He waved aloft a handful of morning papers.

"America! You've seen? They've sacked Bernstorff! Broken off diplomatic——"

His face turned white, and he stood staring incredulously from one of the two bowed men to the other.

(To be concluded.)

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He'd camp on the critters' tails till they'd use all the energy they had to get out of the way.—Page 186.

Cattle Rustlers

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Will James says of his cowboy articles and drawings: "Yessir, as the cowboy speaks, by all means, is the way I intended the article to be published. Good English is fine, but it don't git there. I've records to show that I've lived the life further and deeper than very few cowboys have. I've worked at it for a living and it's all I know. I'm proud to say that I'm a cowpuncher, and not of the 1923 variety. I'm known as the cowboy artist without my saying so—it's taken for granted, for how can one know without really having the experience?"

RAGGED, bewhiskered, narrow-brained, cruel, and mighty dangerous to all folks, specially women, unscrupulous, with a hankering to kill and destroy all what he runs across, leaving nothing behind but the smoke, and a grease spot, is the impression folks get thru the movies and other fiction of the cattle rustler and horse-thief.

I don't blame them folks for shivering at the thought of ever meeting such a bad hombre, but they can rest easy, 'cause there is no such animal in the cattle rustler. Picture for yourself a man sleeping out under the stars, watching the sunrise and sunsets, where there's no sky-scrapers or smoke to keep him from seeing *it all* acting that way or being what *they* say he is.

When I speak of cattle rustlers, I don't mean them petty cheap crooks what's read dime novels and tries to get tough, steals some poor old widow's last few "dogies" cause they ain't got guts enough to get theirs from the big outfits what keeps riders the year 'round—them kind don't last long enough to be mentioned anyhow—and I always figgered the rope what kept 'em from touching the earth was worth a heap more than what it was holding.

There's cases where some cowboy what's kind of reckless and sorta free with his rope, might get a heap worse reputation than what he deserves; and he gradually gets the blame for any stock disappearing within a couple of hundred miles from his stomping ground. Naturally that gets pretty deep under his hide, with the result that he might live up to his reputation, he figgers he just as well, 'cause if he gets caught "going south" with five hundred head he won't get hung any higher than he would for running off with just some old "ring boned" saddle horse.

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Consequences is when the stock associations and others start to keep him on the move, he's using his *long rope* for fair, and when he's moving there's a few carloads of prime stock making tracks ahead of him. In Wyoming a few of the feud men tried to even scores that way; the hill billy was on horseback and toting a hair-trigger carbine.

I don't want to give the impression that the cattlemen started in the cow business by rustling, not by a long shot—they're plumb against it in all ways, and most of 'em would let their herd dwindle down to none rather than brand anything lessen they're shure it's their own. But there is some what naturally hates to see anything go unbranded wether it's theirs or not, and being the critter don't look just right to 'em without said iron, they're most apt to plant one on and sometimes the brand don't always fit.

The stage-driver takes him and his "thirty years' gathering" to the railroad-station.—Page 184.

Like for instance, there was Bob Ryan riding mean horses all day and a lot of the night in all kinds of weather for somebody else at thirty a month and bacon. It wasn't any too interesting to him; he kinda hankered for a little range and a few head of stock of his own, and come to figgering that some outfits he'd rode for had no objections to their riders picking up a "slick" whenever it was safe. There was no reason much why them slicks couldn't just as well bear his own "iron," and that certain "ranny" being overambitious that way and sorta care-free, buys a few head of cows, calves, and yearlings, wherever he can get 'em and takes a "squatter" in the foothills, his weaning corrals being well hid higher up in some heavy timbered box canyon, and proceeds to drag a loop that makes him ashamed, at first.

There's the start of your cattle rustler —it's up to how wise he is, or how lucky, wether he keeps it up till he's really one or not. If he can get by till his herd is the size he wants it without getting caught, most likely he'll stop there and no one will know the difference, but if some inquisitive rider gets wind of his doings, and that wind scatters till it begins to look like a tornado, why it's liable to leave him in bad humor and make him somewhat more reckless.

A few months after Bob started on his own, a couple of riders out on circle was bringing in a bunch to the "cutting grounds," and in the "drags" noticed four cows with big bags bellering their heads off—and no calves. In another drive there's two more. Next morning, the range boss takes two riders with him, leaving the straw boss take the others out on first "circle"—the six cows with the full bags was turned loose the night before and the boss finds 'em by a little corral in the brush still bellering (a cow and calf, if separated and losing track of one another, always return to where they'd last been together and wait for days till the one missing returns), there'd been a lot of cattle there and most impossible to track any special critter, so he goes up on a ridge towards the high mountains and "cuts" for tracks. A few miles to the north he runs across what he's looking for, and by the signs to be seen they shure must of been travelling and a horse track was there on top of the rest, looked a few days old.

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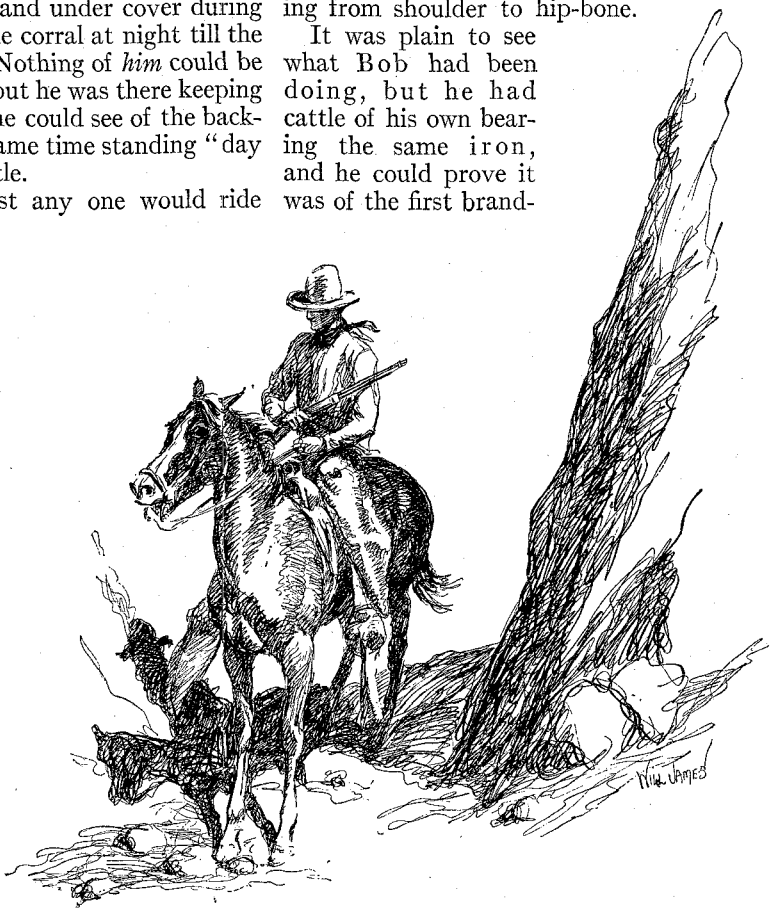
Up a canyon it leads a ten or twelve miles and they pass by Bob's camp, not seeing it. It was well hid and what's more, tracks is what the boss and the two riders was keeping their eyes on most—up a little further there's a corral and if it wasn't for them tracks it'd never be found. There'd been cattle there the night before it was plain to see. They kept quiet and listened, off into the timber higher up a calf was heard and single file they climbed toward where it sounded to be from, when figgering they was close enough, they scattered and went three ways and on past around where the cattle was feeding till they got up above 'em, then joined one another; and getting off their horses they climbed a high point, squatted, took their hats off, and looking thru the cracks of a red rock, they could see a few of the cattle below 'em. Bob had 'em on feed and under cover during the day and in the corral at night till the brands healed. Nothing of *him* could be seen anywheres, but he was there keeping his eye on what he could see of the back-trail and at the same time standing "day herd" on the cattle.

Bob knew most any one would ride right up into the cattle, if in case they was looking for him figgerin' he'd be there, but he would of fooled 'em by just dropping off his perch into the other canyon and making distance—by the time they'd got thru looking for him he'd been in the next county. The boss reckoned on all that, being quite a hand on them sorta tricks himself at one time; so calculates the best thing to do is keep out of sight, circle around back to the corral, hide and wait till Bob brought the cattle down and put up the poles at the gate. Along about sundown, the cattle is coming and Bob is with 'em, drives 'em into the corral, and he's putting up the last pole when from three different places at close distance he hears the command "Put up your hands," "Way up there!" Bob reaches for the sky, knowing better than try to do different.

The next morning to the boss's surprise, there's no weaners in that corral; all grown stock mostly cows, and calves too young to be branded, but them cows had fresh irons and earmarks on 'em just beginning to heal. What was the original iron on them critters nobody could make out, it was blotched so bad and the ears cut so short that there was nothing to be seen but the *new iron*, that being shure visible and stretching from shoulder to hip-bone.

It was plain to see what Bob had been doing, but he had cattle of his own bearing the same iron, and he could prove it was of the first brand-



The hill billy was on horseback and toting a hair-trigger carbine.—Page 182.

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ing, and them weaners disappearing was a puzzle. The boss had a strong hunch he had 'em hid somewheres, but where? and how could he prove Bob did it?

Bob not being caught red-handed just lands into court, and with his lawyer wins the fight; the judge and jury pronounces him "Not Guilty" and the lawyer takes the cattle for the fee. (It's most impossible to convict any one of cattle rustling, and that's why "necktie-parties" was so popular.) When the sun shines on his freedom again, the first thing that stares him in the eye is cattle once more, cattle everywhere on the hillsides and brakes—he knows it's his move, so calculates to make the most of it while moving. His idea is to clear enough to get him started in some new country, where he ain't branded so well.

He knows he'll get the blame for all that disappears in that territory, so he goes to work and takes pains to let everybody know in the town and country that he's hitting the breeze. He wants to let 'em understand that there'll be a whole State, maybe two, between him and those what suspicions. He sticks around for a week or more, straightening out his affairs, and the while telling the folks about him what a paradise this new country is where he's going to, that he wouldn't come back again on a bet.

The stage-driver takes him and his "thirty years' gathering" to the railroad-station and comes back telling the storekeeper and livery-stable man that he's went for sure. He'd seen him buy a ticket for some town a thousand miles away, and everybody kinda draws a long breath saying something like "good riddance of bad rubbish."

Sure enough, Bob had went alright, and arrives at this new country unknown and walking kinda straight. The sheriff ain't ever heard of him and he inquires 'round at the stable where the headquarters for the Blue River Land and Cattle Company might be found. The Superintendent, upon his asking for a job, informs him that he's full-handed excepting that he could use a good man "snapping broncs."

A few days later you could see Bob inside the breaking corral of the home ranch; four broncs are tied up and getting "eddicated" and another's saddled ready to be "topped off." He's standing there rolling a smoke, his mind not at all on the hobbled glass-eyed horse standing alongside him with legs wide apart and tipping the saddle near straight up with the hump that makes the boys ride. His eyes are on over and past the other broncs tied to the corral, and sees only away across the valley some fifteen miles. Timber out there draws his attention, and Bob wonders what the range is like at the perticular spot.

It's quite a ride for a green bronc, but not many days later you could see him winding up, following the cow trails to that timber and waterhole. He passes two "alkali licks" and rides on thru the aspens to the mesa—white sage, grama, and mountain bunch-grass everywhere, shad-scale on the flat and wild peas in the gullies higher up. There's a line of troughs at the water hole and a few head of the Blue River cattle are watering there.

That night at the bunk house with the boys, Bob hazes the talk to drifting on about the springs and holdings of the company and by just listening, asking no questions, he finds that the little range he'd rode into that day was held by the outfit. He had a hunch they was holding it with no rights, and every one in the country had took it for granted it was theirs, never bothering about finding out.

A few months later the broncs are all "snapped out," a pay check in Bob's chap pocket, and then pretty soon a log house is up and the smoke coming out of the fireplace thru the timber where the line of troughs and alkali licks was located. There was a howl from the company about somebody "jumping" one of their springs, but that don't do no good, saying they owned that range and proving it was two different things; and Bob stayed on, taking in horses to break at ten dollars a head and making a big bluff as to how much he's putting away, every so often.

One day Bob disappears and is gone for most six weeks; his place being out of the way of any riders nobody knows he'd went or returned, and if you'd asked him where he was keeping himself he'd said, "home." Anyway, in a few days after his return, he buys a hundred head of mixed stock, and some kinda wondered where he'd got the money to buy stock with, figgering even if he did make a good stake at break-

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He's rolling a smoke, his mind not at all on the hobbled glass-eyed horse standing alongside him.—Page 184.

ing horses, it wouldn't buy one-fourth the cattle he'd paid cash for. He disappears once more without any one knowing of it and buys another little bunch of "dogies." Bob was getting bolder every time and the big outfits a thousand miles to the north and east was putting out a big reward for a cattle thief they didn't have the description of. They'd plumb forgot about Bob, knowing him to be south somewhere and doing well, as they'd hear tell from the riders travelling thru.

He got so he could change a brand on a critter, and with a broken blade and a little acid of his own preparation make that brand to suit his taste, and in fifteen minutes appear like it'd been there since the critter was born. You could feel the scaly ridge in the hide where the iron was supposed to've been and even a little white hair here and there; it would shure stand inspection from either the eye or the hand.

Bob knowing every hill, coulee, flat, creek, and river of that country, was a

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great help to him. He'd rode every foot of it for a hundred miles around. It was where he'd stood trail and lost his first herd. He knew the folks there had forgot him and that's what he wanted. It left him a clear trail out of suspicion; the train would take and leave him at some neighboring town at night getting a couple of ponies and hitting out on "jerky," a little flour and salt before sun-up, he'd skirt the foothills and never would a rider get sight of him. Laying low by day and riding by night he'd locate the herds with the best beef and camp within a few miles of 'em so if they drifted he'd know their whereabouts, and soon as the weather permit, fog on behind 'em.

At the first sign of a strong wind, when tracks a few hours old are sifted over with fine sand, or before a first snow, you could see Bob getting his "piggin' string," unlimbering his ropes and testing his acid; his copper "running iron" was always with him too, hid between his saddle skirting and the lining; his 30–30 well cleaned and oiled and the old smoke wagon under his shirt and resting on his chap belt, he'd hit out on the best horse the country had for the herd he'd been watching, and go to cutting out a couple of carloads of the primest stuff he could get. Of course, by the time he'd get 'em to the shipping point, or market, they'd only be "feeders," but that brought a fair price.

The first night he'd camp on the critters' tails till they'd use all the energy they had to get out of the way. (In some cases it's been known of some cattle rustlers covering over forty miles single-handed with fifty some odd head in one night.) Bob had figgered a long time ahead the best way to take his cattle out, the hiding places for the day and water to go with it, keeping shy of fences and ranches. At first sign of the rising sun his cattle was watered and taken up in some timbered canyon, the brands was worked over and a few hours later the herd was bedded down or feeding. The next night would be easier on both man and stock, and by the third, Bob felt pretty secure, but never would you find him with the cattle during the day. The cattle being too tired to stray away was left soon as watered and taken on feed. When they'd be hid, Bob would "back-trail" a mile or so, where he could watch his cattle and see any riders what might be following him. In case there was, he had plenty of time before they got to his cattle and had 'em identified to make a get away; for even tho' an "iron" may be worked over into another, the rustler ain't going to take a chance. There may be a "marker" in that bunch that only the owner, or the riders familiar with the cattle, would recognize; and that's enough to entitle the rustler to the stout limb and a piece of rope if he's caught.

It was getting real interesting, and he did not realize that he was taking a liking to stealing cattle and making clean get-aways. The herd at his home camp was getting to be just a bluff, bearing half a dozen different recorded irons and ear-marks. He was beginning to use them to fall back on in case investigation was made and traced back to his "hang out." He'd made three trips to Chicago and was just thinking of settling down to steal no more. He knew this good luck wouldn't last, and besides, picking up a few "ore-janas" now and again around his own little range to the south might prove just as interesting; but the fever had him, with the result that he found out no matter how close you figger there's always something you'll overlook what'll give you away.

He started north for another raid, and thought he'd take his own saddle horses along this time, being that good horses are hard to pick up everywhere that way. There was one horse especially he hated to leave behind. It was a big blood bay, bald-faced and stocking-legged, and when he got to his destination to the north, and the stock car was being switched at the yards, one of the old timers recognized the horse and kept mum till Bob came to the stock car and led him out with his other horse. Ten minutes later Bob was feeding up at the "open-all-night" chink restaurant and watching the front door. The sheriff comes thru the kitchen and when Bob turned around to his "ham and eggs" there was the muzzle of a "45" staring him in the eye.

He lost his second herd to the same lawyer and faced the same judge of two years before. He'd only stole one horse where he'd got away with over two hundred head of cattle in that country, but that one horse put the kibosh on him.

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From a drawing by Will James.

A man with a critter down, his horse standing rope's length away, is a good thing to keep away from—unless you want to get your Stetson perforated.—Page 189.

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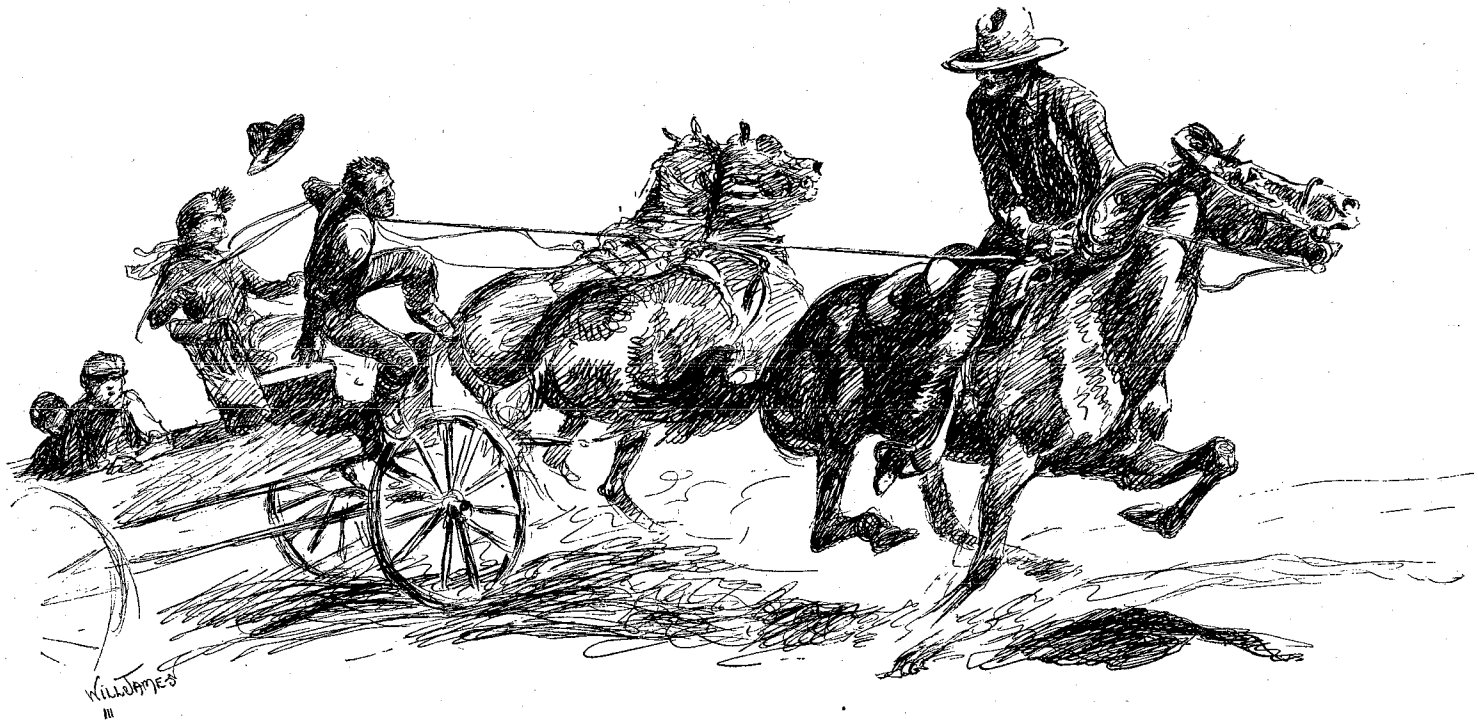

From a drawing by Will James.

A little "wild cat" loop settles neat and around that waster's neck, he's jerked off his seat and drug to the nearest cottonwood.—Page 189.

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There was no proof that he'd stole any cattle, but they suspicioned mighty strong; and they couldn't of handed him any more if they could of proved it. So figgering on killing two birds with one stone, the judge, not weeping any, throws the book at him, which means he gives Bob the limit.

If Bob would of had better luck the first time he tried to settle down in the country, where he'd made such a bad "reputation" for himself, most likely by now he'd been just a prosperous cowman and kept his "long ropes" to home. I don't figger Bob was bad, just a little too anxious to have something, and later on getting too much satisfaction in outwitting others. Any stranger was welcome to Bob's camp to feed and rest up; a fresh horse, or anything else he had, was offered to them what needed it, and it wouldn't matter if your pack horse was loaded with gold nuggets they was just as safe in his bunk house, or maybe safer, then in the safety vault. His specialty was cattle and he got to love to use his skill in changing irons.

He was just like a big average of the Western outlaw and cattle rustler; his squareness in some things made up for his crookedness in others. There was no petty work done; saddle, spurs and chaps was safe hanging over the corral but there was one thing you had to keep away from in the rustler's doings; if you saw at a distance a smoke going up, one man with a critter down and a horse standing rope's length away, it's always a good idea to ride way around and keep out of sight, unless you wanted your Stetson perforated. If you was interested and had company, why that's another story.

I used to know a big cowman, who'd been fairly free with the running iron at one time and had done a heap of rustling. Many a head he'd lost in the same way afterwards. Those he caught was dealt mighty hard with, and he'd expected the same if he'd ever made that fatal mistake, but he was lucky enough not to.

One day a "nester," what had drifted in from the other side of the plains and settled on one of his creek bottoms, finds himself and family run out of bacon or any sort of meat. He ups and shoots a fine yearling, takes the hindquarters and leaves the rest in the hide for the coyotes, or to spoil. One of the riders runs onto the carcass, and lucky there was no proof of who done it, for that kind of doings sure gets a "rise" from a cowhand. A little over a month later, another yearling is butchered the same way, but the hide is gone and that's what makes it interesting.

It was found under the nester's little haystack. There's nobody home just then. The cowman finding this evidence had changed many an iron and earmark in his early start (as I've mentioned before) but never had he played hog and left any perfectly good beef to spoil on the range, and he figgers to teach that country spoiling hombre a few lessons in range etiquette. About sundown, he catches up with him and family just when the wagon and team reaches the musselshell bottoms where there's fine big cottonwoods. A carbine stares the nester in the face, and at the same time the cowman produces a piece of the hide bearing his iron and asks him to account for it. The man on the wagon is too scared to speak or move, so is the rest back of the seat.

The cowman uncoils his rope, plays with it a while, and pretty soon a little "wild cat" loop settles neat and around that waster's neck, he's drug off his seat and close to one of them natural gallows, the rope is throwed over a limb, picked up again on the other side, and taking his "dallies" to the saddle horn, the cowman goes on till that farmer's big feet are just about a yard off the ground, a squawk is heard from the wagon and the whole family runs up to plead for the guilty party. They plead on for quite a spell but the cowman acts determined and hard of hearing. When it's gone far enough and that nester gets blue 'round the gills, the rope slacks up and he sprawls down to earth; the cowman is right atop of him and tells him he's got his family to thank for to see the sun come up again, "and if I ever catch you leaving meat of my stock to spoil on the range again I'll get you up so far you'll never come down, family or no family"; and he winds up with "*you can kill all of my beef you need*, but just what you need and no more, do you hear? And I want you to produce the hides of them beeves too, every one of 'em."

With that he rides off, and the nester's family is still trying to figger out what kind of folks are these "cow persons," anyway.

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Stumbling Feet

BY STRUTHERS BURT
Author of "John O'May and Other Stories," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

TAYLOR had come down from Switzerland a day or so ahead of his friend Gardiner, and the second night of his stay, wandering about the cafés in his placid interested fashion, he had run across his old acquaintance Mrs. Russell and through her had been introduced to Lady Newbold. . . . Anne, Mrs. Russell called her . . . the youthful wife of the very great man whom he had been watching from a distance for the past five weeks. Taylor, to begin with, was delighted . . . he had not had the slightest idea that the Newbolds were also to be in the south of France; and, for a few minutes following the introduction, he had been disappointed. However, he was used to being disappointed when he met the families of important people. The important people themselves were usually too busy to be anything but simply, if somewhat absent-mindedly, cordial, but the vicariously important . . . the wives and sisters and mothers and brothers of the important!

A trifle impatiently he asked this particular vicariously important one to dance, and it was then that he made his first discovery; she danced marvellously, light as thistle-down; you were merely conscious that there was something warm and slim and fragrant in your arms that followed each movement you made with an intuition that was genius.

Feeling a renewal of interest in a personality that expressed itself so differently from what he had expected, Taylor looked down and reassured himself of a physical perfection that originally had only added to his disappointment; a redness of lips, a hawthorn color of cheeks, a bronze of hair. Her eyes, gentian-blue eyes, under half-lowered bronze lashes, had lost their indifference, their . . . what was it? their look of sullenness, their childish defiance, their ultra-modern indifference, that had so annoyed him, and were absorbed and contented. Nor did he think he was giving way too much to an inclination to judge character too hastily when he imagined that he was aware as well of a force compact and passionate directed by something honest and quick-seeing. A force ordinarily concealed, but released in the unconsciousness of rhythm. She had a very tender, mobile mouth, wiser and sweeter than her years. Taylor stared at it.

The shuffling of the drums and the broken exultation of the violins and saxophones came to an end, and the kaleidoscope of the dancers fell apart, separating itself into its double pieces of vividly dressed women and sombrely dressed men. The vivid half pieces applauded with a languid rapture, the sombre half pieces with good-natured acquiescence.

Taylor's companion struck her hands together a couple of times and then let them drop to her sides. "I'd like another dance," she said, "but I think we ought to be getting back. It's late. Mrs. Russell will be wanting to go to her hotel." She smiled, entirely frank and friendly and amused. "I've found out one thing," she added; "you're very dependable, aren't you? Dancing is very revealing. I'm afraid I was in rather a bad humor, but you've cheered me up. It's encouraging to meet dependable people. Perhaps you're too dependable, though, for your own happiness."

Taylor smiled back at her and followed her across the shining gray-panelled room with its flanking tables, beginning to receive again their occupants, and so, through one of the many-paned glass doors, to the terrace from which they had come. Beyond the stone balustrade of

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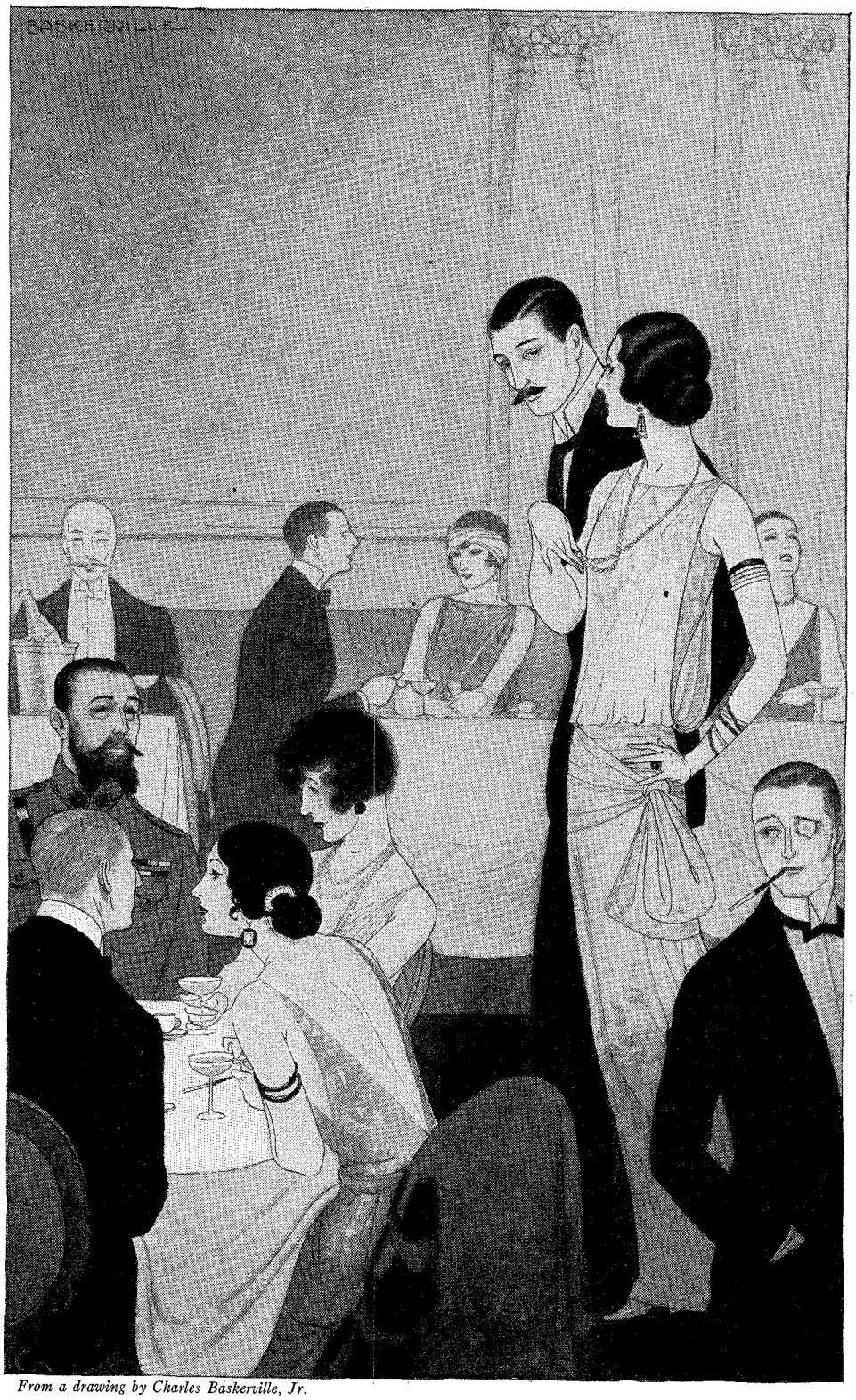

From a drawing by Charles Baskerville, Jr.

"Perhaps you're too dependable, though, for your own happiness."—Page 190.

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the terrace was a garden with cypresses silhouetted against a starry night, and beyond the garden a little town of dark towers and square crenellated roofs dropped away to a harbor studded with riding lights.

In one corner of the terrace, hidden behind numerous other small tables where people were drinking and supping, was a table at which sat a gray-haired woman and two men, and before this table Taylor and his partner came to a halt.

The two men got to their feet and the gray-haired woman nodded vigorously.

"Have a good dance?" she asked; and then, "I think we'd better be off, don't you? Whom can I take in my car? . . . I'm so glad to have seen you, Mr. Taylor. I wish I were going to be here longer."

"Not half as much as I do," said Taylor.

His companion smiled at the gray-haired woman. "If you don't mind, Nina," she said, "I think I'll walk home. Mr. Taylor is staying at the same hotel, and it's such a short distance and such a lovely night. You see, I'm rather anxious to hear further word of the conference. Hallam isn't disgracefully communicative, you know."

She looked over her shoulder at Taylor, and in the soft light of the electric candles he found her exceedingly youthful and glamorous. He decided that she had even more than the usual feminine amount of mutability.

The little party recrossed the inner room and went down a flight of stairs to the street level and, after Mrs. Russell and her escorts had been put into the waiting motor, Taylor and the woman with him turned up a hill along a narrow road where the heavy darkness was hemmed in by the white walls of gardens and the thick foliage that overhung them. They seemed suddenly to be shut into a lane of thought intimate and isolated, and Taylor was surprised at the ease with which he began to talk personally to this stranger, of whom only a little while before he had been afraid . . . afraid as a mature, affable man always is of the fierce egocentricity of youth.

"I hope you don't object to this," she asked—"this commandeering of your escort?"

"Object!" Taylor exclaimed. "You're the one person in the world I really want to talk to. It's wonderful luck for me . . . that is, you and your husband being down here. I want to study him unofficially; and the very best way always to begin to study a man unofficially is to talk to his wife. I hope, however, he won't think I'm following him. Is he hard to see anything of? I imagine he is. . . ." He paused and peered into the darkness ahead of him to where, through the trees surrounding it, subdued lights showed the hotel to which they were walking. "You are THE Lady Newbold, aren't you?" he asked, as if possibly he might have been guilty of an absurd mistake.

"I'm the wife of THE Sir Hallam Newbold, if that's what you mean," his companion laughed. "Yes, you can be at rest on that point. But I think he's going to be just as hard as usual to see anything of in a nice informal sort of way. He's supposed to be down here resting, but he isn't—he's busy all the time with his secretary or with one or another demanding person. I'll tell him, however, that Nina Russell says you're an eminent and above all honest journalist. He'll take her word for it when he wouldn't take mine. Like all men of my race he puts little trust in any woman under forty."

"Tell him," amended Taylor, "an obscure correspondent but an honest one, and, above all, one drunk with a hatred of politicians. That will appeal to him. He hates politicians as much as I do. I suppose that's the principal reason I love him so much although I barely know him. If God would give us only a few more honest and hard-minded men like himself! These soft-minded criminals! . . . These cynical sentimentalists! They'll be giving us another blood-bath if we don't watch out." He struck his stick on the pavement, his blond, good-natured, shrewd face suddenly grave. "He's an extraordinary man, your husband," he concluded.

He could see nothing of his companion save the white oval of her face and the gleam of her eyes as she looked up at him, but he felt that she was listening to him with a sober intentness.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose so. . . . I've always felt that."

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"An extraordinary man," Taylor repeated. "An extraordinary lucidity and power. He's always on the side of intelligence and just one step ahead of it. But just at present I want to talk about you. You see, most great men are one-half themselves and one-half the women they marry, and that's especially true of the English. Bluster as much as they may, they're more dependent upon women than any men I know. Fundamentally, I mean. Beside them the Frenchman is a cold-blooded logician, and as for us, well, we're a lonely suppressed lot anyway. That sounds paradoxical, but it's all true." He laughed and his voice became more explanatory. "You've got an exciting job ahead of you, Lady Newbold. I've always thought the wife of a rising great man had the most exciting job of any one in the world. She has, moreover, this advantage as well; she has not only to some extent the subjective point of view, but the objective also; sees, that is, the whole and rounded figure as it presents itself to the casual eye, yet knows it better than the casual eye. Poor great men! In their secret hearts they must realize, even better than their wives or valets . . . oh, yes, infinitely better! . . . the gap there is between their real selves and their accomplishment."

He looked down at his companion, striving to pierce the violet opacity with his eyes. She was fumbling under her evening coat. "I can't get at them," she complained. "Would you mind giving me a cigarette?"

He found his case for her and struck a match that burned a round hole in the velvet blackness and turned her bronze eyelashes to solid gold as she leaned forward. He noticed the fine spare lines of her cheek-bones and the lovely poise of her head, and for a moment the perfume of her hair blotted out the perfume of the surrounding gardens.

"What's that?" she asked, straightening up. "Oleander? . . . I never know. Sweet, isn't it?"

Taylor began to wonder if perhaps he hadn't been talking too intimately to a woman he had met so recently. Her question seemed a rebuke. Possibly she resented this ingenuous praise of her husband; the effort to discover her own point of view. The English were queer people; very veiled. To remove the veils too quickly seemed to them indecent. But this husband had been so long the centre of Taylor's thoughts he was eager not to lose any opportunity for investigation. Besides, he remembered how this woman herself danced. Fundamentally she was ingenuous. Back of those occasionally discontented eyes was a something that could dance with entire forgetfulness of self. A something forthright and candid.

"It's a favorite theory of mine," he persisted half apologetically, "—the necessity for greatness on the part of a great man's wife. Of course, some get along without it, but they're crippled. I'll come and take notes, if you don't mind. . ."

He had stopped himself on the edge of calling her Lady Newbold. He disliked calling her Lady Newbold. She was too modern for that and, somehow, since the war, in common with most of the rest of the world, he had found titles difficult to use. There was about them a giggling sort of anachronism.

This young Lady Newbold was saying thoughtfully: "I shall be very glad to see you, but I'm afraid I won't be much help. You have a very feminine point of view, haven't you? But you see, I've only been married five years; I'm not very learned about being a wife. Yes, do come. But I haven't had a thing to do with my husband's success; not a thing. I'm sorry to say I'm still even rather bad about getting in his way at times. I'm afraid I'm more of a deterrent than a help. I'm headlong and gauche. Possibly I'm talking too much now . . . but then, you're very confidential, aren't you?"

"I have to be," agreed Taylor grimly.

They had come to the gate of the hotel, two square stone pillars with iron openwork swung back between them, and beyond this, an oval driveway of gravel with a luxuriant bed of semitropical plants and flowers in its centre and the broad steps of the hotel and its wide glass doors as a background. The flanking lanterns of the doorway burned brightly, and to one side of the drive was a lamp strung from a pole in the manner of the old street lamps of Paris. Sitting on a bench beneath this

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lamp was a man in evening clothes, and as Taylor and his companion passed the gate, he got to his feet and strolled toward them.

"Oh, by thunder!" exclaimed Taylor joyfully. "Gardiner! He must have gotten away from that rotten conference earlier than he expected." He called out: "Hello! Good work! . . . There's another great man," he confided to Lady Newbold. "He and your husband were the only authentic great men there. You'll think I'm a hero-worshipper, won't you? but I'm not."

The tall figure in the dinner-jacket had paused and taken off its soft hat, and in the radiance of the hanging lamp you could see the smooth dark hair with its patches of gray above the ears and the powerful clever nose and the deep-set eyes and the close-lipped mouth distinguished by a charming smile. And then, matter of factly, and to Taylor's utter astonishment, Gardiner said:

"Why, hello, Anne. I hadn't the faintest idea you were here."

He seemed to think further elucidation unnecessary; he joined them casually and walked with them toward the hotel.

"Your husband here?"

"Yes, he came last night."

"That's interesting. I saw something of him in Switzerland. We agreed on most questions."

"I didn't know you were to be there too. I didn't realize you were the Gardiner."

"Oh, yes, I'm supposed to be some sort of a legal expert."

They had passed the doors of the hotel and had come to a stop under the chandelier of the entrance-hall.

"I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to tell you much about the conference as yet," said Taylor.

He was interrupted by Gardiner, who stepped closer and was peering down at Taylor's companion. "Let me look at you, Anne," he demanded, half humorously. "Lady Newbold and I met four years ago up at the front," he explained. "We were all mud and breeches then." He continued his survey, and then, "And I'm not sure I didn't like you better in mud and breeches, Anne, than I do now," he concluded, with one of those unlooked-for, frightening moments of cool quizzical brutality that occasionally disturbed his habit of gentleness. "It is something that happens to a good many women."

Taylor, watching the gentian-blue eyes, saw that their owner had understood Gardiner's brutality but had decided to overlook it, as if, perhaps, she had heard such brutality before. For an instant her expression darkened before it became thoughtful and shining and ruminative and rather amused; possibly she understood Gardiner better than he understood himself.

"I must say good night now," she decided. "You'll both come to see me, won't you?"

"Good night," said Taylor. "I, for one, most certainly shall. I'll appear tomorrow with a note-book."

He and Gardiner walked toward the elevator, but at the door of that narrow contrivance Gardiner hesitated. "I don't think I'll go to bed just yet," he announced. "I was mulling over a problem or two when you discovered me in the garden. I think I'll go back. Don't wait up for me. . . . I'll be in shortly."

Taylor went on alone. In the sitting-room he and Gardiner had in common were traces of Gardiner's arrival; a couple of heavy strapped bags partially unpacked, a small dressing-case with its contents scattered over a table, a pipe and tobacco-pouch, two uncut novels and a worn leather-bound book of poetry. Taylor experienced the touch of excitement and tenderness that Gardiner's presence always produced in him after an absence, however short. Without being conscious of it, he had transferred to this brilliant intimate, a year or so his junior, most of the ambitions that increasing maturity told him could only be partially fulfilled in his own case. But then, in any event, Gardiner was exciting. For one thing, he talked; used words as they are meant to be used, as the baggage of a constant gay adventure a man was making to discover what was in the mind of some one else and render as clear as possible what was in his own. And yet he was not about himself especially communicative. He was too interested in ideas for that. It was merely that self-consciousness, in the right meaning of the phrase, was so well de-

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veloped that self-consciousness, in the wrong meaning, was hardly there at all.

In short, a charming man who did not know he was charming, and a wise man who would have been astonished if you had told him he was wise, and most of the time a tender, and humorous, and interested man who had moved from success to success with an ingenuous boyish surprise at his own good fortune that made success seem the easiest thing in the world to attain and the most engaging.

Yet, despite all this, Taylor's attitude was not always one of admiration. There were moments when he brooded over Gardiner like an older, duller, steadier brother. Persistent admiration in a friendship implies that one or the other party to the compact is a fool, anyway, and there were minimizing qualities; there always are. . . . There were those deliberate, odd occasions of brutality, for instance, when Gardiner seemed intent upon hurting others in order all the more to hurt himself, and there were hours and even days when these occasions were drawn out into a tortured imaginative sort of cruelty. Furthermore, when all is said and done, no mature man can see another mature man of whom he is fond drink himself, no matter how rarely, coldly and intellectually and premeditatedly, into a state of drunkenness and not wonder what would happen should success turn into failure. Perhaps this last was the greatest puzzlement and concern Taylor experienced in what to him was in the main a rejuvenating relationship.

Now he turned on the desk lamp and, drawing some sheets of paper from a despatch case, sat down to compose a letter to the clever woman in New York to whom he thought himself more or less engaged. She was the one person, except Gardiner, he thoroughly trusted, and she was an excellent safety-valve for the suppressed indignations and annoying meticulous secrecies his present life as an international correspondent imposed upon him.

"I cannot convey to you," he wrote, "his presence—" this was Sir Hallam Newbold— "or the way it stood out against that background of concealed intention. You are so absolutely certain he means exactly what he says, but that he never says it until facts or circumstances are such that, twist or wriggle as they may, his opponents can't get out of the grip of his beautifully kept fox-hunting hands. . . . And he is a charming man to look at. Rather too charming, perhaps, as some of the most beautiful English are. Like so many of them, he has the secret of perennial youth. Too despairingly perfect. A tall lean man of about fifty, with a complexion like a boy's and blond hair with not a trace of gray in it, and the bluest of blue eyes—a satyr of derision in them sometimes. He has been a colonial governor and soldier too long, but now there will be no stopping him. Odd that he and Gardiner should have been thrown together this way at the conference and that, quite by chance, they should be down here afterwards. The two men are so similar in their intentions and so different in their methods and temperaments. Gardiner all velvet and dark eyes and passion held in leash. . . . I'm afraid the French are too self-conscious, and I'm sorry, for I admire and love them so and they're so right in most of their contentions. But I suspect that they still regard themselves as the spoiled darlings, the mistress of the world. The British delegation, led by Newbold, was amusingly and typically bored. Newbold—I sat right behind him—drew marvellous little landscapes with a pencil. I am treasuring the ones I could lay my hands on. The last day, during an especially perfervid Latin oration, he was preoccupied with a drawing of a Devonshire cottage. When he was through, he stared at the ceiling for a moment, and then hastily signed his name. I found he had signed it Thomas Gainsborough. Rather delightful, wasn't it—this hard-bitten, steel-blue Englishman?

". . . To-night I met his wife. Very young, very beautiful, perhaps still a trifle untrained. I don't know. A sapphire set in a box of dark velvet. . . ."

Taylor paused and stared at the wall in front of him. The fact that Gardiner knew the wife of this Englishman, knew her apparently with a casual intimacy, struck him anew with mystification. She was not the sort of woman, even overlooking who she was, a man knew with a casual intimacy; nor was Gardiner, with

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his persistent although pleasant amateur's interest in women, the sort of man to regard her in this light. And especially he was not, with his ranging appreciation of the humors and coincidences of life, likely to spend five weeks in the near presence of her husband without mentioning to his most intimate friend such a significant acquaintanceship.

Taylor sighed. He could not write all this even to the woman he trusted so much. He added a few more lines to the letter and sealed it and, pushing back his chair, went over to a window. The oleanders—or whatever they were—were particularly sweet and heavy and yearning. For a moment he leaned upon the sill, before, quietly and abruptly, he drew back into the concealment of the white curtains. Below him, or rather, at the other end of the garden, below the wing of the hotel in which he was standing, pacing up and down the paved walk between the dark masses of orange-bushes and wisteria, were the figures of Gardiner and the woman Taylor had just been describing.

Taylor went back to the desk, turned out the light and prepared for bed. "So!" he was saying to himself. "So!"

Very often, Taylor was aware, it is not what people do that creates an atmosphere; but what they want to do and don't. Suppressed desires are more powerful than desires that are released. And all those next two weeks he was sure of two things: that Anne Newbold was thinking a great deal about Gardiner, and Gardiner thinking a great deal about her, but that meanwhile they were seeing nothing of each other. How much they would have seen of each other had circumstances permitted, he could not tell. The first afternoon he called upon the Newbolds, Gardiner accompanied him, but afterward he refused with impatient cheerfulness to be drawn into any further engagements.

"I'm tired out," he explained, "whatever any one else may be. If I see Newbold, I'll have to talk seriously; if I see his wife, I'll probably have to talk lightly. Either way it's a strain. Don't bother about me . . . just go your own way."

Had Gardiner been eager for flight, Taylor would have been actively alarmed, but also, at the same time, actively relieved—a man who flies from a woman is in danger from her but realizes the danger. Or, on the other hand, had Anne Newbold made plans to see Gardiner, Taylor would have been equally clear in his mind. But these people were utterly quiescent. Too quiescent for an attractive man and an attractive woman who had once known each other well. Either they had quarrelled, but obviously—at least, so Taylor thought—they hadn't; or else at some time they had been too near something too perilously sweet. Taylor decided that the latter had been the case, and that at present, sure of their increased maturity, of their tempered common sense, they were certain fate could play no further tricks upon them.

But such a belief is never a certainty, and a man who has once been in love with a woman, and is probably still in love with her, is not treating himself cautiously when he continues to dwell near to her; so near that he constantly comes across her in hall or garden; so near that, looking down from his window, he can see morning and afternoon the slim loveliness of her getting in and out of waiting motors.

Taylor was not a priest of reform, especially not where his friends were concerned; unlike most of his countrymen, he had a fine capacity for minding his own business, he was aware that he had enough to do to take care of himself; he was merely a trifle alarmed on account of the public position of the principals in this curious mental situation. He studied especially with infinite care Gardiner's attitude of sardonic nonchalance. Eventually he made what he thought was a discovery.

In the meantime, as far as he himself was concerned, he was finding these late afternoons in the Newbolds' apartment—on the ground floor of the hotel and at the end of a long passage, and every other afternoon or so—increasingly an oasis in his present occupation of reporting the agonies of a stricken continent. The coolness of the high-ceilinged rooms, with their long windows open on to the gathering dusk of the garden, the candles burning into a blue evening, the little group of witty men and women that "Newbold's

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wife" had gathered about her, seemed to him a reconstruction of something the world had lost and was slowly attempting, perhaps without success, to regain. If life could only be lived continuously on this quiet, smiling, friendly plane! Wine drunken out of a crystal cup! Strange that humanity knew so well how to be happy and yet so little about making happiness universal or assured!

But the primary object of Taylor's quest, this Sir Hallam, this figure that had assumed almost a legendary aspect in his eyes, was as hard to see as his wife had predicted. He was seldom about and then hurried and undispersive, talking only to those to whom apparently he had something definite to say. He was discouraging to an informal biographer. Taylor complained of his evasiveness.

"When do you see anything of him yourself?" he asked.

The blue eyes of his hostess twinkled. "Occasionally at meals and when he is hurt," she replied.

"Hurt? What do you mean?"

"Don't most men get hurt? I imagined it occupied at least half of their time. When he has a person or a thing to complain of." A small brooding absent-minded smile illumined her mouth and Taylor thought he detected for the first time a maternal solicitude in this childless mother. He was fortified in what he intended to do.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed. "I imagined he was invulnerable."

Her eyes were pensive and not so amused.

"What about your theory of 'poor great men'? They're apt to be more childlike than most, aren't they?"

"Yes, but—good gracious!" Taylor exclaimed again. . . . "No, I never would have imagined it! . . . But of course I could be deceived about your husband—he's an Englishman and has pale-blue eyes and seems, the way they all do, completely self-sufficient."

"Poor dears!" sighed his young-cheeked but not young-mouthed hostess. "Men aren't born very morally courageous or clever, are they? I don't believe they're born very physically courageous or clever either. It's a dim racial tradition that makes them so. Did you ever notice how timid bachelors are? They've never had a woman's idea of what constitutes masculine courage to live up to."

"Frequently a dangerous courage," Taylor suggested. He leaned forward in his chair and placed his empty teacup on the lower shelf of the little table that separated him from his hostess. He did not sit back again but continued to sit forward. He thought it was time for him to speak.

"You know Gardiner pretty well, don't you?" he asked flatly. "Or you did know him pretty well?"

Her eyes did not waver. "Yes," she replied with equal coolness, "I knew him very well. Why?"

"Because he's one of your great men, and he worries me."

"Why does he worry you, and what can I do about it?"

"You can do a great deal; you have lived with one of these great men of ours and can give me your advice. They're subtle and intricate machines—easily destroyed and almost as easily kept on the track if only a clever-enough mechanic is found. Gardiner's specialty is to have black dregs in the bottom of his cup—you grasp what I mean?—and as his best friend I am afraid some day he'll take it into his head to drain them. The least overbalance one way or another— The trouble with brilliancy anyhow is that it is inclined too much to realize the fundamental pettiness of individual effort—of human effort. Gardiner has spells when he seems to enjoy playing with the edged thought that if he wanted to he could kick over in an hour or so all it has taken him a lifetime to build up. Have you ever met a man like that?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman opposite to him in a small voice; "I've met Gardiner and—I've met my husband, too."

"Good God!" exclaimed Taylor in an awe-stricken whisper. ". . . So that's true, too, is it? Well, it would be. They're all more or less alike. It's a question of luck. But then, your husband is lucky, you see . . . he's got you; and Gardiner hasn't anything." He straightened up in his chair as if he had found a triumphant vindication of his theories. "That's just what we talked about the first night we met," he declared.

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"I told you how dependent men were, especially sensitive men, on the women they were thrown with. And, you see, Gardiner not only has no anchor like that to leeward, he has even worse than no anchor."

The blue eyes, scrutinizing and thoughtful, widened suddenly. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Taylor, "that it isn't a question of finding the proper sort of woman for Gardiner, it is a question of first ridding his mind of the woman who now possesses it."

He had expected a silence; he was not mistaken.

"Who is the woman?"

"I'm not sure, but I am sure that he has been in love with her for a long while and, since he is an intelligent man and, I imagine, she is an intelligent woman, I suppose hopelessly. I don't think they see anything of each other. I dare say they write occasionally—the usual sort of letters, high-keyed and avoiding the point and supposedly helpful and renunciatory. But the gist of the thing is that Gardiner will never be secure, never be able to find the woman who will really be a help to him until he loses for good the vision of the woman who can—or should—never be anything to him at all. There's an unreality to be destroyed. At present Gardiner is convinced that he has a quarrel with destiny in general. He's in love with a good woman, he's behaving decently, therefore it's neither his fault nor hers. It's a question of a malign fate, don't you see? That's a bad point of view for an emotional man to hold. At the best, other women are merely substitutes for the original. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand; but I have always heard that there was nothing so helpful to the imaginative man as just what you are describing."

Taylor waved a contemptuous hand. "That's an ideal," he said, "of an older and more sentimental age. The harm a good idealistic woman can do is infinitely greater than any that lies in the power of a Circe. It is better for a man to be turned into a swine—he has more chance for recovery—than for him to be turned into a bundle of bleached straw. There has never been a great, really human, unsatisfied love that has been good for any man. The best thing that can be hoped for is that time will cure it. Unfortunately, Gardiner has a long memory."

"And what would you suggest?"

Taylor was deprecatory. "That is what I am asking you," he said. "I want you to make some suggestions. Some day I will meet this woman and I will then be able to talk frankly . . . for she must be a fine woman or Gardiner wouldn't be in love with her." He waved his hand again. "What is there to suggest? There are only two ways of curing a hopeless love, aren't there, when a man refuses to forget?"

"What are they?"

"Either the woman capitulates and in time the inevitable reaction and disgust ensues, or else she does something that is cruel or silly or selfish. Usually women don't have to take much thought concerning the latter. Their own characters and time accomplish it for them. What other methods has the world ever devised?"

He waited for an answer but it was a long while in coming. His hostess was staring at him meditatively, her arms spread out along the sides of her chair.

"I'm not quite sure," she said finally, "why you have told me all this. Your reasons seem inadequate. . . . Even if I should happen to be able to advise you— . . . Your remedies are cruel."

"They are not remedies," corrected Taylor sadly; "they are major operations."

"Well, your major operations, then." . . . She rose suddenly to her feet, as if she were dismissing the melancholy conversation, and held out her hand to him. "Come on. I'm going to call you Jaimmie. You're a strange man. You have a placid terrifying temerity. You are rather like an unshakable grandmother. Come on, we have talked too much and too long. Let's go out into the garden. I need a breath of fresh air. There's no one here but old Gallieni and Katherine, and they won't miss us for a moment."

Taylor followed her through one of the long windows into the tremulous violet of the dusk. A thin moon hung in a sky of faint green that the dark green of the

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hedges and the cypresses made as translucent and fragile as glass.

"You can help Gardiner, you know," persisted Taylor. "You are a singularly wise woman, just old enough to be wise and still young enough to be pliable."

She looked back. "Oh, I dare say I'll help him," she replied wistfully. "Helpfulness seems to be my rôle." She put out a finger of tenderness and touched the sleeve of Taylor's coat. "I've come to like you so much, Jaimmie. You're really good, aren't you? That's because you really love the people you do love. That's half the sum total of goodness. The other half is excusing the people you don't love. Look . . . isn't it lovely? We need only 'those damned nightingales,' as my husband calls them, to make it perfect. I'm really awfully young, Jaimmie. It's hard sometimes being so grown-up. I'm still young enough to believe that life possibly might be all some Hungarian opera if things only went right . . . hunting lodges and pine forests and laughing lovers. . . . Whatever that has to do with what we were talking about. Suppose these people should throw their caps over the mill? Suppose they should? Think what it would mean to them just to let go! Like cool running water! Couldn't this woman get a divorce? Why not advise her to get a divorce? We hadn't thought of that."

"Oh, yes, we have," said Taylor. "If she is the sort of woman I think she is, divorce would be the worst of all. I'm afraid, although I know little about her, that she has great responsibilities and no adequate excuse for divorce, otherwise she and Gardiner would have thought of it long ago." He steeled himself to look unflinchingly into the blue eyes questioning him. "I'm not thinking of the woman's personal feelings," he said. "In the present instance they amount to nothing—I am thinking of a very important man . . . perhaps two."

She turned away her head. "Yes," she replied slowly. "Yes, of course. You are quite right. I really never meant a word of what I suggested."

But later Taylor was not so sure of this statement. He was not sure of anything. All his conclusions seemed to be turned back once more into uncertainties. He had not lived to the age of forty without realizing that where her feelings are concerned the most honest woman can become suddenly dishonest. He felt like a man who walks along a misty ice-sheathed road where at any moment the apparent security of the next step may crackle into a quagmire. Above all was he uncertain whether he had been wise in what he had said to Anne Newbold. Advice, interference, usually are unwise. The man who first invented a boomerang did not realize that he was inventing the symbol of the busybody. And Taylor was so seldom a busybody that added to his growing depression over the events that followed was an even acuter depression lest he might have had an undue share in bringing them about.

That night late, Gardiner having disappeared shortly after dinner, Taylor had leaned upon the sill of his sitting-room window as he had done two weeks before, only this time there had been no light lit behind him; and as he waited he had seen, as he had seen two weeks before, the figures of Gardiner and Anne Newbold in the garden below him. . . .

The night was very still and uninterrupted and bright with stars. The two figures had paused in their slow pacing up and down, and then, abruptly, with a gesture of desperation, Gardiner had stretched out his arms and drawn Anne to him. Taylor could hear her laugh, breathless but not happy, a little high shaken note in it. . . .

Taylor stepped back, as he had done on the previous occasion, into the shadows of the curtains, but now he was too agitated to care whether he was eavesdropping or not. "But she isn't that sort of woman!" he said passionately to himself. "She isn't that sort of woman!" It seemed incredible that she had accepted the first of the alternatives he had suggested to her. But what else could he believe? He remembered, too, the emergence in Gardiner that afternoon, after Taylor himself had left Anne Newbold, of the mood he, Taylor, so much dreaded. He and Gardiner had sat in the street under a striped awning that shaded the front of a café and had sipped a vermouth before dinner, and Gardiner, out of a silence, had suddenly pushed back his

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glass with unexpected savageness. "I'm going to get out of this place day after to-morrow," he had announced. "I'd leave to-morrow if it wasn't for that dance at Nicholai's. I promised him I'd go. I'm more tired than I thought I was. Maybe I'll telegraph the firm and take a long trip . . . maybe I won't come back for a year or so. I'm sick of law and politics. They're nothing but pinchbeck, anyhow."

"In ten years or so almost anything you may happen to want may happen, my son," Taylor had retorted with mollifying blandness. "What is it you want? . . . the presidency; a supreme-court justiceship?"

"I am not being funny," Gardiner had said. . . .

"Neither am I," replied Taylor. . . .

"But it is incredible!" Taylor kept repeating to himself, in the shadow of the curtains. "It is incredible!" After a while he began to think more clearly. "There is something out of the way here," he told himself. "Something unusual."

And then, because he loved both these people very much, he forgot for a moment the disaster that intrigue, or divorce, or even temporary forgetfulness would bring upon them, and wished only for their happiness, no matter how obtained. The Southern night, the great stars, the yearning fragrance seemed made only for happiness.

The next night, the night before the Newbolds' departure, and the night before the departure of Gardiner and Taylor, and the night also on which Nicholai, a tall blond Slav whom Gardiner and Taylor had known well in Paris after the armistice, was giving his dance, Taylor went to the Newbolds' apartment. He arrived there at half past nine. Late in the afternoon Anne Newbold had telephoned him that her husband at the last moment had refused any adventitious gaiety, and so Taylor had come to ask if he might take her to the dance, or meet her there, or what in general he could do for her. But this was merely an excuse. His real reason was that he wanted to see this friend of two weeks alone for a few minutes and say good-by to her. He did not want to say anything else, even if the opportunity were given, which it would not be; he did not see how he could question her concerning the subject which was now uppermost in his mind; but perhaps from her manner he would be able to discover some hint of what in the future he was to expect.

The man-servant who answered his ring, a temporary man-servant belonging to the hotel, left him in the drawing-room while he went to see if Lady Newbold was disengaged. She was just finishing dinner, he informed Taylor before his departure.

Taylor stood in the middle of the high-ceilinged room that had recently become so familiar to him, and waited. The walls and tables had been stripped for travel. There was nothing left of the brocades and books and ornaments. No flowers even, except a couple of drooping roses in an undistinguished china vase. The room was hushed and empty and once again impersonal. The only memorable thing was the little breeze that stirred the curtains of the long windows as Taylor was used to seeing them stirred. And then the silence was broken abruptly. A room or two beyond a door opened and Anne Newbold's voice, speaking reprovingly in French, reached him. "Oh, no!" she was saying. "I told you. I cannot see Mr. Taylor now. Tell him to come later. Get Ticknor, Sir Hallam's man, right away, please. Tell Mr. Taylor. . . ." The voice hesitated and cried aloud, this time in English and with an appeal in it that made Taylor take a step forward, his heart beating violently. Somehow, he told himself, he had always known, mistily and vaguely, that he would be present at some such incident.

"Hallam!" the voice begged. "Please! Hallam! No! No! Wait a moment! . . . Please!"

Taylor was staring at the heavy curtains that hung in the doorway separating the drawing-room from the rest of the apartment, and now they parted, and the figure of Anne Newbold's husband—dignified and stumbling slightly—very white and drawn in the face, blue eyes blazing with a curious unseeing light—came through. At first he did not notice Taylor, bent, as he seemed to be, upon some confused and much-desired goal;

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but when he was abreast of Taylor he stopped and drew nearer and peered at him with his brilliant inhuman gaze.

Taylor looked up and away. He did not want to carry through life too clear a memory of this.

"Oh, yes!" said the strange simulacrum of his worship thickly. "Taylor! . . . Oh, yes! Yankee newspaper man. . . . Going to the dance? Well, have a good time. Lots of women. . . . Damn nuisance. Where's Ticknor, do you know? Ticknor—my man?"

He waved his hand and laughed vacantly and strode toward the door that opened from the other side of the room. On the threshold he turned and looked back as if some thought of apology had touched his numbed brain.

"I'm damned tired," he explained, and disappeared. Taylor's chin dropped forward between the points of his collar and it was not until he raised his head that he saw Anne Newbold standing where her husband had been, her pretty sparkling party frock making a tragic contrast with the despairing whiteness of her young face.

"I'm glad you're discreet," she was saying, not meeting his eyes. "I'm glad you're a good friend of mine. . . . It doesn't happen often, you know. . . . He's very much worn out." She smiled falteringly. "You see . . . you said . . . these great men."

"I'd heard rumors," murmured Taylor, "but I didn't believe them. It's more difficult to combat even than drink, isn't it?" His voice rose. "I won't believe them now," he said. "What's the use of believing such things? It's going to be all right with you watching him, anyhow. Eventually it will be all right, I'm sure. But, Anne—" he leaned over her—"you can't leave him, you know. You can never leave him."

For the first time she looked up at him, her brows knit with a puzzled impatience. "Leave him?" she repeated. "How stupid you are. Of course I won't leave him. What put that into your head? . . ." She stepped back. "Wait here if you can," she concluded listlessly. "I'll be back in half an hour or so. I'll go to Nicholai's with you."

Taylor paced up and down, turning over in his mind the dilemma that had now made itself so pitilessly clear to him. Here on the one hand was this husband of Anne Newbold's, this blue-eyed god with feet of clay, who needed her more than even Taylor had ever before thought possible, and here, on the other hand, was this restless Gardiner, his best friend, balanced on the edge of he did not know what disaster. And what had this woman—this girl—been doing? Precipitating disaster it seemed, either through some mistaken idea or because of a final recklessness. At all events, drawing together into a knot all the tangled threads of disaster. Suddenly he found himself coldly angry with Anne Newbold, forgetful of all the assurances of fineness she had given him in the past two weeks. She was like all women, he told himself, rattle-brained and avid when it came to a question of emotion. Selfish; unstable. He was sorry for her, of course, amazedly, bewilderedly sorry; but what childishness had induced her to play this stupid game? He could no longer blame himself in the least, for if she was a woman so open to suggestion as to accept the easier and meaner of the alternatives he had shown her, she was a woman too fundamentally ill-balanced to justify remorse in any one. The underlying suspicion that all men feel for all women, no matter how much when things go right they may admire them, took possession of him.

He was still coldly angry with her when she came back to him, and his anger did not lessen any during the drive down to Nicholai's in her car, nor when they greeted their blond, energetic host, nor when they were surrounded by the lights and music of the ballroom.

"Underneath," he told himself, "she is as indifferent as I first thought her. She was of course shaken by my seeing her husband that way . . . but then, who wouldn't be? But how, after a revelation like that, could a real woman talk so lightly as she is talking to me now? I suppose I'll have to ask her to dance. . . ." He was on the point of suggesting to her this—as it seemed to him at the moment—dreary undertaking, when Gardiner, dark and grave and with searching eyes, bore down on them.

"Will you dance with me, Anne?" he asked.

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She laughed and shook her head. "I'm not going to dance," she said.

"Not at all?"

"Not now."

"Can I come back?"

She hesitated, and Taylor, studying Gardiner's face, bowed and moved away. If Gardiner wanted to be brutal, Taylor felt that this time brutality was well deserved. He stood near a pillar watching the dancers. He realized suddenly that he could not help but overhear what Gardiner was saying, for Gardiner spoke without any thought of secrecy.

"You mean you are deliberately being rude to me, Anne?" he asked.

"Not especially," she answered without animation.

"Then you meant what you said this afternoon. . . ? That you never wanted to see or hear from me again?"

Taylor could not see her face, but he imagined that she smiled as if her patience were exhausted. "Why should I, after what you proposed to me?"

"After what . . .!" Gardiner laughed. "After you made me kiss you last night, you mean! After you said what you said to me, you mean! . . . Come on, Anne, I want to talk this thing out with you. I think you're showing me just what I have really always known, that you're no more than any other of the little damnable disgusting moths. Come on."

Taylor turned his head and watched them disappear behind a bank of roses that screened a doorway. Half an hour later, going in the same direction, he came upon Gardiner strolling quietly back to the ballroom.

"Would you mind telling me," Taylor asked, stopping him, "where you're really going to-morrow? I'm off myself at seven and I'd like to know." He concealed the eagerness in his voice by an air of casualness. He lit a cigarette and peered up at Gardiner between his cupped hands.

Gardiner raised eyebrows over dark and coldly haggard eyes. "Where should I go but home with you?" he retorted. He laughed shortly. "I'm going to be one of those chief justices, aren't I? Wasn't that the idea?"

"Well, be sure to telegraph to-morrow for your tickets, then," advised Taylor, and walked on. At the end of the hall he saw Anne Newbold coming toward him with a breathless tripping sort of haste. She almost fell into his arms before she raised her head and saw who he was.

"You are just the person I wanted to see," she said. "The only person. Take me back and dance with me. . . . I want to dance, please. . . ."

"But I thought . . ." he began, and then checked himself.

He was still confused, still at a loss as to whether all this had been a deliberate plan on Anne's part or merely a fortuitously lucky end to an imbroglio. But he was no longer confused nor doubtful when finally he began to dance with her. He remembered the first time he had danced with her—it had been the last time, too.

"You're tired," he said; "don't you want to stop?"

"Oh, no!" she breathed. "Oh, no! No! Please! . . . Just dance."

He wanted to say to her, "I understand now perfectly, my dear. My poor dear! I understand perfectly. You've taken one way of saving one great man and you're doing your best to save another. My poor dear! . . . The vision is destroyed"; but there was nothing he could do except continue to drag wearily her stumbling feet—those thistle-down feet—about the shining floor.

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The Buddha

BY MARGHARITA DERFELDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. HOPPER

IN the town of Kislovodsk, in the year of the Lord 1920, five persons sat around a mahogany table in a small room. Five tumblers of tea stood on the table blotched in every direction with white rings that told of a long line of steaming predecessors. A candle in the centre of the table shed a feeble light on five faces, stamped into sameness by poverty and fear.

The room was meanly furnished with but a chest of drawers, and above it on the wall a cracked mirror, an iron cot covered with a brown blanket, a wire frame holding a tin basin and pitcher, the stained table and cane chairs. A red cotton curtain, in one corner of the room, concealed the clothes upon the wall, and on the chest of drawers, below the mirror, a gilded Buddha on his lotus throne looked down from under half-closed lids upon the toilet articles scattered at his feet. A man's overcoat and a woman's skirt hung before the windows—a last sordid touch.

The persons gathered about the table were absorbed in conversation: Nathalia Feodorovna and Boris Petrovitch Rezanoff, victims of that war which steals the bridegroom from the altar and leaves the bride to wait and fade, who had been robbed of five precious years of love—shabby but immaculate; Vladimir Romanovitch, a former commander of one of the brilliant regiments of the Guard—ragged at the wrists and collar; and Maria Mihailovna and her husband, Alekander Alekandrovitch, both stamped with the same signs of a losing game—wreckage of the revolution, thrown upon the mountains of the Caucasus by the wave of persecution that had swept across the face of Russia.

A muffled tap upon the window-pane startled the company into nervous attention. Nathalia Feodorovna went to the window, and, lifting a corner of the skirt that hung before it, peered out into the garden.

"It's all right," she said, dropping the edge of the skirt and turning toward her companions.

She crossed the room, opened the door, and disappeared in the dark hallway of the house. She came back in a moment accompanied by a tall soldier with the red insignia of the Bolsheviks on his cap.

He tiptoed into the room, his shoes squeaking under the strain of his effort. Nathalia Feodorovna closed and locked the door and invited him with a gesture to take a seat upon the bed. He refused with a nod and remained standing near the table.

"This is Joukoff," she announced. "I have told you about him—you can trust him."

The soldier stiffened to attention in the manner that held before the revolution, his arms rigid, his chin elevated. "That is so, your nobility," he said, rapping out his words.

Vladimir Romanovitch's shaggy eyebrows contracted: "But you are a soldier in the Red army?"

"That is so, your excellency," Joukoff answered with a straightforward look at the speaker. "But a man must live." He turned toward Boris Petrovitch: "Captain Rezanoff has known me for a long time."

"I'll answer for Joukoff," Boris Petrovitch declared hoarsely. "As I told you before, he served as my orderly during the war and helped me to escape from Petrograd."

"So . . . so. . . ." Vladimir Romanovitch studied the broad, good-humored peasant face. "One never knows, nowadays, under what disguise one may find a friend. Boris Petrovitch tells me, Joukoff," he continued in a businesslike tone, "that you have promised to get Bolshevik

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passports for us and show us how we can leave Russia."

"That is so, your excellency. I have a friend, a commissar, who will get the passports . . . but he asks much money."

"How much?"

A wave of emotion swept across the five faces. The soldier crushed his cap in his big muscular hands.

"Five million roubles each."

Maria Mihailovna sank back in her chair; Vladimir Romanovitch twisted his cigarette between his lips; Nathalia Feodorovna leaned rigidly over the table, her hands clasped above her eyes; Boris Petrovitch began to cough, his chest rising and sinking between the sharp bow of his shoulders. His chair made a scratching sound on the bare floor as he pushed it back; he went to the window and propped his shoulders against the wall.

Vladimir Romanovitch took his cigarette from his lips. "Five million roubles would be a small sum in any foreign currency," he said thoughtfully, "but it is a fortune for those who live by selling their clothes and anything else they may have managed to save." He turned to the soldier and began to question him about his plans for their escape.

The black fringe of lashes about Nathalia Feodorovna's gray eyes blinked as she unclasped her hands. "I don't believe we can raise the money," she said in a low voice. "Don't you think, Joukoff, you could persuade him to take less?"

"It is not possible! He wanted twenty! I bargained him down to five!"

"I don't see how we shall do it." The words dropped bead-like from her lips.

The muscles about Joukoff's eyes puckered; he glanced at Boris Petrovitch. "They say it will be very cold next winter," he faltered. Then, clearing his throat and turning toward Vladimir Romanovitch: "When do you order me to come for the money, your excellency?"

"Let me see—day after to-morrow?" Vladimir Romanovitch looked at his companions. "Can you settle your affairs by then?"

Alekander Alekandrovitch and Maria Mihailovna assented. Boris Petrovitch came over to the table and sat down with a sigh.

The soldier saluted and tiptoed out of the room, Nathalia Feodorovna locking the door behind him.

The atmosphere of the room had undergone a subtle alteration; the five faces had regained their individuality.

"Now don't lose heart, Natasha!" cried Maria Mihailovna, springing to her feet. "Let us see what you have over there in the corner!"

She began to rummage under the red curtain. Natasha went to the bed and, kneeling on the floor, ripped open a corner of the mattress. She thrust her arm into the hole and drew out a small package which she carried to the table. Her husband took it from her hand and, unwrapping a fold of paper, held a sapphire pendant to the light.

Maria Mihailovna laughed as she stumbled to the bed with a fur coat and a military cape with a beaver collar in her arms. "You can cut this collar off, Natasha, and you won't need your fur coat until winter, and then you'll be far away."

Alekander Alekandrovitch stood, his hands in his pockets, before the chest of drawers examining the Buddha. "This must be worth something, Boris Petrovitch. You ought to be able to sell it."

Boris dropped the pendant and jumped to his feet. "I couldn't think of it! Natasha carried it all the way from Petrograd!" he gasped. "I remember it when I was a little boy—it was given to my father—on one of his—voyages—by some—prince of Siam," he stammered. "He was superstitious about it—and so am I. I couldn't think . . ." His cough choked the words in his throat. He crossed once more to the window and leaned against the wall.

Natasha looked at her companions and put her finger on her lips.

Alekander Alekandrovitch fumbled with the pendant that he had picked up from the table. "Don't worry, my friend. The furs and this jewel will sell for more than you need."

"Without doubt." Vladimir Romanovitch's hearty voice carried conviction.

Nathalia Feodorovna's eyes travelled wistfully over their faces: "Do you really think so?"

"Of course! Of course!" they chorussed.

Maria Mihailovna kissed her friend,

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and, taking the candle that had burned down into a dripping mound, went to the mirror to put on her hat.

"In a few weeks we shall celebrate our freedom in Constantinople!" Alekander Alekandrovitch exclaimed gaily. He put his hand on Boris Petrovitch's shoulder. "Everything will turn out all right."

The husband and wife looked at him with eager eyes and a faint smile curled about Natasha's lips—so contagious is cheer, even when selfish in its origin.

The next day a merchant from one of the small shops near the Narzan Gallery, that deal in sheepskins, embroidered leather slippers, silks, and carpets, came to inspect the furs and jewel.

Selim Sadi, an eagle-featured son of one of the tribes that make their home high up in the rocky folds of the Caucasus, had drifted into middle age in the contentment that springs from the simple satisfaction of simple desires. Allah had blessed his efforts, and at forty-five he was the owner of a thriving business and the husband of a young and beautiful wife. But the revolution that had turned mild men into beasts, weak men into heroes, misers into profligates, and profligates into misers, had touched him as it had touched every one and everything else; he had been quick to realize the profits to be gained from the purchase and sale of the jewels and other articles that the refugees from the north were forced to exchange for the rapidly depreciating paper rouble.

Selim looked thoughtfully at the coat; he would have to take it home; he could not name a price until he had examined it, but it seemed all right—that he admitted. He would certainly buy the sapphire; the beaver collar, after much crushing and blowing, received the stamp of his approbation also. He looked like a benevolent bird of prey as he turned to Boris.

"You my good customer, I do my best," he said in his broken Russian. "I come back to-morrow morning."

No amount of urging could persuade Selim to offer a price until he had given the coat a thorough inspection. He insisted that this was not the season for fur coats and that he would not be able to sell it until winter. All the world over, those who sell must wait the pleasure of those who buy, and Natasha and Boris were forced to resign themselves to a day and night of suspense.

That night, in her dreams, Natasha wandered in a happy land where people laid their heads upon their pillows when the day was ended, certain—or as certain as it is given man to be in a changing world—of waking to a morrow of peaceful toil. Her dreams rambled off into the forgotten roads of memory, twining the past and present in a fantastic wreath: she was a child again, playing in the toy-house that stood in a garden bright with ragged sailors and hollyhocks. A little dog barked at her from the doorway of the house and would not let her go out, and her husband's voice called through the window: "Natasha! Natasha!" She tried to wheedle the dog into a better humor, but in answer to her advances he barked the louder and snapped at her knees. The voice grew insistent: "Natasha! Natasha!"

She wakened with a start. Boris Petrovitch sat on the edge of his bed gasping for breath. She crawled across her mattress that lay upon the floor near the cot, and held him in her arms waiting for the paroxysm to pass. The cough grew less, and he fell back on the piled-up pillows of his bed. The room was gay with morning sunshine, and the exultant voice of a cock in the garden announced the discovery of some succulent morsel to the expectant hens. Life throbbed in his voice and in the sunshine that flooded the room.

"Pull down the shade, Natasha," Boris whispered weakly.

"Why, dear one, don't you like the sun?"

He turned his face to the wall. "Please pull down the shade."

She obeyed him and came back to seat herself on the floor beside the cot.

"I had such a wonderful dream, Boria. I dreamed that we were far away in a lovely place and we had forgotten to be afraid. Dreams come true sometimes, Boria." She pressed her head with the dark hair that fell back in heavy wings from her forehead, closely against his back.

"Dreams go by contraries."

"You'll feel better when we get the money to go away with, Boria."

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Silence. She passed her hand stealthily across her eyes and got up to dress.

Selim, as he had promised, came to see them that morning, and brought with him nine million roubles. The coat, on examination, had proved to be damaged; he assured them that he was paying more for it than it was worth.

Natasha argued and Boris, from time to time, added a hoarse comment. But Selim had grown accustomed to the sorrow of others, and had even come to consider his part in these operations as humanitarian acts that would not go unrecorded before Allah. These people needed a large sum of money, and he chose to shut his eyes to a suspicious fact.

Natasha looked about the room. There was not a pin within those four walls that she did not know by heart, but the subconscious belief in miracles, which in crucial moments springs to life in every heart, prompted her to a further search.

Suddenly she saw the Buddha. Her eyes had glanced over the figure before, but now she saw it in a new aspect. She sat down on the bed beside her husband, who had not felt well enough in the morning to get up and dress.

"Boria, dear Boria, won't you sell the Buddha? Oh, Boria, *please!*" Her fingers tightened on his hand.

He jerked himself to a sitting position. Two red spots spread, as ink over a blotter, on his cheek-bones. "How can you ask me to do it? How can you?" he cried hoarsely. "We took it with us and left everything else behind! We risked our lives to carry it through—do you remember the night we were chased by the Reds?" His chest rose and fell like a pair of bellows. "It is sacred and must remain in the family . . . it would be dishonorable . . . a sacrilege to sell it! Disaster would follow!" He finished with an effort: "Never speak of selling it again. If it is the price of our freedom . . . I prefer to remain here!"

Natasha's eyes clung to his face. There was infinite compassion in the humble curve of her head and back as she bent and pressed her lips to his hand. "Forgive me?" she whispered.

Selim had turned his back on this short scene and stood before the Buddha thoughtfully rubbing the gilded feet with a brown finger.

Natasha spoke: "That is all, Selim. You may go."

He shot a glance at Boris Petrovitch. "I know a man who likes idols," he blurted; then, as Natasha rose hastily and came toward him: "If you change your mind, I sell it for you." With the last words he retreated through the doorway.

"Such nonsense," Boris fretted. "Such nonsense. It has no real money value, Natasha. It couldn't possibly help us out!"

Natasha stood with her back to him before the chest of drawers. She fingered the toilet articles, lifting them one by one from the shelf.

"Look around, Natasha," he pleaded.

Her head bent over the shelf.

"Natasha, I want to get up."

She turned instantly. "Do you feel a little better?" she questioned eagerly, coming over to the cot.

Boris caught her hand and drew her down beside him. "Poor Natasha! How little it needs to make you happy." He lifted each of her fingers in turn and kissed the oval, polished nails. "Forgive me, doushka,"* he said gently, "for . . . everything!"

"Don't, Boria! I can't bear it. Only," she choked and hurried on, "it will be so cold, so . . ."

He interrupted her with a return of his impatient manner: "Nitchevo!† Twice we were nearly lost and were saved—God loves a trio—we'll be saved again!"

He had hardly finished dressing when some one tapped at the window and a hearty voice bade them good morning. It was Vladimir Romanovitch, who had come to carry Boris Petrovitch off for an excursion up the valley: "a matter of business and pleasure," he explained.

"By the way," he added, taking Natasha's hand in his broad palm, "I have a surprise for you. It's my lucky day, and I feel like a Crœsus after selling my rubbish—I have brought you a trifle to help matters along. Now, don't say a word," he cried as her lips opened. "You will offend me if you refuse, and you can give it back when you make your fortune."

* Dear little soul.
† It doesn't matter—let it go!

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From a drawing by E. W. Hopper.

No amount of urging could persuade Selim to offer a price until he had given the coat a thorough inspection.—Page 205.

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He raised her hand with a courtly gesture to his lips.

"I can't refuse—it means too much to us. I don't know how to thank you!" her warm voice answered.

"Don't thank me, my dear—any one would do as much. We all want to get this young man out of here before winter."

Husband and wife tacitly avoided mentioning the morning's disappointment. Vladimir Romanovitch bundled his friend into a dilapidated victoria which stood waiting at the gate, and drove off.

Natasha watched the carriage as it lumbered up-hill. She waited until it rounded the curve in the road, then turned and went into the house.

Inside her room she closed the door and stood leaning against it, the package Vladimir Romanovitch had given her clasped in her hand. She made a rapid sign of the cross over her face and breast and slowly unwrapped the paper; a roll of bills unfolded in her hand. She counted them over: one, two, three, four hundred thousand roubles, and then counted them again—no more, no less, just four hundred thousand. Her eyes travelled over the walls and furniture and lingered on the figure of the Buddha. She shuffled, like a person impelled by some external force, across the room and came to a stand before the bronze figure.

She laid her head on her arms at the gilded feet: "Buddha, dear Buddha." Her voice was as light as a child's breath: "What shall I do? I must get the money—if I don't, he will die. . . . I must! I must!" She raised her head and looked into the impassible Oriental face; a superstitious shiver ran down her spine: what if, after all, Boria were right? If the sale of the idol should bring disaster upon them? Her back straightened as she brushed away her fear—it was all a sick man's fancy; she would put it out of her mind! She went resolutely toward the door, opened it, passed out into the garden and through the gate and hurried along the road. She turned the first corner to her right, and entered a grocery store half-way down the block.

She asked the proprietor, a burly man with a pendulous abdomen sheathed in a white apron, if she might use his telephone, and when he gave his consent lifted the receiver and called up Selim's shop.

Selim's voice answered her over the wire. She had reconsidered selling the Buddha, she told him; would he come immediately—she stressed the immediately—to the house and get it?

A half hour later Selim appeared. He was evidently relieved, on entering the room, to find that Natasha was alone.

Was he certain that he could sell it? That he could get six hundred thousand roubles for it, she inquired? Selim answered that he had spoken—just for safety—with the idol-fancier, and assured her that the Buddha would be sold, but, of course, the man must see it first.

Natasha told him to take the idol, and promised to be at his shop at seven—for this was the day appointed for Joukoff's visit, and the question of the Buddha must be decided before he arrived. She wrapped the massive figure in one of the red curtains which she took down from the wall; Selim hoisted the bundle to his shoulder and went off to the man who liked idols.

At five o'clock Boris Petrovitch returned from his drive. His face wore a calmer expression, and Natasha, quick to observe every change in his mood, detected a cheerful undernote in his voice. Her face brightened.

Tea was ready, and she invited both men to come in and drink it while it was hot. Vladimir Romanovitch excused himself and trundled down the hill in the shaky vehicle. Boris entered the house, sat down at the table, and began to sip his tea.

"What's the matter, Natasha?" he said suddenly.

Natasha flushed and the stream of words tarried on her lips.

"You chatter like a magpie. What's the matter?" he insisted.

She looked into her glass of tea. "There is something I must tell you . . . only . . . don't be angry!"

He whirled in his chair. "The Buddha!" he cried, springing to his feet.

Natasha came up to him and laid her hands on his breast. "Boria! Boria!" she pleaded. "Selim has promised to sell it for six hundred thousand. I will go for the money at seven. Oh, think what it

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From a drawing by E. W. Hopper.

Vladimir Romanovitch bundled his friend into a dilapidated victoria.—Page 208.

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means!" she hurried on, frightened by his pallor and immobility, "life and love together!" and, when he did not heed her and continued to stare at the place where the Buddha had stood, she slipped her arms about his neck and buried her face in his breast. "We shall be so happy! so happy!"

His arms groped their way around her. "Yes, we shall be happy," he said, and his voice had a dull, deliberate quality, "very happy."

He put one hand on her head and strained her to him. "Very happy," he repeated, and looked with blind, wide eyes at the chest of drawers.

The house where the Rezanoffs lodged was the last on one of the irregular streets that run up the sides of the mountains that hold Kislovodsk in their bowl. At half-past six Nathalia Feodorovna closed the garden gate behind her and came out on the rough road. The air was warm and still; the evening sunlight slanted across the wooded slopes of the mountains on the other bank of the Podkoumok that tumbled noisily from its cradle in the peaks to a placid bed on the plain. To the left, the road ran abruptly up-hill and lost itself in a sharp curve; to the right, it wavered down to the cathedral in the valley. A herd of cattle, driven by clean-limbed, bright-eyed Cossack children, came stumbling out of one of the side streets into the main road; pigs rooted in the ground about the trees, and a grunting sow, followed by her squealing litter, monopolized the sidewalk. Natasha turned into the road to pass them.

The blue dome of the cathedral came into view. Natasha passed through the turnstile and out of the cathedral park into one of the more frequented streets. Her young face under the wide brim of her hat was flushed and happy as she approached Selim's shop, a quaint stone building with thick walls that formed a deep alcove before the low, glass-paned door, which stood ajar.

A glance told her that the store was empty. She went in and rapped on the counter. A curtain in the back of the shop was drawn aside, and a woman dressed in the Caucasian costume, a white veil bound by an embroidered fillet on her dark hair, her arms loaded with bangles, peered out at Natasha with bright, soft eyes.

She dropped the curtain and came forward to answer Natasha's question. No, Selim had not told her when he would be back. She was Selim's wife, she ran on, examining her visitor with quick, bird-like glances. They had been married but a few months, and she spent most of her time in the aoul, the village in the mountains. It was so lonely here, she sighed, for Selim was busy all day with his customers, and she had no one to talk to. Encouraged by Natasha's smile, she confided her hopes and plans as simply as a child: Selim was very clever and he would soon be rich—then they would go to the aoul and leave the store in the care of his nephew.

It grew dark; the piles of white sheepskins on the counter faded into dim patches; the red and green slippers were shapeless bits of color on the shelves; the rugs on the floor, formless heaps of mystery; and the woman, a shadow between her veils.

As time passed and the merchant did not return Natasha grew restless; the voice of the Caucasian became a confused drone in her ears.

Selim appeared at last in the dark frame of the doorway. Natasha sprang to her feet and came forward, He passed her by and came and stood before his wife.

"It is not your place here! Go!" he commanded, turning her with a rough hand toward the curtained door.

She twisted out of his grasp, and with a parting smile for her visitor ran behind the curtain.

Selim lighted a lamp and became absorbed in his merchandise; he took up a carpet and put it down; removed a pile of skins from one part of the counter to another, and rearranged the slippers on the shelves.

A band tightened about Natasha's heart. "Did you sell the image?" she ventured at last.

He blew the dust from a slipper and answered without turning: "Yes."

The band about her heart snapped; she caught her breath. "Oh, I am so glad!"

Selim took up another slipper and bent over it. "Yes, I get two hundred thousand for it."

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"What!"

"Yes, gentleman said it's not worth more."

"But I cannot sell it for that! You must bring it back!"

He wheeled. She saw the gleam of white teeth in his black beard.

"That cannot be! I sold it, I tell you! I got money for it! I can't get it back!" He fumbled in his belt and drew out a roll of bills. "Here is the money."

Natasha's hands dropped to her sides. She looked away through the door at a light that twinkled among the trees in the park.

Selim planted himself before her and held out the dirty roll of bills. "What! It's your money, take it!" He poked it into her heedless fingers. "I do my best. It's not my fault!"

"Yes, I know." Her dry lips twisted into a smile; her voice fell to a whisper: "It's God's fault!"

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing!" and she was gone.

Natasha labored up the hill in the evening shadows. Here and there a light gleamed in a window; through the open doors of the houses men's and women's voices, a child's shrill laugh, the end of a song smote her ears.

"In a mil'tary hospital, he perished, poor soul," a clear voice trilled.

"He perished, poor soul; he perished, poor soul," Natasha's brain wound out with maddening persistence.

She reached the gate and stopped. Across the garden the open window of her room yawned in a black patch on the wall of the house. She crept up the path and into the narrow hall to her door. She listened. All was still. The door squeaked on its hinges as it opened, traplike, before her.

A short cough told her that her husband was somewhere in the black void.

"Natasha."

She could not answer. She put her cold hand to her face and it was wet as it dropped again to her side.

"Natasha! Don't cry, Natasha! It had to be," he pleaded thickly.

She stumbled across the room and sank on her knees beside the cot. "I have hurt you. . . . I have robbed you . . . and . . ."

"I know," he interrupted. He drew her wet face close to his own. "Don't cry, my nenagladnia!" *

Joukoff was informed that evening that they would need only three passports.

He stared at Natasha's haggard face. "It can't be! It can't be!" he repeated. "Isn't there something you can sell, your nobility?" he asked, his eyes roaming about the bare room.

"Nothing! You know, Joukoff, that we got away with the clothes we had on, and a few things in a bag—we have sold most of them since."

"Oh, let us try to forget it, for God's sake!" Boris interrupted.

The soldier sighed heavily and after a few more words with Vladimir Romanovitch, went awkwardly from the room. Maria Mihailovna and her husband left a little later, and Vladimir Romanovitch followed them shortly. They were ashamed, in the face of the condemned, of the joy that betrayed itself in their shining eyes, their alert movements, their tremulous voices.

A few days later they disappeared from Kislovodsk, and as the weeks stretched into months and the shadows grew longer on the cot where Boris Petrovitch more and more frequently spent his days, they were forgotten, and the memory of the hope they had shared in common was mercifully obliterated from the sick man's mind.

The days shortened; the asters withered in the garden; the mountains turned from green to smoke-brown; the wind, with each new visit, grew more and more boisterous, and the room in the house on the hill, colder and colder. And then one November day Boris Petrovitch's twitching shoulders grew quiet under the weight of earth that presses all things into immobility in the end.

Natasha's resources were exhausted, and she started out to find work. After days spent in tramping up and down the hill and through the streets of Kislovodsk, she found a French lesson, for which she was paid with a daily dinner. Later on she was fortunate enough to procure other work, and with the money she thus earned she was able to pay for her cold refuge and a cup of sugarless morning tea.

* Thou on whom my eyes can never sate themselves.

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One January afternoon Natasha came out of the gate of the house on the hill. The wind swept down the valley of the Podkoumok driving the snow in wheeling sheets before it; the mountain on the other side of the river was a blotch against the sky. The road, to right and left, was lost under the snow and stretched between silent houses to the cathedral in the valley, and only the smoke from the chimneys, mingling with the flakes that the wind tossed from the roofs, gave token of life in the deserted street.

The wind pierced her coat and clutched at the shawl she held together with red fingers beneath her chin. She stopped at the turnstile in the cathedral park and bent to pick a lump of ice out of a hole in the toe of her shoe; it fell to the ground, a red blot on the snow. From time to time a snow-patched figure struggled past her as she made her way down the street before the line of shops that faced the Narzan Gallery. Her head and shoulders were caked with snow, and she edged into a wide recess before a low glass door to shake the burden from her shawl and dress. With quick little taps of her red hands she whisked her jacket clean and stamped her feet to rid them of the clinging snow.

The door behind her opened and some one touched her shoulder. She turned and saw a bright-eyed woman in a long veil.

"You don't remember me? I am Selim's wife," the woman said, as she drew her into the house and closed the door.

Natasha looked about the store; the sheepskins and slippers, carpets and silks, the woman's face, lovely and childlike between the folds of the veil, all were unchanged.

The Caucasian stared at her. "You are poor?" she said, speaking, with the directness of simple natures, the thought uppermost in her mind.

"Yes."

"Very poor?"

Natasha did not answer. The warm air of the store sent a tingling pain through her hands and feet; something hot burned in her eyes. She turned blindly toward the door.

The woman put out a detaining hand. "I want to tell you. . . . I don't live here now. Selim's nephew take care of store. Selim is rich." Her eyes flashed with pride. "We build a big house in the aoul. He gives me many dresses and bracelets—look!" She held out her bangled arm; a thick gold ring gleamed among the silver circles above her wrist.

"Selim so clever!" her lips lifted above her little teeth. "Last summer he bought ugly idol." She gave a quick, furtive look about and leaned nearer to Natasha. "You must not tell," her voice rippled with laughter: "It was pure gold!"

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On the Advantage of Having a Pattern

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

NO passage of Stevenson's has been oftener quoted than his confession how he taught himself the art of letters by playing "the sedulous ape to many masters"; and in this avowal he had been preceded by masters of style as dissimilar in their accomplishment as Franklin and Newman. Stevenson may be overstating the case—he had caught the trick of overstatement from Thoreau—but he is not misstating it when he asserts that this is the only way to learn to write. Certainly it is an excellent way, if we judge by its results in his own case, in Franklin's, and in Newman's. The method of imitative emulation will help any apprentice of the craft to choose his words, to arrange them in sentences, and to build them up in coherent paragraphs. It is a specific against that easy writing which is "cursed hard reading." But it goes no deeper than the skin, since it affords insufficient support when the novice has to consider his structure as a whole, the form he will bestow upon his essay, his story, his play.

In the choice of the proper framework for his conception the author's task is made immeasurably lighter if he can find a fit pattern ready to his hand. Whether he shall happen upon this when he needs it is a matter of chance, since it depends on what the engineers call "the state of the art" at the moment. There have been story-tellers and playwrights not a few who have gone astray and dissipated their energies, not through any fault of their own, but solely because no predecessor had devised a pattern suitable for their immediate purpose. They have wandered afield because the trail had not been blazed by earlier and possibly less gifted wayfarers and adventurers.

Perhaps I can make clear what I mean by a concrete example not taken from the art of letters. In Professor John C. Van Dyke's acute analysis of the traditions of American painting, he has told us that when La Farge designed the "Ascension" for the church of that name in New York: "The architectural place for it was simplified by placing on the chancel wall of the church a heavily gilded moulding, deep-niched, and with an arched top, which acted at once both as a frame and a limit to the picture. The space was practically that of a huge window with a square base and a half top requiring for its filling two groups of figures one above the other. La Farge placed his standing figures of the apostles and the holy women in the lower space and their perpendicular lines paralleled the uprights of the frame; at the top he placed an oval of angels about the risen Christ, and again the rounded lines of the angel group repeated the curves of the gilded arch."

Then Professor Van Dyke appends this significant comment:

"There was no great novelty in this arrangement. It was frankly adopted from Italian Renascence painting, and had been used for high altar-pieces by all the later painters—Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Palma. They had worked out the best way of filling that upright-and-arched space, and La Farge followed the tradition because he recognized its sufficiency."

In other words, the art of painting had so far advanced that La Farge was supplied with the pattern best suited to his purpose; and this pattern once accepted, he was at liberty to paint the picture as he saw fit, without wasting time in quest of another construction. The picture he put within that frame was his and his

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only, even if the pattern of it had been devised centuries before he was born. In thus utilizing a framework invented by his predecessors he was not cramped and confined; rather was he set free. So it is that to Milton and to Wordsworth the rigidity of the sonnet was not a hindrance but a help—especially to Wordsworth, since it curbed his tendency to diffuseness. Wordsworth himself declared his delight in the restrictions of the sonnet:

"In truth the prison, into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be),
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace here, as I have found."

That utterance of Wordsworth's may be recommended to the ardent advocates of Free Verse—that is, of the verse which boasts itself to be patternless and to come into being in response solely to the whim of the moment. Sooner or later the Free Versifiers will discover the inexorable truth in Huxley's saying that it is when a man can do as he pleases that his trouble begins.

Since I have ventured these three quotations I am emboldened to make a fourth—from John Morley's essay on Macaulay. After informing us about the rules which Comte imposed on himself in composition, Morley tells us that Comte "justified his literary solicitude by insisting on the wholesomeness alike to heart and intelligence of submission to artificial restrictions. He felt, after he had once mastered the habit of the new yoke, that it became the source of continual and unforeseeable improvement even in thought, and he perceived that the reason why verse is a higher kind of literary perfection than prose, is that verse imposes a greater number of rigorous forms."

It is because of their rigorous form that the ballade and the rondeau have established themselves by the side of the sonnet; and the lyrist who has learned to love them finds in their rigidity no curb on his power of self-expression. So in the kindred art of music, the sonata and the symphony are forms, each with a law of its own; yet the composer has abundant liberty within the law. He has all the freedom that is good for him, and the prison to which he dooms himself no prison is.

II

THERE is, however, a difference between a fixed form, such as the sonata has and the sonnet, and the more flexible formula, such as the arrangement within a framework which La Farge borrowed from the painters of the Italian Renascence. A pattern of this sort is less rigid, in fact it is easily varied as successive artists modify it to suit themselves.

Consider the eighteenth-century essay which Steele devised with the aid of hints he found in the Epistles and even in the Satires of Horace, and which was enriched and amplified by Addison. The pattern of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* was taken over by a heterogeny of other essayists in the course of fourscore years, notably by Johnson in the *Idler* and the *Rambler;* and assuredly Johnson, if left to himself, could never have invented a formula so simple, so unpretending, and so graceful. It was only a little departed from by Goldsmith, and only a little more by Irving in the "Sketch-Book," which is not so much a periodical (although it was originally published in parts) as it is a portfolio of essays and of essay-like tales. From Irving Thackeray borrowed more than the title of his "Paris Sketch-Book" and "Irish Sketch-Book."

Consider the earlier and in some measure stricter form of the essay as it had been developed by Montaigne. This pattern Montaigne had worked out as he put more and more of himself into the successive editions of his essays. He had begun intending little more than a commonplace book of anecdotes and quotations; and yet by incessant interpolation and elaboration his book became at last the intimate revelation of his own pungent individuality. This is the pattern that Bacon adopted and adapted to his purpose, less discursive and more monitory, but not less pregnant nor less significant. And it is Montaigne's formula not greatly transformed by Bacon which Emerson found ready to his hand when he made his essays out of his lectures, scattering his pearls of wisdom with a lavish hand, and not pausing to string

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them into a necklace. We cannot doubt that the pattern of Montaigne and Bacon and Emerson owed something also to their memory of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

Shakspere was as fortunate as Bacon in the fact that he had not to waste time in vainly seeking new forms. He did not invent the sonnet and he did not invent the sonnet-sequence; but he made his profit out of them. Neither the stanza nor the structure of his two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece," was of his contriving; he found them already in use, and he did not go in search of any overt novelty of form.

Scott, "beaten out of poetry by Byron," as he himself phrased it, turned to prose fiction, and almost by accident he created the pattern of the historical novel, with its romantic heroes and heroines, and with its realistic humbler characters. His earlier heroes and heroines in prose were very like his still earlier heroes and heroines in verse, and his realistic characters were the result of his expressed desire to do for the Scottish peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish peasant. The first eight of the Waverley novels dealt only with Scottish scenes; then in "Ivanhoe" and a little later in "Quentin Durward" Scott enlarged his formula for the presentation of an English and a French theme.

Since Scott's day his pattern has approved itself to three generations of novelists; and it is not yet outworn. In France Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas accepted it, each of them altering it at will, feeling free to adjust it to their own differing necessities. In Italy it was employed by Manzoni, in Poland by Sienkiewicz, and in Germany by a horde of uninspired story-tellers. In the United States it was at once borrowed by Cooper for the "Spy," the first American historical novel. Then Cooper, having proved its value, took the pattern which Scott had created for the telling of a story the action of which took place on land, and made it serve in the "Pilot" for a story the action of which took place mainly on the sea—perhaps a more striking originality than his contemporaneous employment of it for a series of tales the action of which took place in the forest.

It is one of the most fortunate coincidences in the history of literature that Scott crossed the border, and made a foray into English history at the very moment when Cooper was ready to write fiction about his own country; and it was almost equally unfortunate that Charles Brockden Brown was born too early to be able to avail himself of the pattern Scott and Cooper were to handle triumphantly. Brown died a score of years before the publication of "Ivanhoe." He left half a dozen novels of varying value, known only to devoted students of American fiction. He had great gifts; he had invention and imagination; he was a keen observer of human nature; he had a rich faculty of description. (In one of his books there is a portrayal of an epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia which almost challenges comparison with De Foe's "Journal of the Plague Year.") But the state of the art of fiction supplied Brown with no model appropriate to his endowment, and therefore he had to do the best he could with the unworthy pattern of the Gothic Romance of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe and of their belated followers, "Monk" Lewis and Godwin. If Brown had been a contemporary of Cooper, then the author of the "Last of the Mohicans" might have had a rival in his own country.

The state of the art in his own time was a detriment to a far greater story-teller than Brown or Cooper or Scott, to one of the greatest of all story-tellers, Cervantes. "Don Quixote" abides as the imperishable monument to his genius, to his wisdom, to his insight, to his humor, to his all-embracing sympathy. None the less is it sprawling in its structure and careless in its composition. There were only two models available for Cervantes when he wrote this masterpiece of fiction, the Romance-of-Chivalry and its antithesis, the Romance-of-Roguery, the picaresque tale. The Romance-of-Chivalry was generally chaotic and involute, with a plot at once complicated and repetitious. The Romance-of-Roguery, born of an inevitable reaction against the high-flown and toplofty unreality of the interminable narratives of knight-errantry, was quite as straggling in its episodes, and it was also addicted to cruel and brutal

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practical joking. Although these were unworthy patterns for Cervantes, he had no other. So it is that the method of "Don Quixote" is sometimes unsatisfactory even when the manner is always beyond all cavil. Moreover, it is evident that Cervantes builded better than he knew; he seems not to have suspected the transcendent quality of his own work, and, therefore, he did not take his task as seriously as he might. As it has been well said, Cervantes came too early to profit by Cervantes.

How much luckier are the novelists and short-story writers of to-day. The state of the art has advanced to a point unforeseen even a century ago. Whatever theme a writer of fiction may want to treat now, he is never at a loss for a pattern, which will preserve him for the misadventure which befell Cervantes. In its methods, if in nothing else, fiction is a finer art than it was once upon a time. Consider Rudyard Kipling, for example, who is almost infinitely various, and who is always inexpugnably original. Whatever his subject might be, there was always an appropriate pattern at his service; he had only to pick and choose that which was best suited to his immediate need. Consider Stevenson, again, and how in his story-telling he was able to play the sedulous ape at one time to Scott and Dumas, and at another to Hawthorne and Poe.

III

It is perhaps in the field of play-making that the utility of the pattern is most obvious. Sophocles modelled himself on Æschylus, and then modified the formula in his own favor. Calderon took over the formula that Lope de Vega had developed, and the younger playwright departed only infrequently from the pattern of the earlier. Racine modelled himself upon Corneille, and then transformed the formula he borrowed in obedience to his own genius. Victor Hugo took the theatrically effective but psychologically empty pattern of contemporary Parisian melodrama, and draped its arbitrary skeleton with his glittering lyrism. Maeterlinck took the traditional formula of the fairy play, the *féerie*, and endowed it with the poetic feeling which delights as in the "Blue Bird." Oscar Wilde took the framework of Scribe and Sardou; and he was thus enabled adroitly to complicate the situations of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Then there is Ibsen, whose skilful construction has demanded the praise of all students of the art and mystery of play-making. He started where Scribe and Sardou left off. The earliest of his social dramas, the "League of Youth," is in accord with the pattern of Augier and the younger Dumas. The next, the "Doll's House," might have been composed by Sardou—up to the moment in the final act when husband and wife sit down on opposite sides of the table to talk out their future relation. Thereafter, Ibsen evolved from this French pattern a pattern of his own, which was exactly suited to his later social dramas and which has in its turn been helpful to the more serious dramatists of to-day.

As Shakspere had been content to take the verse-forms of his predecessors and contemporaries, so he never hesitated to employ their play-making formulas. Kyd had developed the type of play which we call the Tragedy-of-Blood; and Shakspere borrowed it for his "Titus Andronicus" (if that is his, which is more than doubtful) and even for his "Hamlet," wherein it is purged of most of its violence. Marlowe lifted into literature the unliterary and loosely knit Chronicle-Play; and Shakspere enlarged this formula in "Richard III" and "Richard II." It was in his youth that Shakspere trod in the trail of Kyd and Marlowe; and in his maturity he followed in the footsteps of his younger friends, Beaumont and Fletcher, taking the pattern of their Dramatic-Romances for his "Winter's Tale" and "Tempest." Due perhaps to the fact that the state of the art did not provide him with a pattern for what has been called High-Comedy, Shakspere did not attempt any searching study of Elizabethan society—although this may have been because Elizabethan society was lacking in the delicate refinements of fashion which are the fit background of High-Comedy.

Whatever the explanation may be, it was left for Molière, inspired by the external elegancies of the court of Louis

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XIV to create the pattern of High-Comedy in "Tartuffe" and the "Misanthrope" and the "Femmes Savantes,"—the pattern which was to serve Congreve for the "Way of the World," Sheridan for the "School for Scandal," Augier and Sandeau for the "Gendre de Monsieur Poirier." And Molière really created the formula, with little or no help from any earlier dramatists, either Greek or Latin. Neither in Athens nor in Rome was there the atmosphere of good breeding which might have stimulated Menander or Terence to the composition of comedies of this distinction. It is the more remarkable that Molière should have accomplished this feat, since he sought no originality of form in his earlier efforts, contenting himself with the loose and liberal framework of the Italian improvised plays, the Comedy-of-Masks.

One of the many reasons for the sterility of the English drama in the middle of the nineteenth century is that the dramatists of our language seem to have believed it their duty to abide by the patterns which had been acceptable to the Jacobean and Restoration audiences, and which were not appropriate to the theatre of the nineteenth century, widely different in its size, and in its scenic appliances. The English poets apparently despised the stage of their own time, and they made no effort to master its methods. As a result they wrote dramatic poems and not poetic dramas. They did not follow the example of Victor Hugo, and they scorned to accept any of the popular patterns. Stevenson, in his unfortunate adventures into play-making, made the unpardonable mistake of trying to varnish with style a dramatic formula which had long ceased to be popular.

In the past half-century the men of letters of our language have seen a great light. They have no contempt for the patterns of approved popularity, and of these there are now a great many, suitable for every purpose and adjustable to every need. They have found out how to be theatrically effective without ceasing to be literary in the best sense of the word—that is to say, they are not relying on fine writing, but on clear thinking and on the honest presentation of human nature as they severally see it.

Old Ships

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

THE trained nurse covered the electric-light globe with dark-colored tissue-paper, gave the admiral his midnight ration of medicine, smoothed the bedclothes, shook up the pillows, turned her patient into a new position, opened the window which looked out across the harbor, closed the window near the bed to stop the draft from the rising wind; then, leaning above the sick man, she asked if there was anything he wanted. Getting no response she returned to her chair, and in a few minutes dropped into a light sleep.

The old admiral, lying upon his side, stared with unseeing eyes across the dim room. Ever since his second stroke, a week before, he had wandered dumbly through strange, confusing mazes of pain. His power of speech was gone; only by signs could he make his wants known, or raise his deep voice in an inarticulate growl of impatience and exasperation at the unintelligence of the people who ministered to his needs.

His widowed sister, who kept house for him, had wept unrestrainedly following the conference of the physicians that afternoon: "I can't help feeling that we're bothering Ned! He never could bear to have any one fuss around him—except Lois. He's like a wounded lion—and he roars at us like a lion, too!" The doctors

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had murmured assurances concerning the achievements of science which, in these hard cases, made it possible to dull the pain and make the short time remaining more bearable.

The admiral had given no sign that their low-pitched voices had reached him across the wavering borderland of consciousness—but he had heard; now, staring wide-eyed across the shadowy room, his mind slowly shook off its enveloping lethargy and faced its problems with a half-forgotten keenness.

Outside, the rising wind whisked buoyantly around the corners of the house. He could hear it whispering, and could picture it tossing the heavy-headed hydrangeas, swinging the festoons of climbing roses and honeysuckle, bending the tall, dark cypresses which protected the flower-beds, and running down the long borders of blossoming Shasta daisies with a mischievous joyousness. The admiral recognized daisies when he saw them, but claimed no acquaintance with the other tenants of his garden. "The red ones, that lot of blue spikes, those bright-yellow flowers," were as far as he went in generalization; but he loved, with a strange unspoken intensity, to spend long silent hours among the riot of fragrance and color which the Californian climate made possible. *Why* had it seemed to be his only wish that the landlocked port of his last voyage must be brave with sunshine, bright with blossoms?

He moved a little. The nurse was instantly alert; when she had returned to her chair his brooding thoughts went back to their problem. Just why, after his retirement by age from active service, had he felt so insistently that he must have a garden? It was a favorite and long-contested grievance of his sister's that he spent an entirely disproportionate amount of his retired pay upon fertilizers, plants, and seeds—to produce masses of flowers of which he did not know the names! He admitted the truth and logic of her complaint—and ordered more plants. Why had he persisted?

Gropingly his mind went back over the stretching track of the long years. He had never searched for a reason before—but it was easy to find. *Lois!* Always Lois had talked of gardens, and had marshalled before him long imaginary lines of poppies, cornflowers, and verbenas. So firmly had she implanted the idea that, when his time for unwilling idleness came, a garden was his one requirement . . . and now the offshore wind was making free with his flowers, and blowing across the surf which broke against the sea-wall opposite his house.

The wind was freshening; the pound of the waves came clearly through the open window. The admiral frowned. Like all sailormen the sound of breakers held only a message of menace for him: no one but a fool would want to get his vessel near enough to a beach to hear the surf. . . . With a little pang he realized that, for a long time, the sea had meant nothing to him: an unappealing painted immensity above which contentious gulls sailed on leisurely wings, into which pelicans dropped with stone-like heaviness. . . His frown deepened. How had this indifference come into being?

Alert memory supplied a vision of groups of destroyers—veterans of Queenstown days—flagless, deserted, tethered to buoys. A junior officer, son of one of the admiral's classmates—paying a duty call—had enthusiastically described the orderly procedure attendant upon decommissioning the ships: the cleaning, oiling, scraping, painting, and greasing of guns, hoists, torpedo-tubes, decks, and machinery; the packing and removing of stores and all portable and perishable gear to storehouses. The admiral had listened in aghast silence. The gift of picturesque language and vivid descriptive profanity were admittedly his—but the sight and sound of this new spirit rendered him speechless. He ran a temperature that evening.

For this latter-day babble concerning the value of aircraft and submarines he had no interest and less sympathy. "The navy's the fleet!" had been his slogan for many eventful years; he refused to amend it now to fit any of the new-fangled ideas voiced by youngsters who could look, unmoved, upon the passing of the old ships.

Uneasily the admiral tried to change his position: was his irritation caused by the fact that he, like the ships, was obsolete, decommissioned, junked; out of touch and comprehension with the new ways and

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methods of reasoning? . . . What was that word you heard so much nowadays? . . . Oh, yes: psychology! The admiral snorted. He had dipped surreptitiously into a book which his sister had been interested in, and had emerged from his orgy roaring defiance: "According to that blankety blankety blank imbecile, a man couldn't get an innocent spot on his clothes without being insulted by the most baleful suspicions!" In these later years the admiral had become addicted to a few pet spots; his sister and he had threshed that subject entirely out. About spots there were no honors left to be garnered by the cleverest and most analytical of psychologists. . . .

He snorted again. . . . What had he been thinking of when that tomfoolery intruded? Oh, yes: the ships!

His forty-six years in the service were spent during the navy's transitional times. When he entered the Naval Academy all of our war-vessels were wooden sailing ships; his midshipman's cruises were made aboard the *Constellation*—she was so low between decks that only a half-grown boy could stand erect; so badly ventilated through her tiny port-holes that one's mouth tasted like a copper penny in the morning—but, oh, *the satisfying beauty of those old full-rigged sailing ships!* The admiral's thoughts went yearningly back to the memory of towering, sun-drenched, white sails and colorful old hulls coming up like gulls across the horizon line over the rim of the world: the ultimate perfection of grace, symmetry, and romance.

"The navy's always been conservative!" decided the admiral, affectionately remembering the old-time commodores who, through wide and varied experience, had come to have a ripe knowledge and respect for the ways of the wind, and who entertained neither interest nor enthusiasm where innovations were concerned. Steam did not intrigue them; they mistrusted it and took grudging chances with this new motive power; sails were retained as a guarantee of sanity and safety long after the use of steam had progressed far beyond the experimental stage. . . . The admiral chuckled, recalling the old *Tennessee*—which carried just enough coal to steam out of port; then, at the harbor's mouth, dumped the fires and hoisted her faithful sails, as did all the vessels of that early fleet—"*Rappahannock, Boston, Galena, Philadelphia, Yantic, Quinnebog, Swatara*"—the admiral named them over to himself like a well-beloved rosary, and exulted in the precious memory of those gallant years when sails were still spread, adventure still flourished, and fighting men still looked their adversaries in the eyes—instead of shooting impersonally at them from twelve miles away!

"I've lived too long!" decided the admiral with grimness; then smiled ruefully at the sudden remembrance of his first cruise aboard the *Bear:* detailed to search around Alaska for Greeley's missing ship. During one of his first periods as watch-officer a terrific storm came up; gigantic rushing walls of icy water towered above the tiny *Bear,* and, as the fury of the gale increased and the laboring ship trembled like an exhausted horse, the watch-officer's spirit quailed; summoning a messenger he sent word to the captain: "The sea is getting up, sir!" The answer came quickly back: "Keep to your course." The admiral recalled the long climb, the swift descent of those mountainous combers; the icicles that formed on his eyebrows; the brackish drinking-water; the steady diet of hardtack and salt-horse; and the three members of the crew who went violently insane from the monotony and danger of that long cruise. . . . What did these soft new men know about the *real navy* that he had helped to make? . . . A small smile lighted his thin old face as he remembered the uproar caused by the aspirants desiring to have the honor of bagging the first polar bear. The officers were at luncheon when an orderly came with the message that a bear was sighted—and the mess, arising as one man, made for the deck with guns and cameras on tripods—to be jammed in the passageway, a struggling vociferous rabble.

Those good old days of adventure, of privation, of danger, of enjoyment, and of vivid picturesqueness: thank fortune he had known *them* instead of these new smug neat years! . . . Once the *Bear's* doctor, going on two weeks' leave, intrusted him with the keys and the duties of the medicine-chest. "If any one gets sick with a high fever, a bad chill, measles,

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smallpox, or a broken leg—give 'em two of those big black pills, then make for the nearest medico," directed the doctor.

"You fed me one of those pills *once!* If you ask me, I'd say that they were the *last* thing to give to a man with a broken leg——"

"I didn't ask you!" blithely commented the doctor, making for the shore boat.

The admiral chuckled aloud; then, as the nurse stirred, guiltily closed his eyes. . . .

Outside, the offshore wind had strengthened; it was no longer playful, but blew with a sturdy determination that matched the increased roar of the surf. The admiral opened his eyes and smiled—recalling his early Naval Academy days, when the whims of winds and tides had been as a closed book to him. At the time of his appointment his hopes and desires were centred in a longing to possess, and wear to Annapolis, a straw hat displayed as the pièce de résistance of the haberdasher's stock in his home town. The hat was black and highly glazed; it had an infinitesimal brim, a towering crown, and was further embellished by a wide, candy-striped band. His father bought it for him, and he proudly displayed it about Annapolis until the day when the gates of the Naval Academy definitely closed behind him. Ten feet inside the walls the cherished hat left his head—and never realighted there.

"It figured on the end-man of every minstrel show we staged," thought the admiral, and chuckled. Drowsily he decided that, while the latter-day naval officers were different, the midshipmen could still be counted on; only recently he had heard that those embryo flag-officers had proof that the body resting in state beneath the academy chapel was really that of John Paul Jones: some of the girls who still frequented the dances had recognized and identified him. . . .

The admiral was almost asleep. Determinedly he roused himself. This was the first time in weeks that he had been able to think clearly; he enjoyed remembering those years before he knew Lois, as much as he dreaded recalling his loneliness after she had gone—he never allowed himself to dwell on that. . . . But going to sleep was unprofitable business; he couldn't tell how long it might be before he was permitted to awaken again—and now that the nagging pain had unaccountably taken its departure, what profit could there be in oblivion? He felt strangely exhilarated. If only he could sit up in bed and look out across the harbor toward the fitful gleam of the lighthouse, and hear the faint clanging chime of the bell-buoys. . . . Curious, when he came to think about it, how things seen and heard at sea take hold of your imagination and affection: the hum of the wind through the rigging, the rush and whisper of deep-sea rain, the peace and silence of the vast spaces, the friendly nearness of the stars—what solaces have the dwellers in clamorous man-made cities to compare with these?

But the stanch old frigates on which he had served were only a fading memory now. . . . The proudest battleship of to-day becomes the "pile of junk" of to-morrow; to-day's junior lieutenant conceals his mirth behind an air of respectful impassivity when yesterday's commander-in-chief proudly recalls the names of coveted commands, long since towed to their last anchorage en route to the salvagers. "Old age is something that neither men nor ships can dodge, and at least it's honorable—but not this decommissioning: healthy, able-bodied vessels tidied up and closed like summer cottages!" No need to tell *him* that this, like the transition from sails to steam, marked the onward march of progress. Progress, indeed—when *any* red-blooded man knew that the sailing ships were best!

Perhaps, though—thinking it over—his ships had meant more to him than they did to most sailors. Through the years when he was fighting down his loneliness in a futile effort at forgetting, other officers had growing families and were voicing that unceasing navy wail concerning their children's educations: "If you run them in and out of every school from Cavite to Guantanamo—how are they going to learn anything? And if you put them in a good school and keep them there, you never see them!" He had heard these questions and assertions a hundred times while he was concentrating upon his work,

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stubbornly fixing his mind upon each small detail of his daily tasks in a blind effort to shut out Lois—and the children that might have been. But the ships had become his very existence, and they repaid his interest; he was universally acknowledged to be the best sea-going officer in the service; when he climbed to the bridge he entered his undisputed kingdom; his crew would have followed him anywhere. They testified to their belief in his guidance when, during each period in port, at the hour when the Stars and Stripes takes second place under the church flag, the chaplain would request "those having babies to be baptized, please step forward," and the admiral, Sunday after Sunday, faced the proud sailor-fathers across the improvised baptismal fonts. Not for any known bribe would he have held one of the tiny babies —for fear of breaking it—but he wondered wistfully how far the little company of his godchildren had fared; he knew that five of them had ended their voyage and rested beneath the wooden crosses in French wheat-fields, but found it impossible to reconcile his memory of the small, helpless, huddled figures wrapped in pale pink or blue knitted blankets with any partakers in the recent grim business of war. . . .

"*War?*" Well, of course that rumpus in Cuba didn't seem very large compared with this other carnage—but bullets are bullets—and the Spanish ships looked menacing enough! He thought of the sinking of the *Don Jorge Juan,* the rescue of her crew, and his discovery of the ship's cat struggling in the water. Carmencita, as they christened her, never condescended to answer to her name, but she lived to a respected and adipose old age—a contented recruit to the United States Navy.

Whimsically his memory lingered over a long list of mascots and pets: kangaroos, bears, seals, parrots, monkeys, dogs, cats, goats—nearly all of them succumbed through spontaneous combustion from overfeeding—and one deer, Billy Oregon. Billy was a shy, meek, gentle, retiring, fawn-and-white creature when the people of his State presented him to their nameship—but arrogance soon overtook him. At first he gratefully and greedily accepted rations of vegetable parings, then moved swiftly on to the vegetables, and later could only be cajoled by offerings of peeled carrots, turnips, and potatoes. Oranges, apples, and bananas fared the same way, his sophisticated taste moving on from the skins to the fruit; from crusts to buttered bread; from celery-tops to celery hearts; his career aboard ship ended suddenly on the day when he was discovered nonchalantly devouring the log.

"Billy moves ashore! Knowing his progressive appetite I realize that, having tasted of the ship's activities, nothing but special orders from the Secretary of the Navy will appeal to him by next week. The zoo for his!" the executive officer decided.

The admiral, lost in his recollections, forgot his mentor and chuckled aloud. The nurse was quickly at his side. "Water? . . . His position changed? . . . The window closed? . . . His pillows shaken?" She glanced sharply at him. "What is the matter? . . . Well, anyhow, it is time for some medicine!"

Obediently he tried to take the dose she prepared, noting, with a dull bewilderment, how difficult swallowing had become. What if his throat should refuse to function, he wondered with a little cold shiver of panic. The nurse moved about for a few moments; rearranged the tissue-paper covering over the electric light; raised the window-shade to the top to look out across the harbor. "In another hour or so it will be dawn. . . . Shall I read to you? . . . Can't you get to sleep? . . . Would you like a powder?"

He shook his head. He wanted to be left to the quiet company of his thoughts and memories; they were very clear—clearer than the blurred details of the dark months through which he had so recently, painfully, and laboriously fared. Now why was that: that far-away, half-forgotten years should seem nearer than yesterday?

The nurse went reluctantly back to her chair. She had neglected to lower the shade; through the upper window-pane the admiral could see a narrow strip of star-sprinkled sky; he drew a deep breath and stared in amazement at the quiet points of light. Had they been there every night during these dragging months:

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brave, friendly pledges of the regard of a ministering Providence—exhibited for his contemplation, solace, and assurance—while he cowered low in fear and loneliness, and never even lifted up his eyes?

"I guess I've had all the help that my special brand of intelligence warrants," thought the admiral grimly; but he found a strange, new warmth and comfort in the sight of the constant stars.

From outside there sounded the clear monody of the waves against the seawall, and the murmur of the offshore wind. Their very activity soothed him into a half doze. What had he been thinking about before the nurse interrupted him? . . . Gardens? . . . Lois? . . . His ships? . . .

The gardens and Lois were beyond the reach of his wistful ponderings—but not the ships. Always, in the old navy, you could get the commands or the shore billets you wanted—when you didn't want them any more. . . . He wondered if they managed better nowadays, or whether details were still apparently given out according to the ideas of an old commodore with whom he had served, back in the mist-obscured days when signalling was first being tried out. The commodore had his enthusiasm for innovations under perfect control; when a frigate came into the harbor and her signalman commenced asking for the courtesy-permission to anchor, the old commodore turned to his officer of the deck. "Find out what they want. Then wiggle-waggle back that they can't have it!" was his order. . . .

The admiral smiled; then sobered. Lois had never thought that story funny. She had always wanted a house with a garden—but apply as he would, affairs never shaped themselves that way. Cities, boarding-houses, and dust and noise had been their portion—and yet, just as soon as Lois was gone, opportunities to pick and choose desirable shore duty came thick and fast.

Strange . . . how the things you plan for don't work out—as if in nature, as well as in the conscious effort to direct human will, there should always be the elements of caprice and impermanence which deny you as long as you *ask;* then, when hope deferred and disappointment have done their numbing work, force the things you have ceased to want into your listless grasp. . . . It had worked that way for him all of his life. Long ago, as a lad, he had collected butterflies, and had ardently longed for a specimen of the great, pale-green moths. He never caught one. But years afterward, sitting at his desk aboard ship in the harbor of Nagasaki, a superb and perfect luna had floated in through the open port, airily alighted upon the blotter, submitted fearlessly to his gentle handling, and departed unhindered upon its blithe way—leaving the admiral to ponder over the problems of futility and disillusionment, and dubiously to review the accumulated testimony of people who claim to have evolved philosophies which place them beyond the fever and stress of untoward events. Epictetus, for instance, was much quoted by one of the admiral's friends. . . . But none of Epictetus's neighbors have left a chronicle of how, in their unbiassed opinion, he stood up under his afflictions; and the admiral required their corroboration.

The testimony of his own life was not comforting; he had laboriously gained control of the kingdom of his mind, and had exercised that control by rigidly excluding from his thoughts those things which were beyond his power of altering. His face was very sober as he recalled his first cruise after Lois had gone. His ship was designated to take the President upon an official journey, and something in his minute, tense, calculated attention to his work had attracted the Chief Executive's notice. Perhaps the reason for the rigid quietness in the young officer's face had been explained to the President, for twice, during the latter part of the journey, he asked if there was anything he could do in the way of getting him any special duty. The question held the promise of gardens—so easy is achievement when desire is gone—but the admiral racked his mind in a futile effort to think up one request.

"I'm afraid, sir, that I'm like Captain Percival—a very bow-legged officer we had in President Pierce's time. The President wanted to do something special for Percival, but, like me, Percival didn't want anything. Finally, to satisfy Mr. Pierce, he requested that an order be passed for his especial benefit: 'I'd like to be allowed to have the wide gold braid

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on my full-dress trousers transferred from the outside to the inside seam—so I can see it myself'! Six months ago I knew *exactly* what I wanted—but not now. I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I went ashore."

And yet—though he would not let himself think of Lois—just as soon as he went again on shore duty he commenced making the first of a series of gardens. All of his billets since had been marked by gardens. In many a clanging, grimy navy-yard and noisy shore station young people to whom he was only a name rejoiced in small plots adorned by his flowering bushes and hardy shrubs; his gardens stretched behind him like the lengthening shadow of a great rock; every place where he could appropriate a few feet of ground he had builded an altar. . . . Glancing now through the window at the friendly stars the admiral allowed himself voluntarily to face the fact which, during all these years, he had consistently evaded: except when he was planting Lois's flowers he had been desperately lonely. But why couldn't he admit it before—instead of groping along in an oblique effort to make up to her for the garden she never had?

Lois and he had confidently counted upon long years together, had discussed the various merits of the places where, when his next thirty years of service were over, they would settle down. He had drawn dozens of plans for houses, while she wandered conversationally in her gardens where the larkspur always bloomed and the cornflowers were no bluer than her eyes. . . . Lois never did anything that he expected her to do. There was always a hilarious element of uncertainty about her that made other women seem flat and colorless. At Nanking, in those days of the Boxer uprising, he had gone ashore to look for her accompanied by a guard—to insure her safe-conduct back through the native city—and had passed two hideous hours vainly searching for her and imagining all sorts of ghastly and gruesome things. He found her at last having tea with the priest among the amazing images in the Temple of Hell—in an atmosphere of serenity and peacefulness not to be equalled outside of a Quaker meeting-house! . . . Then there was that time when, with her birthday present of ten dollars, she was on her way to a book-shop to buy some long-coveted volumes, and paused to look into the window of a bird-store where, for weeks, a gaudy macaw had blinked wicked eyes at the passers-by. The macaw was gone—a purchaser had been found who relished picturesque profanity—and in his place a thrush, with gaping bill, was hopelessly beating its wings against the bars of its cage; already the soft feathers on its breast were worn thin. . . .

Lois admitted afterward that, five times, she walked away from that window and went on toward the bookstore—sternly reminding herself as she went that it wasn't *her* world; that all the ten dollars she could raise wouldn't go far toward combating avarice and cruelty—and five times she returned. . . . Her only joy in the transaction which followed was that the bird-dealer—who couldn't make out why she wanted to buy a bird and not a cage—evinced a lively desire to get the lunatic he was dealing with harmlessly out of his shop when, after paying her money, Lois released the thrush and watched him make his true straight flight to the free air above the house-tops. . . . There was no trace of mawkishness about her reaction: she regretted her much-wanted books, and raged at the cruelty which made the thrush's imprisonment possible. "I told that dealer *just* what I thought of him!"

The admiral smiled. "I guess, then, that you, he, and the thrush have had your full ten dollars' worth—and we'll still do our old familiar tack back and forth to the library!" he had said. Well, the books wouldn't have done her much good. She died that autumn, after an illness of only five days. . . . Even now, after all these years, he lived over again the anguish of those hours and the moment when, groping for a ray of light, he reached blindly for the book of that teacher who never spoke a false or an idle word, and opened it at random. Austerely an admonition looked up at him: ". . . and shall I be inquired of by you . . .? *As* I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be inquired of by you." With a little gasp he closed the book. If he might not rebel nor question, he dared not think or remember. . . . Sternly he barred her from his thoughts—but somewhere in his consciousness a resilient spring had snapped;

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life ceased to be a radiant adventure. He moaned, remembering.

The nurse was instantly by his side. "What is it that you want? Can't you point to it? I'll be glad to help you—if you'll let me! What *are* you thinking about?"

He shook his head. What *was* he thinking about? Thinking, he had decided, was a pure loss of time and energy . . . and yet, *was it?* He remembered once, long ago, passing through the ruined imperial city at Nanking and seeing an itinerant, mendicant priest so lost in meditation that he was oblivious to the chance to ask for the alms he so evidently needed. There had been only a momentary glimpse through a vase-shaped gate—but each detail of the stone-paved courtyard, the broken marble bench, the thin, tranquil old face as fragile as the shadows of the vine leaves behind his head—was permanently engraved upon the admiral's memory.

Suppose that he had allowed himself to think so of Lois; to make her a vital part of the lonely years? What if . . . like the stars, she had been with him all the time . . . waiting for the wistful chance of an open window in his thoughts to call a message of cheer: "Happy voyage! Happy voyage, *you!*"

If that was so, what must she think of him? Like a man cautiously testing thin ice, he tentatively advanced. Wincing, he waited for the expected pang of pain, but none came; instead he felt an increasing content. The feeling grew. He was bewildered, breathless, appalled. Could he have thought of her before without an overwhelming sense of irreparable loss? Had she always seemed as near as now? Would he have found inspiration in his work instead of dull endurance; pleasure in his relaxations instead of boredom? He wondered if she knew of her gardens—then branded the thought as preposterous—but it persisted; Lois had known so many unexpected things! He wanted to ask her what they were doing to his navy: "Built up, madam, from the wooden sailing ships to the steel superdreadnoughts!" Probably she would laugh at his vociferous and belligerent disapproval of the new times and ways—"Noah-talk," she used to call it when he growled—but she would have understood him too, and he, in the end, would have joined in her mirth—though who else ever had *dared* to laugh at him?

And then, quite suddenly, he *knew* how blind he had been. During the long years while he had avoided speaking her name, she had been close beside him. He had ruled her from his life—but she had never gone; when he had laughed, or worked, stood godfather to the wee babies, or made a garden for her—pondering over the flowers of red, yellow, and blue—she had been nearest of all. Only in the bleak hours of blind loneliness had he effectually barred her way. What must she have thought of him during these last few months when he had clung to life with a frantic slipping grasp—instead of hurrying to tell her all the carefully cherished remembrances which, unconsciously up to now, he had treasured awaiting her sympathy and her approval?

If Lois were watching, he must give her every reason to be proud of him; it was her just due that he should not fail her. Not for him the ignominy of the rusty, limping steamer towed in from profitless sojournings among far-flung anchorages. . . . Instead, stanch, seaworthy, with colors flying and all sails set, he would fare blithely homeward—flag-bearer of the old ships. . . .

The room was vibrant with her presence. . . . In a second he would hear the sound of her voice, the gay ring of her laughter; he listened hungrily, but she did not laugh. Instead, gentle, patient, and serene she waited in the deep shadow. *Why didn't she speak? What was she waiting for? Why should she hold herself aloof from him?* He tried to stretch out his arms to her, to call out—and could not; strange little appealing sounds were his only achievement. . . . Well, then, since she would not come nearer, he would go to her; taking her dear face between his hands he would tell her of the bleak dreariness of the long years since she went, and humbly ask her forgiveness. . . .

With a prodigious effort he raised himself upright . . . swayed unsteadily . . . and fell back. . . .

But not before he saw the harbor lights gleaming clearly beneath the paling stars, and heard—above the soft monody of the waves—the singing lilt of the offshore wind.

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Heads Up!

A STORY OF "VAN TASSEL" AND "BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHEN Captain Andrew Nichols of the A. E. F., who looked far too merry to be a soldier, came home from France and caught his wife to his arms in the old house on Murray Hill, it seemed as though all New York could not hold the overflow of his happiness. When the division paraded up Fifth Avenue and then Uncle Sam discharged them all, the captain was happily content to see the old uniform put away in camphor. He settled gracefully into civies, as he became just Andy Nichols again. He was home. Then he went with Nance on their second honeymoon, and it seemed even more precious than the first.

It was after that—even after the little Andy came, to make his young father happier than ever—that fate came down on easy-going Andy Nichols, of Murray Hill and the Argonne, and with one stroke wiped out the fortune that had been his from birth. It mattered not that some who had chosen to turn the war into profit had made their pile out of the nation's need and had kept it. Fate has strange fancies, and it was Andy, who had soldiered in France, that she picked for a fall.

First they moved into the little apartment down in Eleventh Street, where Nance wrestled with all the petty compressions and annoyances of flat life. Then, for the first time in his leisure-loving existence, Andy set out to hunt for a job. It was lucky that Mr. Thomas Sharples, of the ancient firm of Sharples & Staples, fine hardware, thought more of Andy's war record than he did of his own hammers and saws. He thought even more of the memory of his friendship with Andy's father, though he was considerate enough to say little about that when he put the son to work.

Sharples was known in the big Duane Street store as "the old screw," but even Andy Nichols, who hated hardware with a holy hate, came to respect his fairness. More than ever did he approve of the Sharples judgment when he was promoted to take charge of the fancy new branch in fashionable Fifty-seventh Street. Andy was more at home up there than he was down in Duane Street. When he opened the branch he decided it was time to popularize hardware.

"I believe there's poetry in those damn gimlets if I can find it," he had said to his friend Jimmy Van Tassel, who had gone through the Argonne with him, but still had his patrimony. Jimmy was an alderman—had been, before the war. Then he became an alderman all over again, and his friends said he was still crazy. Andy had said so himself.

"Don't believe it," replied the Honorable James Van Tassel, with proper political caution; "may be rhythm in hammers—but not in gimlets."

"Yes, even in saws—ugh!" Andy groaned.

But now the day of proof had dawned. The new store had opened, that very morning, and Andy, rounding the corner into Fifty-seventh Street after a good lunch, smiled with amused anticipation as he thought of Jimmy's promised visit of inspection. There was a childlike completeness to Andy's smile that not even the grimness of his army experience had worn off. It disarmed suspicion and provoked affection, just as the clean-cut set of his chin suggested ability to command. Old Sharples had done well to send him up to Fifty-seventh Street to sell hardware. People liked Andy Nichols on

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sight. They liked him as they passed him in Fifty-seventh Street this October afternoon, smiling his way along with a sunny courage soundly superior to past reverses. As he turned the corner he looked sharply ahead.

"Ah, there it is!" he exclaimed. "Wait till Jimmy sees it—he'll nearly drop dead!"

Yes, it was there—the most prominent object in the block—a life-size gilded figure of a small boy, with foot upraised, sawing away at a recalcitrant gilded beam. Beside the boy rested a large gilded tool-box which, according to the legend of its big black label—easily visible forty feet away—contained the model Sharples & Staples collection of "Good Tools for Good Boys." The whole business rested on a high base on the sidewalk directly in front of the new up-town branch of "Sharples & Staples. Fine Hardware. Founded 1852." In the October sun the statue shone like a burnished dome, a glistening minaret.

"Beautiful," murmured Andy, "beautiful!" But his chuckle belied the tribute.

In front of the store he stopped, in high glee as he spied Van Tassel coming toward him from the other direction, on time to the minute, but with head down, buried in his own thoughts.

"Heads up!" Andy's voice rang out with its old tone of command.

Jimmy's head came up with a jerk. He stopped as he recognized his friend. "Oh, hello, Andy," he said dreamily. "It sounded natural—I was just thinking about——"

"Yes, old snoozer—about mud—and corned willie—and mud—and—remember it, Jimmy? On the march, when the trucks come by in the night, and you hear the call come down the column—'heads up'—like the crack of a whip! Can you hear it?"

"Ah, can I!" They stood looking at each other, grinning, but what they saw was the miles of the muddy roads of France.

"Well, back to business—snap out of it!" Andy was briskness itself. "Turn to your left, Jimmy—look—and marvel!"

The alderman turned, and marvelled. As he took in the statuary a slow smile began to attack him, spreading until it threatened a convulsion.

"There you are," cut in Andy, "song of the saw! Boy's delight—over the top with saws and gimlets—teach 'em to be handy husbands about the home! Oh, we'll save the race yet—if the boys' fathers will only buy Sharples & Staples tools!" He paused for breath, then added appealingly: "Beautiful, Jimmy? Lifelike?"

Yes, it was lifelike. It made Jimmy tired to look at it. He started to reply. "Very nice, Andy, except that——"

They both paused, suddenly, as a little man in a brown derby hopped brightly between them and stood panting, with hand outstretched.

"Hello, Dinny!" The laugh that was about to wreck Jimmy's admiration of the statue changed to a grin of recognition as he took the hand of the Honorable Dennis Dineen, alderman for the district adjoining his own. Plum Street divided them geographically, and party lines politically, but there the chasm closed. They were friends.

"Been chasin' you all over town." Dinny cocked his head as he caught his breath. He spoke in little explosions, and his little shoe-button eyes kept darting this way and that, like a bird's. In the district they called him "Sparrow Dineen."

"Yes, we're both a bit off our beat—oh—Alderman Dineen—my friend Mr. Nichols."

"Nichols? Put her there," chirped the sparrow. Then he looked up at Jimmy. "Can I see you for a minute? Only a minute, Mr. Nichols," he explained.

"Oh, that's all right," said Andy, as he moved off out of hearing. "Go ahead. I'll be right here."

"Jimmy, I got sump'n to tell you," confided Dinny in an excited whisper. "Keep a secret? I'm goin' to—put your head down—closer—I'm goin' to—get married—ha, ha—yeah!" He looked up uncertainly.

"You don't—say so!" Jimmy fell on the little fellow with a grip of delight that made him dance.

"Yeah—an' it's, it's Kitty Doheny—Ed Doheny's girl—you know him—lives in your district!"

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"Why, yes." Jimmy pretended to remember. "Why, yes, of course!" But Dinny's sudden seriousness of expression saved him further trouble.

"It's about him I came up," he said. "I got a favor to get off you, Jimmy—this afternoon. Doheny's pretty old, and they've taken him to Bellevue Hospital. Can't last long—just kind o' old and tired—poor feller." Dinny paused, then began again. "Jimmy, you got him a job once—I don't know where—and they had to let him go. Couldn't lift the big boxes or sump'n. And he's asking for you, to tell you how he did his best to make good—just a bug he's got—wants to square himself—Kitty's been at the hospital and told me so. Could you see him—this afternoon? Just a word—anything—to make him feel better?" Dinny's eyes seemed troubled as he looked up.

"Yes, I will, Dinny. Yes—and I'll go down now." His hand was on his friend's shoulder.

"Jimmy—you're a reg'lar feller." They shook hands and parted. "A reg'lar feller"—Jimmy felt a glow of exhilaration as he repeated the words to himself. That was the highest compliment of all in the Dineen vocabulary. Then he turned to rejoin his waiting hardware friend.

"Andy, I've got to get along," he said briskly. "Hurry call to a hospital. Sorry."

"There you go again!" chortled Andy gaily. "Always hospitals—women, polling-places, and hospitals—great job, that politics! Catch me getting into that kind of a merry-go-round!"

"More at home with hardware?" inquired Jimmy innocently.

Andy's wink said plainly, "No!" as they parted, grinning.

Two minutes later, in the Fifty-seventh Street store of Sharples & Staples the afternoon began to break badly for the new branch manager. When he sat down at his big desk after a shower of cheery salutations to the "help," he picked up a piece of paper that said "Bureau of Encumbrances" on top and then bade him, in the name of the city of New York, remove the gilded-statue nuisance that obstructed the city's sidewalk—and remove it "forthwith, under penalty of" dire things. Andy read it twice. "Ah, my beautiful statue," he soliloquized, in amused dismay, "my Venus de Hardware—alas, poor Yorick—" He got no farther, for he remembered then, with a cold chill, what his hymn to hardware had cost. Ugh! The shadow of Sharples crossed his day. The "old screw" would want to know. Andy began to grow indignant. Why, the streets were lined with barber poles and wooden Indians offering bad cigars—why not his golden beauty? This was rank favoritism—where was Jimmy? Jimmy, who knew about politics—he could fix it. But Jimmy had gone. Then the telephone rang, and Andy's face, that was so clearly meant for sunshine, gradually became wreathed in beads of cold sweat. Yes, old Sharples, on the other end of the wire, wanted to know. Mr. Nichols would please come down to see him at once. There was something about "don't know the first thing about your own government" thrown in that made Andy's face still damper as he hung up. No, he didn't know much about government and "politics," and didn't pretend to. That was for the "politicians," for Jimmy, who had plenty of time. He was too busy making a living. But he would like to have known about that sidewalk law. He looked troubled enough as he hurried out of the store and off to the subway.

When, an hour later, Andy emerged from the Sharples sanctum in the rear of the big store in Duane Street and made his way absently out to the open air he looked as though some one had been torturing him with his own tools. But with the chastening he wore the look of relief that comes when the worst of a bad jam is over. One sentence kept running through his mind in letters that burned—"I'm going to continue you in your job"—he remembered that! The rest had been almost as short. Old Sharples, white-haired, quick and keen, knew all about the sidewalk trouble—they had served a duplicate notice down-town. And Sharples seemed to know a lot about government and "politics." He went on to say they were the same thing, that they were every man's job. "It seems to me like a trust," he had concluded, gently enough, "a trust handed down by our

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fathers, from the days of '76, to keep good the government they gave us, for the sake of our children. Yes, to us in trust for our children. Just as though some one left a legacy for your own children—you'd guard it sacredly. That wouldn't take much time from making a living—only a little—but you'd give it that little, for your children, wouldn't you?" He had said it so quietly, with a word of appreciation of Andy's war service, that Andy had been more moved by the "old screw" than he could have believed. "In trust for our children"—his thoughts flashed back to the little flat as he walked. If Andy's world of friends had been alongside they would have wondered what was so strangely taking the place of his usual sunny smile. But he was quite alone as he went down into the subway.

At Fourteenth Street he came out of his revery with a start. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, and then with a leap plunged out of the car just as the door closed behind him. With just a suggestion of the delighted grin with which he always greeted a good joke on himself he hurried up the stairs and into the nearest telephone-booth. "Saturday—last day—and I haven't registered!" he exclaimed as the nickel went rattling down the slot. "And Nance registered four days ago," he reflected, with a twinge of humiliation, as he waited. When he had cancelled his golf engagement for the afternoon, he called up the store in Fifty-seventh Street, told them with a pang to take in the gilded statue, and said they might look for him Monday morning. Then he sallied into the street. He'd register, himself, right now; but, more than that, he'd dig out a few other slackers and make them register too—he'd show old Sharples!

At Sixth Avenue Andy pulled up sharp as he suddenly realized his ignorance of where to go to register. Now, if Jimmy were about—this was Jimmy's own district—but Jimmy was at that moment coming thoughtfully out of the big gates of Bellevue, and wishing, for his own part, that he might run across his friend Andy Nichols. He had something to tell him, something that old man Doheny had whispered from his white bed in the big ward.

When the cop at Sixth Avenue had expounded heavily on the whereabouts of registration, Andy found himself presently in the basement of the old school in Greenwich Avenue, answering "Nichols, Andrew—age thirty-one—born U. S. A.—married," and all the rest, as the clerks entered their varied ink-tracks in the big white books on the table. After that he popped in and out of a canvas booth in great secrecy and dropped his blue enrolment envelope, decorated with a big black cross, into the wooden box by the table. There—he was registered!

He looked around. Now for some of the slackers that were still in default! Now for a little good hunting to square up for that hare-and-hounds affair with Sharples—when he had run hare to the Sharples hounds—yes, it would be good sport to be the hounds for a while! Near the door he spied a big man with gray hair and mustache under a slouch hat, making pencil marks on a piece of paper. "The very man," exclaimed Andy under his breath, as he made for the doorway.

"Is this Mr. Baker—Big Bill Baker?" he asked. The big man looked up, examined him searchingly, then broke into a grin.

"Yeah, that's me. How are yer, Mr. Nichols? How's Jimmy?"

"Fine! I saw him only a little while ago. Er—how on earth did you remember me? It's two years since——"

"Well, that's a nice one—how about your rememberin' me?"

Andy blushed a little and laughed.

"Well, I see yer registered—what can I do for yer?"

"Why, if you need any help getting other people out—I have a little time—if I could help——"

"Sure, yer can help," boomed Big Bill. "Now, wait a minute till I see this list." He scanned the piece of paper. "Let's see—there's some in the D's—Davison—Dobbs—ah, there we are—Doheny—there's one right handy by. Wait a minute—Mrs. Farrell!" Bill called to the other end of the room. "Woman captain—good worker," he said in an explanatory aside, as a little woman in dark clothes and glasses came up. "Mrs. Farrell—Mr. Nichols. Shake. Friend o' the

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alderman, Mrs. Farrell—wants to help out with the registration——"

Andy was bowing and shaking hands with the woman captain. He was surprised to find what a pleasant combination of cheerfulness and understanding she seemed to be. "I hope I can help a little," he volunteered.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you can help a great deal," she replied. "We need more workers—a great many more!"

"Er—Mrs. Farrell." Big Bill was studying the names on the list. "There's Ed Doheny. He ain't come out yet. And there's Katherine Doheny, same address, Patchin Place. Daughter, ain't she?"

"Yes. She hasn't come out either."

"Well, how about Mr. Nichols takin' a run around there an' seein' what's doin'? It's near by."

"Splendid! And we'll have some more for you when you come back, Mr. Nichols. Thank you ever so much." She left, with a smile of encouragement.

"It's a little place," said Big Bill. "Yer go in by an alley. Just back o' Jefferson Market—can't miss it. Try to get 'em out."

"Watch me!" replied the delighted Andy. "I'll deliver the Dohenys if it takes a train of cars!" And he clapped on his hat and went bustling off toward the corner.

When he reached the inner end of the alley he stopped in bewilderment. Before him there opened out a tiny street, bordered by two little rows of brick houses, and ending, just a few yards ahead, in a vine-covered trellis outlined against a high white fence. It looked like a miniature of a hundred years ago. And how suddenly quiet it was! The city's roar seemed muffled and far away. Only the trees that bent over the little houses rustled dreamily as they scattered the benediction of their last October leaves on the narrow sidewalks below. Overhead the afternoon sun traced queer patterns on the old bricks as it squinted through the branches of the big trees. Andy stood wondering if he was really in New York.

Then he pulled the old-fashioned bell at the first door. The kindly looking woman who answered the tinkle filled the door as she held it open. "Doheny? Yes, up-stairs—second floor front." She turned her head. "Doheny—Doheny!" she called up the stairs. Andy went carefully up the narrow stairs, the music of the call still ringing in his ears. At the door he knocked.

"Come!" He could just hear the voice. It sounded like a little girl's. He opened the door carefully.

"Oh, I'm sorry—" Andy drew back. The last thing he had expected to find was a pretty girl in tears. Yet there she was, in the big rocker by the old marble fireplace, with a wisp of a handkerchief in her lap, and her blue eyes telling their story all too plainly. He caught a glint of the light hair against the dark chair, of the white trimmings on the dark dress, and the extraordinarily pretty face between. He thought she must be about eighteen.

"You can come in," she said, in a tired little way, as she picked up her handkerchief.

"I didn't mean to intrude." Andy was thoroughly embarrassed. "You see—er—my name's Nichols—Andy Nichols—and—you haven't registered, you know!" He wound up triumphantly.

"Oh, you're from the school?"

"Yes, from the school." He stood fingering his hat. "Er—you're Miss Doheny, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm Kitty Doheny." She began to smile, with just a faint little flicker of amusement, as Andy still stood, at a loss what to say next. Then her eyes seemed to fill again, as she looked away.

"Well—er—" Andy felt he had to say something—anything at all to keep her steady. "You see, I'm new at this—it isn't my regular business. I'm really in the hardware business—Sharples & Staples—saws, gimlets—" He stopped short. The tearful little trouble in the big chair was sitting bolt upright, her blue eyes staring.

"Sharples & Staples?" she gasped.

"Yes, hardware, you know—hammers, chisels—that sort of thing."

"Oh, I know." She stood up and faced him, then spoke rapidly. "Do you remember a man named Doheny—a little old man—who worked for you once? Mr. Van Tassel got him the job, and then you let him go. He couldn't lift the

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boxes. He tried, but—" She began unrolling the little patch of handkerchief that her hand clutched so tightly. Andy remembered.

"Yes, poor old fellow," he said. Then he stopped and looked his question.

"My father," said Kitty Doheny. But she went on, as though suddenly inspired. "Mr. Nichols, you'll think it queer—but I know all about you—and will you come to Bellevue with me—and just tell pop he did well? He's very sick, and he worries about losing that job—he thinks so much of Mr. Van Tassel—and that was his last job—poor pop—he's so little—and he tried so hard—and he always seemed to lose his jobs. If you say any little fib—it will help him, so much!" She started to lift her arms in entreaty, then, with some instinct of pride, stood straight and still.

Andy was recalling his plea to the head of the shipping department, and the "business-is-business" rebuff he had received. He had felt very sorry for the little old man. Now he felt sorrier still, as he realized for the second time in a day what it means at home to lose your job.

"Yes, I will," he answered impulsively, "I'll go with you—wait for you downstairs."

When she joined him at the door he was shaking his head and muttering something about "women, polling-places, and hospitals—can you beat it!" He came to with a start, then swished her out of the toy street and around the corner to one of the taxis that stand in front of Jefferson Market. "Let's go!" he exclaimed desperately as he helped her in. "Bellevue," he called to the driver.

At Eleventh Street he started to break the rather embarrassed silence that had fallen between them, when, looking out of the window, he smiled, leaned forward and started to call, then sank back with a baffled expression as the taxi rushed on.

"Friend of yours?" queried Kitty, who had also seen the wide stare of amazement on the face of the little woman crossing at the corner.

"Yes—my wife," sighed Andy.

"Oh!" His companion seemed more amused than abashed.

When they crossed Broadway at Twenty-third Street, Andy looked out again, rather timidly. Kitty looked out too. As luck would have it, a shining limousine containing two definitely Wall Street faces stood waiting to cross, a yard away. Four eyes peered earnestly out of the limousine, and then two grins of pure joy followed the eyes as the taxi went on.

"You have a lot of friends," suggested Kitty.

"Yes, too many," responded Andy savagely.

They were within two blocks of Bellevue and had settled down into an easy little talk about "pop." It seemed to Andy that his troubles must be over. He began to wonder when his charge would register—after all, he remembered, that was the object of his visit. Then his luck ran out altogether.

Sp-l-it! Crack! Thump! The taxi stopped with a crash, its two passengers thrown violently forward.

"Ugh—accident," muttered Andy. He looked around. "Not hurt?"

"No," said Kitty, "but I guess we'll walk now."

Andy helped her out. The taxi was hopelessly entangled with the fender of a high-seated black touring-car, and badly crumpled from its attack on the larger vehicle. The drivers were out, looking silently at the wreck and then at each other, as they stood appraising the extent of the disaster. A large, fleshy man, with a crooked white scar running down the middle of his red forehead, was approaching from the big car. As he came up he took a crumpled cigar out of his mouth and threw it to the pavement.

"Well, young fresh guy, 'at's a nice mess yer kicked up," he said as he stood belligerently before Andy.

"Sorry," said Andy. "Didn't see it happen."

"Yer didn't see it happen?" Andy, looking closer, sensed a combination of whiskey and ugliness that looked like trouble. "Didn't see it happen!" repeated the big man, scornfully and more loudly. "See here," he said, coming closer, "don't gimme none o' yer lip—y' understand? None o' yer lip, or I'll——"

Andy felt a tug at his sleeve—from behind. "Be careful, Mr. Nichols," Kitty was whispering. "It's McCabe—I know him from the outings. He's a big alderman—he can do anything."

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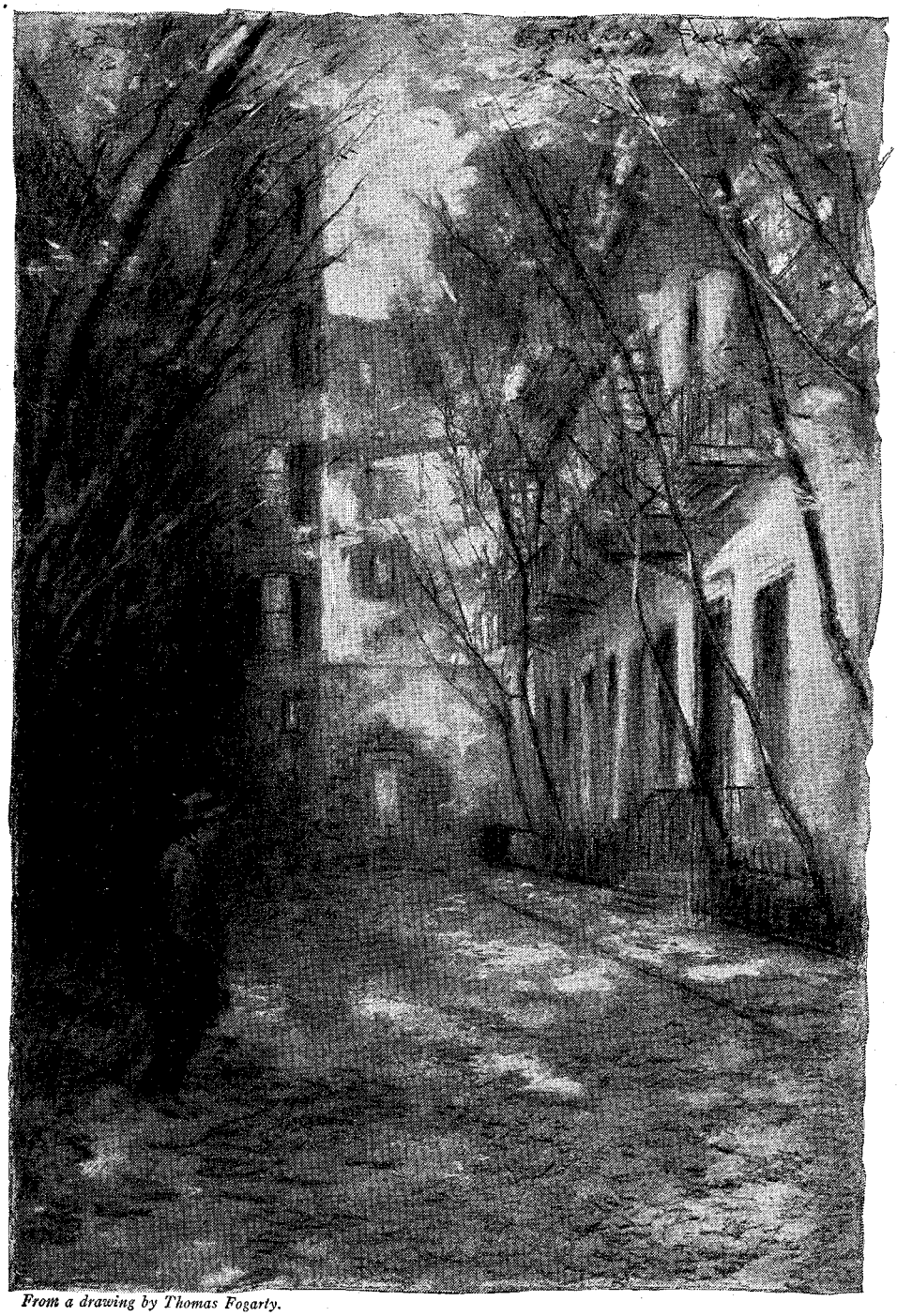

From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

Andy stood wondering if he was really in New York.—Page 229.

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Andy made a backward motion with his arm as a signal to the girl to keep away. He stayed where he was. "I tell you, sir, I'm sorry it happened," he said evenly. "Now will you please—" The sentence was not finished. McCabe suddenly swung with all his might straight at Andy's head. Andy ducked as he raised an arm in defense. Then, to his dismay, he felt Kitty clutching his other arm again, tugging to pull him out of the quarrel. He tried to free himself without hurting her. He started to speak, turning just a little. With a grunt of rage, McCabe landed square on his cheek with the other fist. Rocking from the blow, struggling, Andy sidestepped, freed himself with a wrench, then went after the big man as though he had been shot out of a gun. Biff! Biff! They were both straight jabs to the jaw, landing cleanly and squarely, with the speed of piston-rods. McCabe floundered about the knees, waving his arms. Then suddenly he collapsed in a quivering heap. Andy stood waiting quietly, a look of disgust spreading over his face.

"Hey, what's the matter, what's the matter?" A bird-like form in a brown derby hopped into the jumble, cocking his head to one side as he looked up at Andy. They stared at each other, blankly at first, then with gradual understanding.

"Oh, it's you!" they both gasped at once.

"Yes," said Andy.

"Yeah—me," said the Honorable Dennis Dineen. A feminine voice broke in as they still stared.

"Oh, Dinny, you're here—Dinny, it's all that big McCabe's fault—it's—" Kitty was stumbling over her words in her haste.

"Yeah?" queried Dinny blankly, as he glanced back at Andy. That knight of the taxi began to feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"Oh—" Kitty, with sudden comprehension, voiced her reproach with a little gulp of anger, then led the Honorable Dennis Dineen to one side, where she poured a revealing story into the aldermanic ear that broke all records for speed in whispering. She was patting his cheek at the end, and her eyes were very near his, when Andy looked over. It was Dinny who broke away first, with a queer look in his own eyes.

"Mr. Nichols—" he began.

But then McCabe, up again, groggy and cowed, broke in with a complaining rumble as he stood glowering about.

"Ah, you—you big bum," chirped Dinny. And suddenly, jumping up at the big man, he slapped him smartly on each cheek, as though he were pecking at him. "Go on home, McCabe. I know you!"

The big man blinked and stammered. "Dinny—Dinny Dineen—what——"

"Yes, and I'll knock you down again if you don't behave!" Andy and the drivers were laughing. But Kitty was standing next to Andy offering up her handkerchief. "Oh," she said, "ah, he cut you." The blood was trickling from a split in the skin over Andy's cheek-bone.

"Oh, yes, so he did," said Andy, with a wipe of his hand.

When all the details that attend an auto collision and a fist fight had been straightened out, Dinny hurried Andy and Kitty away with him. "Come on, quick," he said, "before the cops come snortin' around. Lucky I was on my way to the hospital myself. You two might've ended up anywhere!"

In the big white ward a little old man in bed turned his head slowly as they tiptoed in after the nurse and down the long aisle of the sick. "Ah—Kitty," he said faintly as they came near. "And Dinny." Andy was standing a little behind them. He came forward a step as the old man peered around. "And——"

Kitty took his hand. "It's Mr. Nichols, pop," she said gently.

"Oh—yes—yes." The wizened face under the white hair looked troubled. Andy felt a slight pressure from Kitty's hand.

"How are you, Mr. Doheny?" he said. "Glad to see you again. I'm sorry you're laid up."

"Yes—laid up—" The form under the bedclothes was trying to sit up, the face working under the effort. The nurse looked over warningly.

"There, don't sit up." Andy put his hand on old Doheny's shoulder. Then his words suddenly ran away from him.

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From a drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

"Yes, and I'll knock you down again if you don't behave!"—Page 232.

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"Er—Mr. Doheny—you know that job, at the store—you know you did it—very well. It was just lack of business—the lay-off, you know—and—I've come to tell you—we want you back! Business is better, and just as soon as you're well—we like to keep our good men—" Andy suddenly stopped. Dinny and Kitty were looking at him in a way that unnerved him for further words. Old Doheny was craning his neck, staring up from the bed, trying to be sure he heard aright. As he read Andy's reassuring smile, his head sank back on the pillow and gradually a look of contentment spread over his face. He looked up toward Kitty. "I knew I could—make good. Mr. Van Tassel—said so too." He was smiling, a childlike peace in his eyes.

As the nurse leaned quickly over, feeling the old man's pulse, Andy caught the signal and left them all, his face beaming as he retreated, in that way that made people like him on sight. The old man's look followed him out of the ward. Andy waved his hand as he went through the door.

In the little flat in Eleventh Street, the heir apparent to the nothing that constituted the Nichols fortune had been tucked away for the night, and the table had been set for two, when the head of the house of Nichols came fumbling at the door with his key and then strode in with his usual whistle and "hello!" It was Nance's startled face that reminded him of a slight but conspicuous cut on his cheek. It was Nance who later reminded him of some other things, as she heard the story of the day. He had to stand a bit of chaffing, and a little crying with the laughing, as he told her his tale of two jobs. He had a last good word for old Sharples. "Sort of a civic 'heads up!' the old screw sounded off," he said, "and, believe me, my head's up!" It was not till then that he began to wonder, with some dismay, how on earth he was to take care of old Doheny. But his wife, who was more practical, inquired in an offhand way: "Has your new friend registered yet?"

"Good Lord," gasped Andy, "I don't know. I'd better—find out!" And he flew out of the house.

At the door of the Greenwich Avenue school he rushed into the arms of Jimmy Van Tassel, just leaving in the course of his usual round among the polling-places. "Hello, Jimmy!" he grinned.

"Well, there you are!" exclaimed Jimmy, laughing. "Giving us a hand in politics, eh? Big Bill just told me about the errand he sent you on. He's gone around the corner to look you up—you—and Kitty Doheny!" Jimmy was enjoying himself. "And the shrapnel on your cheek? Andy, Andy"—he shook his head sadly—"where have you been?"

Andy began to puff as though he would shortly explode. "Where have I been!" he echoed, and "You call this politics!"

"Yes, almost," said Jimmy.

"It's more like—" Andy paused. Then he waxed suddenly indignant again. "Say, look here—has that Kitty Doheny registered?"

"Not yet, old son——"

There was a step on the sidewalk as a bird-like form in a brown derby disengaged himself from a light-haired little thing beside him.

"Oh, there's Mr. Nichols now!" exclaimed Kitty Doheny.

"Yeah," said Dinny, turning toward Andy. "She's come to register," he said, pushing her forward.

But Kitty waited and took Andy's hand in both her own, before Dinny and the alderman and all, as she whispered up into his ear. "Pop's better," she said, "and the nurse says he'll get well—and it's you who did it—and"—she stood on tiptoe as Andy bent down—"we're going to get him back to the little house, where he won't need a job any more, because—I'm getting married with Dinny, next week, and pop's going to live there with us!"

Then she seemed to choke a little, and she suddenly left them and ran off to the table where the big books lay. Andy stood looking after her. Then he turned his head quickly and just went out of the door and away. When Dinny, who saw his eyes as he passed, had told the whole story to Jimmy, he paused.

"Say, Jimmy," he blurted out suddenly, "he's a reg'lar feller—that friend o' yours."

"Yes, he is," said Jimmy quietly.

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Welsh women in national dress in procession.

At the Eisteddfod

BY LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT
Author of "Scottish Life and Poetry," "Robert Louis Stevenson," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I CAME back from Wales with a memory that sings. My heart keeps beat to throbbing music, as I remember; and I do not think I ever can forget.

It is, as most people know, the great national festival of the ancient people who still, within Offa's Dyke, preserve their nationality in a degree more marked than any other in the British Isles. It was held at the village of Ammanford, in South Wales, a small place, not many years since only a hamlet. What a crowd assembled there out of everywhere, drawn together by the truest instincts of patriotism!

To the majority of folk outside of the little nation this is a thing that does not touch their knowledge at all. With many it is considered to be a petty affair of local competitions in mediocre verse and song—the coronation of commonplace—the glorification, in fact, of an attempt at strut in the name of pinchbeck nationality. With some it seems but a bit of stage nonsense, where inferiorities don a garment and pose as bards, in the effort to bolster up a language that is dying, or that would be better dead, or, at any rate, that a great many people do not understand. If, however, there be any possibility of conviction in the minds of such, it would be well for them just to go to an Eisteddfod, if only to see how far astray may be their judgment.

It is a revelation to find how absolutely

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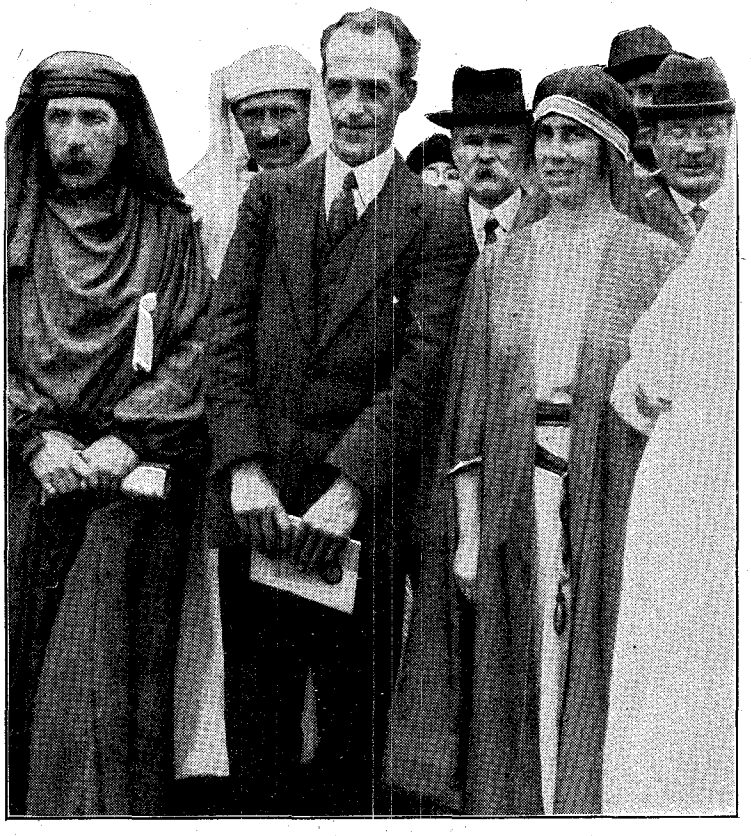

The successful bard, "Gereint."

Wales has retained her national entity throughout the centuries. The ancient language is predominant in bills, railway time-tables, shops, and churches—in the life and work and worship of the people—not as a side patois, but as a prime fact at which nobody wonders. Irish, after the great famine in the first half of the nineteenth century, withered westward; and those who are interested see, in the latter half of that century, a nation practically swept naked of its old songs, language, and habits, as a tree in late autumn is swept bare of the bulk of its leaves. Our own Scottish Gaelic has, in the last hundred years, suffered blight also. Some of us who are not old remember when, shortly after Perth, going northward, we passed into the territory of the ancient tongue; and we recall men and women singing Gaelic songs and telling Gaelic tales, from districts out of which the language has now entirely passed away. It came for a long while to be looked upon as a mark of lack of culture—a mumbling thing that lingered on in the toothless mouth of age. The schoolmaster got up against it. The ministers left it alone. The railway-train invaded its quiet dreamlands. The tourist dragged another language over it. And then the Great War, through the holocaust of Highland youth, broke the bridge that was to carry over from the old folk to the children what was left of the tradition, song, influence, and atmosphere of a very long past. It will take some work to remedy and retune the result.

In Wales there was a low-water ebb of nationality for about a hundred and fifty years after 1680. But a remarkable revival of the sentiment of race was manifested after the Napoleonic wars. Societies interested in Welsh literature and music sprang into being within the principality and beyond its borders. A great

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Eisteddfod in Carmarthen in 1819 re-established the institution, gathering together the loose ends of national interests, rites, and customs; and the wave then set moving has never ebbed.

The interest in this national event is deeply tense and wide-reaching. It is the Welshman's Feast of Tabernacles. He turns homeward to it from afar.

There is every kind of intellectual competition—books of history, criticism, essays on archæology, poems, but, above all things, music—choirs, harpists, solos—music in every form.

On the fourth day I took part in a series of events which stirred me to the depth of my being. In the early morning the Order of Druids, Bards, and Ovates met, robed in the garments of their Order. The streets were crowded when, led by ancient national melodies, we went in procession to a high hill above the town, where, within a stone circle, the Gorsedd, or Druidical meeting, was held. The Arch-Druid presided—a man who has done a great deal for Welsh antiquities and literature. The ceremony was opened with prayer, followed by a trumpet summons to the four corners of the heavens. A famous harper played a Welsh air, and a notable Welsh poet sang "pennillion." This is the most difficult thing I have ever seen achieved by a poet. A well-known melody is played, and the poet sings to it, making, however, another melody, to which the familiar one is accompaniment. It is difficult enough in ordinary circumstances, but when the poet himself plays the old melody and sings the new, it is beyond anything a hard task in composition. I heard a lady from Brittany achieve it with beautiful effect, in the Isle of Man, last year at the Pan-Celtic Union. Then the bards recited poems, and thereafter some of us were inducted to the Order.

It was a poets' day, for the result of the annual Ode competition was to be proclaimed. On our return to the hall, Sir J. Morris Jones, of Cardiff, read in Welsh the report of the Adjudication Committee. The hall, which was special-

The Arch-Druid on the Logan-stone.

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The Arch-Druid receiving the offering of the "Flowers of the Field."

ly built for the occasion of the Eisteddfod, was seated for 14,000 people, and as every seat was occupied and every inch of standing room filled, there must have been about 18,000 at least present. It was intimated at the close of the report that the writer who had taken the *nom de plume* of "Gereint" was the successful bard. The subject was "Winter"; and the poem was a fine treatment of that bleak season of the year when frost strips the trees of their foliage and binds in silence the singing streams, and snow clothes the world in stainless white. Through this came the voice of a great sorrow which had swept the heart bare of everything except the hope that slept beneath the snows, waiting till spring's whisper wake again into a new world the music that winter had hushed. In a stillness as tense as a string that waits for the touch of the hand of a minstrel the poet was named; and away in the middle of that vast assemblage shyly rose a young man, who was led to the platform to be "chaired." It was a very great moment in his life—there may be none greater—the whole audience upstanding, while he was throned in the bardic chair. There is no higher honor for a poet in Wales. He was Mr. Lloyd Jones, lecturer in Cymric in the National University, Dublin.

A wonderful episode followed. On the benches behind the platform sat a crowd which a stranger might take to be merely interested onlookers, till a call was made for those who had returned for the occasion from distant lands. First, from the United States stood up a mass of men and women. Then from Canada; next, one all the way from Fiji; a dozen or so, with their little children, from Australia; some families from New Zealand; two from India; and a crowd from Patagonia and elsewhere. Those from the States far outnumbered the others, and they re-

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ceived an ovation that must have touched their hearts. Then happened the thing I had been longing for. The huge multitude leapt to their feet, and sang the fine Welsh national anthem—

"Gwlad—Gwlad—
Pleidiol wyf i'm Gwlad!—"

a beautiful melodic creation. It was a moment of deep emotion, and hundreds stood weeping under its spell. I heard it last finely sung by a Welsh regiment at the front, and I did not know whether I wept with the others or no, for the wonder of it lifted me out of myself. There is something of excelling pathos in the human voice so heard, like a great wave out of the deep Infinite, swung over the soul.

The work of the choirs—the beauty of the tenors—the interest and sentiment of the innumerable crowds filled one to a sweet weariness. Where will you get crowds like these, to be patient from early morning till late night, day after day, through such meetings, except in Wales? One night, massed choirs—of colliers and colliers' wives and daughters—gave a recital of Bach's mass in B-minor, accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra, and conducted by a local musician. I do not believe it could be excelled for majesty, melody, and mastery anywhere. And as it finished, after three hours, the crowd reluctantly rose to part for the night.

Food was difficult to get, but it was the last thought of anybody there. Hospitality in fine old historic houses, miles away, was at our command—hospitality generous as in ancient days. All ranks of society met together. The national feeling was as deep at the fireside of the rich and noble as in the cottage, and the folk of the best blood and highest culture spoke in the language of the little land behind the mountain wall, where the sentiment of a race, never really conquered, has been preserved, from the days of its fight with Roman and Saxon until now.

The interest extended to the borders of Wales. When I went to get my baggage put on the train, the first thing the clerk asked, before he attended to my business, was: "Who won the male-voice choir competition?" And the last thing in Wales was when the station-master at a little place in the dark put his head into the carriage to ask news of the Eisteddfod. I wondered if he had stopped the train for the purpose!

We have nothing like it elsewhere in Britain. We could not have it yet for many a day in Scotland. It is the biggest and finest thing I ever had the privilege of sharing in except the war. And it would be a great experience for every one just to go at least once and feel the uplift of it all.

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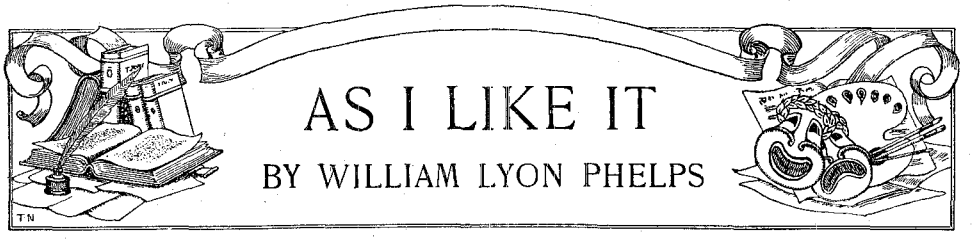

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THIS week I have been in South Dakota. The reason why I was excited at entering South Dakota was because it was the only State in the Union which I had not seen, and I wished to add this jewel to my crown. When the train paused at Millbank, the first stop in the State, I sprang to the ground, seized a handful of the soil and shouted SOUTH DAKOTA! For years I had longed for that moment, as I did not wish to die until I had been in every State in my country. (Nor do I wish to die now.) A few hours later I reached the town of Aberdeen, the end of my journey. Here I gave three lectures in the State Normal School, an admirable institution with an exceedingly able president, and a body of devoted teachers. The young men and maidens come from isolated farms, and receive culture and inspiration. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE enters many households, and when, at the end of my lectures, I gave the audience an opportunity to ask questions, I was kept busy for an hour, and quit only because I had to return East. The questions displayed an interest in and a familiarity with the most "modern" of modern novels, essays, and plays. Aberdeen is a town on the prairie, and from the front door of the house where I was delightfully entertained, I gazed twenty miles into the sunset, with no building, tree, or hill to break the view.

The whole journey was interesting. I left New Haven on a Thursday noon, attended a matinée of the New York Theatre Guild and saw Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple"—a splendid play splendidly staged and acted. The picture of the parson's wife and the young Disciple at tea in the old Colonial room was so beautiful that it "haunts me still." I caught the five-o'clock train for Detroit, arriving early Friday morning. I played golf there all day (33 holes) and that evening addressed 350 bankers at the banquet of the Detroit Bankers Club. Saturday morning I played another round of golf, and caught the noon train for Chicago; and from there the night train for Aberdeen, arriving Sunday evening. Monday morning was spent in golf on the prairie course, and after lecturing Monday afternoon, evening, and Tuesday morning, I caught the noon train East. I arrived at New Haven about one o'clock Thursday, played four sets of tennis that afternoon, and in the evening addressed the Connecticut Medical Society at their annual banquet.

"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." On the train I read through seven books, of which the worst was Arnold Bennett's "How to Make the Best of Life." No one who praises this should ever breathe a word against Doctor Frank Crane. Compared to such a collection of platitudes, Doctor Crane is as paradoxical and unexpected as Chesterton. The doctor's stock is rising fast; the Theatre Guild has a long quotation from him on its programmes.

With all this golf and speaking and reading, it is possible that some reader may believe there was no time for meditation, no time for sober thinking. He would be deceived. It is curious that people say railway corporations have no sense of humor when I spent four nights on what they call a sleeping-car. I had and used abundance of time for the sessions of sweet, silent thought.

The morning in Dakota I played golf I stood in the vast circle of the horizon, as complete as the circle of the sea. One of the printed rules I transcribe: "Ball lying in gopher-hole may be lifted without penalty." I am thinking of writing a book about golf. I shall call it "Thirty Years of Looking Up."

It was a heavenly morning, there were many wild flowers, and the air was vocal with singing birds. I was glad to see a pair of my old friends, the upland plovers (Bartramian Sandpiper), who trilled their

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incomparable song, and lifted their wings above their pretty heads with an inimitable gesture. I can easily understand how those who have lived in Aberdeen would, if transported elsewhere, be homesick for the prairie.

Speaking of the plovers reminds me again of W. H. Hudson, who wrote of these birds so affectionately. Eight or nine volumes of the beautiful, limited complete edition of his works have appeared during the past month, and I counsel those who love the writings of Hudson to secure a set of these books before they are gone. They are in every way admirable specimens of the publisher's art, a fine frame for Hudson's pictures of life.

The most notable literary event of the year 1923 is the visit to America of Joseph Conrad. In contrast to almost all others he came not to be seen but to see. His novels are characterized by such dignity and reserve and austerity that I imagined he might be rather unapproachable. Nothing could be further from the truth. One would naturally expect simplicity in so sincere an artist, but I was quite unprepared for his irresistible charm. He is one of the most lovable of men, and his personality in conversation leaves as indelible an impression as his books. I shall never cease to be grateful to my friend Henry Canby, the accomplished editor of the "Literary Review" of the New York *Evening Post*, who, some twenty years ago, insisted on my reading Conrad's novels. Of these, I still place first "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and I do not wonder that the author is willing to have his fame stand or fall by that book. But to those who have never read Conrad, I recommend their beginning with "Typhoon," the best description of a storm at sea I have ever found—nor can one forget the practical unimaginative captain, who conquered the elements because he had no more self-consciousness than they.

Joseph Conrad is the finest illustration of a remark I made in the May issue, namely, that it is possible to attain complete fluency in English without pronouncing it accurately. A sensation was to hear this distinguished English author read a page of his own writing. The foreign accent was so strong that it was astounding to remember that the man who was pronouncing English words so strangely has, in mastery of the English language, no superior in the world. That Conrad should understand the composition of a novel, the construction of the plot, the presentation and analysis of human character, that the work should be filled with the evidences of original thought and vivid imagination, all this is comprehensible; but one of his chief titles to fame is the nobility, flexibility, and general perfection of his English prose style. The standards of competition in England are high; that he should hold an undisputed place in the front rank of living English writers is phenomenal.

Even so, the man is greater than his books. To read him is to admire him; to meet him is to have that admiration deepen with the addition of affection. He is an extraordinary personality.

The committee selected by Columbia University to award the Pulitzer prize in American drama for the season of 1922–1923 had an unusually interesting year, there being a number of American plays that in some past periods would have won easily. The choice of "Icebound," by Owen Davis, seems to me particularly wise, because I was on the committee. It is an original, vital, wholly American comedy, and in other respects conforms to the conditions distinctly set down by the donor. It is worth remembering that in the June *Bookman*, which reached me this morning, John Farrar hazarded the prediction that "Icebound" would win. It was a good prophecy, for, unlike most prophecies, it seems good after the event. The award of the biography prize to Burton J. Hendrick, for his "Life of Walter H. Page," has met, as it deserved to, with universal approval. It is pleasant to see Mr. Hendrick gradually receiving recognition for his talents and devotion to truth. The novel and drama awards were naturally not so generally commended, nor would they have been had any other novel or drama been chosen. Every objector has his own favorite in these broad and diversified fields. Had I been on the novel committee, I should have

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voted for— But what is the use of talking about that now?

Men and women equally share in the four literary awards: Burton Hendrick and Owen Davis in biography and drama, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Willa Cather in poetry and fiction. America may well be proud of the four.

All persons except hopelessly reactionary "patriots" will rejoice that the prize for the best editorial of the year was given to William Allen White, of Emporia, Kan., for his magnificent defense of free speech in the short leader called "To an Anxious Friend." Here it is:

> You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. . . . Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea of justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed brute meets brute on each side of the line.
>
> So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter, or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

We ought to respect the law, but the legislators should not make it difficult to do so. What a difference there is between sin and the law! I have no respect for sin, but I have profound respect for many sinners. On the other hand, I have profound respect for the law, but none at all for many lawmakers. The tyrannical control of the individual's habits, manners, speech, and thought has reached such a pitch that before long the "paramount issue" in America may come to be Individual Freedom. For there can be no national freedom, any more than there can be national happiness; these affairs concern only the individual. How happy Germany might have been if she had not filled so large a place in modern history!

That ordinary laws are sufficient to restrain vicious stage plays becomes evident in the recent legal decision against a drama produced in New York. Censorship will never be necessary if the laws against obscenity and indecency are properly enforced. It is curious that those who ridicule plays for "teaching a moral lesson," insisting that didacticism is contrary to rules of art, are the ones who most loudly insist that a book or play attacked for indecency "teaches a great moral lesson." Cant.

One of the most interesting books of the year is Werner's "Life of P. T. Barnum." It is safe to say that Barnum will never be forgotten, and whenever his name is mentioned, both speaker and hearer smile, not with contempt, but with a compound of humor and affection. He was a public benefactor, and I gaze with unconcealed respect at his statue in the park at Bridgeport. His enterprise in bringing Jenny Lind to America, which is told with detail by Mr. Werner, was an international event of such magnitude that Browning alludes to both persons in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," the one poem of its author's filled with American colors. Browning mentions Barnum as he mentions the immortal prize-fight between Tom Sayers and Bill Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." Barnum was forever doing the unexpected. He who had been identified with so many swindles, in the case of Jenny Lind gave the public the full worth of their money. She was even greater than the advertisements. Of all the men and women who sang before I was born, she is the one I would choose to hear. Her "goodness" was a tremendous asset, as it was in the case of Mary Anderson; but virtue alone is no more sufficient to give an artist permanent renown than is the absence of it.

As a rule, Barnum knew the American public loved to be gulled. It was a shame *not* to take the money. His genius —for he was a man of genius—consisted in knowing exactly how to swindle them. He swindled them in a way that called forth their admiration, affection, and delight. When I was a small boy in New Haven, one of the side-shows in his circus advertised "a cherry-colored cat,"

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which you must pay extra to see. No one had ever heard of such a phenomenon, and accordingly crowds streamed into the tent. What they saw was an ordinary black cat, a common enough sight on any street. "What does this mean?" they inquired of the attendant—receiving the dry answer: "Some cherries are black." Now Barnum had accurately known in advance what would happen. Instead of becoming enraged and demanding their money back, they all grinned foolishly, ejaculated the then equivalent of "Stung again!" and immediately went out and implored every one they met on no account to miss seeing the cherry-colored cat. The result was an enormous intake of the people's money. In this case I happened to know the cat. It lived in a house at the corner of York and Chapel Streets, and I had often stroked it. The day before the circus reached town, the cat disappeared. The day after, the cat was returned to the house, with a ribbon around its neck, bearing a card: "With Mr. Barnum's compliments." So that his "overhead" was nil. Every cent he took in was as "velvet" as the cat's fur.

My friend John Rodemeyer, the accomplished editor of a newspaper in Greenwich, Conn., knows an infinite number of stories about Barnum, many of which have illuminated his journal. Barnum was as unique a figure in comedy as Abraham Lincoln in tragedy, and both were purely and wholly American; they could not have flourished in any other country. Both, too, have become legendary heroes. I—*moi qui parle*—saw Barnum. At a certain moment during the progress of the greatest show on earth, there was an impressive silence. In the midst of this vast silence, the large bulk of the showman moved majestically to the centre of the ring, turned around once slowly, so that all could behold his face, and as majestically departed. He remained exactly the right number of seconds. His benevolent features had an amazingly unctuous expression—but little did we then know how absolutely aware he was, of himself, of his expression, and of the spectators.

Apart from his genius for guessing, I find his physical vitality no less astounding. When we remember what hardships he endured on the road, what reverses of fortune he suffered, enough to shatter a less indomitable spirit, when we remember the long weeks without hardly any sleep and the wretched cold food he ate in impossible conditions, the fact that he lived to be over 80 must be reckoned among his achievements.

Another distinctively American biography of the present year is Edward W. Bok's life of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, called "A Man from Maine." Barnum revelled in humbug, and rejoiced when his enemies attacked him for it. In the career of Mr. Curtis there is exactly the opposite of humbug, for he always gave full value, being even fanatically honest. This volume is not so rich in anecdote nor so dramatic in events as the "Americanization of Edward Bok," but it is immensely interesting. It shows not only the rise from obscurity to prominence, and the reasons therefor, but it breathes the very poetry of "business." It successfully demonstrates that there need be nothing humdrum, nothing mechanical, about a business career. It may be full of the spirit of romance and adventure. After all, this depends, in the last analysis, on the individual. Those who find a business life "dull" would have probably found a professional career equally so. Some are bored by work, some by play, some by mountains, some by the sea, some by the plains, some by humanity, and some by themselves. Happy are those who can look on every morning with fresh eyes.

Brigadier-General Henry Martyn Robert, U. S. A., died at Hornell, N. Y., on May 11. He was 86 years old. He was the author of a popular and useful book and had a long and distinguished military and scientific career. I wonder how many of the thousands of men and women who have been faithful to "Robert's Rules of Order" for the last forty years knew anything about the author. He had become the oldest living graduate of West Point. He served in the Civil War, was president of the United States Board of Engineers for Fortifications, was a member of the New York Harbor Line

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Board and of the Rock Creek Park National Commission, and in 1907 was consulting engineer for the construction of the bridge and causeway connecting Galveston with the mainland. His services to his country both in war and in peace were numerous and important; but he will popularly be remembered longest because of his standard work on parliamentary law. When William Dwight and I organized the Hartford Public High School Debating Club in 1882 we decided that "Robert's Rules of Order" should determine our procedure. The club is still flourishing, and I dare say uses the same manual. It is unfortunate that more men and women are not familiar with parliamentary law. Over and over again I have seen men called to the chair in some public meeting, and immediately display painful incompetence. The best presiding officer I ever saw in action was the late John M. Hall, who as speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives maintained absolute discipline, was invariably courteous and invariably right, never guessed inaccurately at a viva-voce vote, never heard an appeal from his decision but once, and then had the satisfaction of being supported by an overwhelming majority.

Speaking of West Point, I have been reading Arthur Sherburne Hardy's autobiography, called "Things Remembered," which has just been published. I confidently recommend this book to all intelligent men and women. Every page is interesting, and there are many enlivening anecdotes. I was particularly glad to see his admiration for the system of education at West Point, of which institution he is one of the most notable graduates. I have had opportunities for observing that system, and I believe in it. Thanks to the discipline, to the small divisions, where every pupil recites every day, and to the liberal course of study, every graduate of West Point and of Annapolis is an educated man. I have not met one exception. I shall never forget the good times I had at West Point some years ago, when I made weekly visits there. The conversation of such men as Hugh Scott, Colonel Larned, and Edward Holden was an education in itself. Doctor Holden, who had been astronomer at the Lick Observatory, president of the University of California, and was then librarian of the United States Military Academy, was a most interesting man. The range of his knowledge and information, his keen wit and spontaneous humor, his prodigious mental vitality, made him an ideal conversationalist. Shortly before his death, he quoted to me the famous verses of Landor, and although the first line was no more true of Holden than it was of the author, the poem, cited by him, seemed doubly impressive.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life:
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Mr. Hardy's last chapter on religion is frank and sincere. Yet it seems a little strange that because knowledge of religious truth cannot be proven, he should find it necessary to take no attitude at all. If we were to subscribe only to what can be verified, no intelligent man would cast a vote at any political election, choose any career in life, believe in his friends, or work for his country.

In a previous paper, I chronicled the fact that the American poet Anna Hempstead Branch had read the entire Bible through in a few days. To those who are interested I give the following facts communicated to me in a letter from the Reverend M. L. G. Proper, of Long Hill, Conn., who, on March 16, 1923, read the New Testament through in one day. He will be glad to hear from other students who may have performed this feat, for feat it surely is.

I did not begin to read at midnight, although I am sure that I had the correct time, but waited until one minute past midnight so that if I succeeded in my attempt the reading would certainly all have been done in one day. I began at 12.01 A. M., Friday, March 16, 1923, and at 8.25 in the evening I had read the entire text of the English Revised New Testament. . . .

Note that I had read only the text of the Revised Version of the New Testament and that there might not be any question as to my having read the Revised Version of the New Testament. I then read the foot-notes in 1 hour, 48 minutes; and the chapter outlines at the top of the pages in 26½ minutes. It was now 11.30 P. M.

I slept less than 1 hour during the 24 hours that

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had just passed. It would be the same as if one got up at 7 o'clock in the morning and worked until 7 o'clock the next morning, with only 1 hour sleep during that time. I drank freely of water during the entire 24 hours. I had no physical trouble of any kind; not even as respects the eyes or the head. It was a very, very rainy day, raining hard almost all of the time. And the dark day seemed to be most excellent for reading. At 11.30 I wanted to go out for an hour's walk (exercise) but did not because the country roads were so muddy. I was not tired; but felt as good as if it were morning and I had had a night's rest. I went to bed at 12.05 A. M. Saturday morning. There was no physical reaction from what I had done.

The reading was a rapid non-meditative one. But occasionally a verse, a paragraph, or a group of chapters would stand out as especially important.

This is the important fact: The entire text of the English Revised Version of the New Testament was read in one day in 15 hours, 14¼ minutes.

I find that the words of Jesus in the New Testament, including the repetitions of various passages, can be read in 3 hours, 11 minutes.

I have read the Old Testament 9 times. This includes the Authorized Version, the Revised Version, and the Jewish translation. I have read the New Testament 20 times. This includes the Authorized Version, the Revised Version, the 1911 New Testament, and Moffatt's translation. There are a number of translations in English that I have not read, as the Catholic Bible, the Modern Readers' Bible, the Baptist Bible, the 1911 Old Testament, the Twentieth Century New Testament, and Weymouth's translation of the New Testament. I suppose there are others.

I should like to know of others who have read the Bible a large number of times, or who have read it rapidly, as I have done.

Now behold a subject that ought to arouse animated discussion and sharp controversy. The famous naturalist W. H. Hudson was certain that we cannot remember *smells*. Sights we remember perfectly; any one in the midst of a blizzard, by exercising his memory, can see with the mind's eye last summer's landscape as plainly as if it were actually before him. How well we remember sounds would differ with different individuals. Hudson believed that no man could remember smells. He thought that the smell itself had to reappear in order to stimulate the senses.

The sense of smell in man is not nearly so strong as the sense of sight. And yet I am not convinced by Hudson's argument. It seems to me—I am willing to admit I may be mistaken—that I can remember the smell of pond-lilies, although I have not held one in my hand for several years. Hudson also says that although unpleasant sights recur to the memory and afflict us, unpleasant smells once survived cannot give us any further trouble, nor does the attempt to recall them bring any disgust. I am by no means sure of this. It is true that, although for some days after an operation I was nauseated by the smell of ether, and some months later was nearly overcome merely by entering a hospital, I have at this moment completely forgotten the smell of ether, and it gives me therefore not the slightest distress to attempt to recall it. But there used to be a soap-factory near New Haven with a particularly evil odor; and it seems to me now that I can recall that. I think I can remember how my dog smells when he is very wet, although at this moment he is dry; and I am afraid I remember all too well how he smelled when he had succeeded in achieving his highest happiness—rolling in the carcass of a rotten sheep. It is astounding that the dog, whose sense of smell is so enormously superior to that faculty in human beings, should delight in what is to us the intolerable odor of decay.

Hudson, in his book "Idle Days in Patagonia," chapter 14, says:

> The reason, I imagine, is that while smells are so much to us they cannot, like things seen and things heard, be reproduced in the mind, but are at once forgotten. It is true that in the books smell is classified along with taste, as being much lower or less intellectual than sight and hearing, for the reason (scarcely a valid one) that there must be actual contact of the organ of smell with the object smelled, or a material emanation from, and portion of, such object, although the object itself might be miles away beyond the sight or even beyond the horizon. The light of nature is enough to show how false the arrangement is that places smell and taste together, as much lower and widely apart from sight and hearing. Rather the extreme delicacy of the olfactory nerve raises smell to the rank of an intellectual sense, but very little below the two first and higher senses. And yet, while sights and sounds are retained and can be reproduced at will, and their phantasms are like the reality, an odor has no phantasm in the brain; or, to be very exact, the phantasm of an odor, or its presentment or representation, is so faint and quickly gone when any effort is made to recover it, that, compared with the distinct and abiding presentments of sights and sounds, it is as nothing. Imagine, for example, that you had often seen Windsor Castle, and knew a great deal about it, its history, its noble appearance, which will look familiar to you when you see it again and affect you pleasantly as in the past; and that yet you could not see it with the mind's

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eye, but that when, after a recent visit, you tried to see it mentally, nothing but a formless, dim, whitish patch appeared, only to disappear in an instant and come no more. Such a case would represent our condition with regard to even the strongest and most familiar smells. Yet in spite of our inability to recall them, we do distinctly make the effort; and in the case of some strong odor which we have recently inhaled, the mind mocks us with this faint shadow of a phantasm; and this vain, or almost vain, effort of the mind seems to show that odors in some past period of our history were so much more to us than they are now that they could be vividly reproduced, and that this power has been lost, or, at all events, is so weakened as to be of no use. . .

. . . So indistinct was the reproduction in my own case, even of the smell of coffee, that after reading this passage I began to fear that my own brain had misled me, and so, to satisfy myself on the point, I consulted others, friends and acquaintances, who all began trying to recall the sensations produced on them by the odors they were most familiar with. The result of their efforts has restored my peace of mind. With the exception of two or three ladies, who, having no male relations to make up their minds for them, profess to be still in doubt, all sadly acknowledged that they find themselves poorer by one faculty than they had supposed themselves to be; that they began trying to recall smells in the belief that they had the power; that they found that they could almost do it, then began to doubt, and finally with a feeling of impotence, of being baffled, gave it up.

A simple mental experiment may serve to convince any person who tries it that the sensations of smell do not reproduce themselves in the mind. We think of a rose, or a lily, or a violet, and a feeling of pleasure attends the thought; but that this feeling is caused solely by the image of something beautiful to the eye becomes evident when we proceed to think of some artificial perfume, or extract, or essence of a flower. The extract, we know, gave us far more pleasure than the slight perfume of the flower, but there is no feeling of pleasure in thinking of it: it is nothing more than an idea in the mind. On the other hand, when we remember some extremely painful scene that we have witnessed, or some sound, expressing distress or anguish, that we have heard, something of the distressed feeling experienced at the time is reproduced in us; and it is common to hear people say, It makes me sad, or makes me dizzy, or makes my blood run cold, when I think of it; which is literally true, because in thinking of it they again (in a sense) see and hear it. But to think of evil odors does not affect us at all: we can, in imagination, uncork and sniff at cans of petroleum and saturate our pocket-handkerchiefs with asafœtida or carbolic acid, or walk behind a dust-cart, or wade through miles of fetid slime in some tropical morass, or take up some mephitic animal, like the skunk, and fondle it as we would a kitten, yet experience no pain, and no sensation of nausea.

I rejoice that George Santayana has at last consented to collect and publish his poems in one volume. He is so well known as a professional philosopher and as a prose essayist, that many have forgotten the poems he wrote in his youth. Some of them are extremely beautiful; and I regard his Sonnets as particularly fine. They first appeared in 1894, and were the fruit of the decade extending from 1883, when he was a freshman at Harvard, to 1893, when he was a member of the faculty. At last we have his "Poems, Selected by the Author and Revised," an attractive volume of 135 pages, with a disarming preface.

These verses, in my judgment, belong to literature—and here is a question—do they belong to American or to English literature? The author is a full-blooded Spaniard, but as he came to America at the age of nine, learned English here, and wrote most of his poems here, I think we must claim him as an American poet. I also insist that W. H. Hudson is an American writer, because his father and mother were both Americans, born in the United States. It is true that Hudson wrote all his books in England—but does that alone make him an Englishman? Patriotism has nothing to do with art; yet I think the classification of Santayana and Hudson as American writers can be justified, even as there is not the slightest doubt that Joseph Conrad belongs to the literature of England.

I am mildly shocked to observe in two books by reputable authors an apparent ignorance of the difference between "counsel" and "council." In Nathaniel W. Stephenson's excellent "Life of Lincoln," page 208, I find this sentence: "As associate council in a case at Cincinnati, three years before, Lincoln had been treated so contemptuously by Stanton that he had returned home in pained humiliation." In Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up Stream," page 32, I read, "Though his life had been, however rash and foolish, of an unblemished honor, he councilled my mother to secrecy. She blamed herself bitterly in later years for having followed his council."

One of my correspondents wishes me to insist on the proper distinction between "latest" and "last." I wish we could, but upon reflection I find that good

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usage has so sanctioned the words as synonyms, that it will be impossible to put through a reform. Every one knows the gibe: "Have you read my last book?" "I hope so." The distinction would have saved the author from that humiliation. Yet we find one of the greatest of Browning's poems called "My Last Duchess." Now so far from being the last, he is talking about her to the envoy who is arranging for a successor. I surrender.

I also surrender on the question of "*n'est-ce pas.*" Carolyn Wells and I have organized the "am't I" club, of which we are the original charter members. We have decided to say "am't I" brazenly, and then glare. We invite all respectable persons and others to join in the "am't I" "drive," in an attempt to "sell it," or to "put it over." Perhaps if we can get "in touch" with some influential persons, we can make some progress "along these lines." I would say "a'n't I," but it sounds too much like "aren't I," and all except those from the Middle West might think I was using that detestable phrase.

One of the worst foes to human happiness is the fresh-air crank. I love fresh air as much as anybody, but I love it where it belongs—outdoors. I do not like too much of it in the house, and I particularly hate the mixture of in-and-outdoor air, because the ingredients are never correctly amalgamated. I hate a wind blowing across a library table, and I hate a draft down the back of my neck. One of my grievances against the fresh-air crank is that he has a positive genius for the inopportune. Just when I am absolutely comfortable in a warm interior on a winter day, and can laugh from my security at the accursed cold, some crank is sure to say, "Don't you think it is very close here?" then walk across the room, and open a window on the back of my neck, letting in the poisonous chill. For the invariable fact is, that in a meeting or anywhere else, the fresh-air crank stealthily opens the window on somebody else's back. He then returns to his safe chair with smiles that say "That's better." I remember once when this happened, a friend of mine remarked that we had been absolutely comfortable until this idiot opened the window; as he emphatically closed it, he added: "I've got only one drop of blood in my whole body, and I want that to circulate."

When you are travelling on a railway-coach and a fat man in front of you opens the window, thus getting the pleasant air himself, and giving you the cinders, an excellent plan is to raise your newspaper directly between you and the onslaught of dirt, and read it with absorbed attention. This causes a superb funnel. The draft and the dirt pour copiously down the neck of the villain, and unless he is a hard-boiled rhinoceros, he will close the casement.

Another extremely common and reprehensible habit is that of a host who gives a dinner-party, and arranges that the guests, immediately after the feast is over, shall repair to a room that would answer admirably for cold storage, but is no place for immortal souls. After eating, one is naturally cold, and should go into a warm room. This is easily proved by the fact that if an open fire is burning on the hearth of the room to which the dinner-guests adjourn, every one instinctively makes for that fire. Usually a large man reaches it first, stands with his back to it, and addresses the company for fifteen minutes.

Dining-rooms and their successors should never be cold. (There is only one thing worse than a cold dining-room, and that is a cold bathroom.) I felt a strong affection for a convivial and cheerful guest, who, at a dinner-party, in the midst of winter, when the host inquired, "Shall I open a window?" replied firmly: "No! Shut all the windows and open all the bottles."

We are told it is unhealthy to be in a warm room. But how much better it is to be unhealthy and deliciously comfortable than to be perfectly healthy and perfectly miserable. My advice to the fresh-air crank is to stay outdoors, where he belongs, for he has never been civilized. If he must enter the house or the hall, and must have fresh air, let him open the window on his own back, and here's hoping that he catches a terrific cold.

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MY only companion in the smoker of the Pullman dropped his morning newspaper with a "Humph!"

As he caught my look of polite interrogation he explained: "I am disgusted by the continual whinings of these mendicant college professors and their wives. Here is a dispatch from the Pacific coast chronicling the lamentations of the wives of university professors. The wives complain that they are dressed by the charity of relatives and friends. One publishes to the cold, hard, and cynical world that she has not had a new pair of shoes for five years; another has worn the same winter hat for seven years; and two of them have worn the same capes for eleven years."

Keys

"Well," I unsympathetically snapped (my wife's sister happens to be married to a college professor), "we surely have starved the college professor."

"Yes, that's the common notion, but there's no truth in it."

"The trouble with men like you," said I, as I made another inventory of his complacent and rotund prosperity, "is that you know nothing at first hand about the privations, sacrifices, and social habits of the 'intellectuals.' I have known you but for half an hour, but I have gathered enough to know that your own habits of thought disqualify you from sympathizing with the needs and ideals of a college professor. You look and talk like one born with a platinum spoon in his mouth and a Bolls-Toyce in his garage. You belong to the class that writes articles on how to live on an income of thirty thousand dollars a year."

"You must be a brother of Sherlock Holmes," laughed my sleek, broker-like-looking companion. "It doesn't take you long to get a man's number."

This softened my resentment, because I felt that he had recognized one of my strongest characteristics. I really am a very accurate and rapid judge of human nature. I felt even more kindly disposed as he extended his gold-decorated cigar-case in my direction. As he had pulled his cigar-case from his pocket, his bunch of keys had dropped to the floor. This suggested my favorite theory as to the reading of a man's social and financial standing.

"Ah," said I, as I handed him his keys, which I had picked up for him, "you name the uses of the keys and I'll hit you off to a T, for whereas Goethe says a man's character is his history, I say a man's keys are his biography."

I could see the mounting admiration in the eyes of my companion, who ejaculated: "Well, well, indeed you are a most remarkable man; I have never surmised that keys are such a revealer of man's life."

"Go ahead," I rejoined, "call off the keys and I'll give the exegesis."

"This is the key to my house; yes, I say MY house, for I pay no rent, and I may add that the house is built of stone, has hardwood floors, plate-glass windows, and all the conveniences. This is the key to my box at the post-office, and this is the master-key admitting me into the building where my office is located; and here is the key to our country bungalow; this one opens the safety-box in the vault of my bank; here we have the one that opens my locker in the country club; and this little cluster of keys has to do with the garage and the sedan that there reposes. There's another key, but I'm not going to tell you what that key is for until you have declared your deductions up to the present moment."

"The whole matter is very simple," said I. "Any man who owns his own home, who has a safety-box in the bank, a sedan in the garage, a bungalow in the country, and a locker in an exclusive country club is an individual who cannot have any possible sympathy with an underpaid college professor. You must be a banker or an oil plutocrat, or, if you excuse plain talking, it is likely that you have inherited a lot of real estate that has increased greatly in value because of the enterprise of your neighbors."

"You're wrong," interjected my victim; "I've never inherited a dollar."

"Well, then," I continued with rising voice, "you're the average successful American with no ideals beyond the dollar, and with no understanding of the idealism that is willing to suffer for the sake of art and

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science. Now I know something about college professors, because my wife's sister married a college professor; and I want to tell you——"

"Wait a moment," said my unruffled associate as he apparently tried to assuage my rising indignation by handing me his cigar-case for the second time. "There's one key I haven't explained. Notice this last key on the ring."

"What about it?"

"It's the key to my lecture-room."

"What's that you say?"

"It's the key to the lecture-room of a college professor."

My confusion of mind was partly relieved by the thrusting aside of the curtain as the dusky porter announced: "Last call for breakfast!"

"Come on," said I, "be my guest at a sumptuous breakfast; I still feel sorry for these poor college professors."

Confessions of a Book-Lender

FOR more than thirteen years now I have cultivated a habit of listing in a small note-book my "Books Lent." I owe the idea to my old friend H., from whom I have borrowed many a book, and to whom I believe I have lent as many, without the loss of a volume on either side. If all borrowers were like H. and me, records would be superfluous! Some of my friends regard this account-keeping as ungenerous and ignoble; they do not say so, they may even commend it with their lips, but I can see reproach in the turn of their eye as they go out of my study with a book or two. These same reproachful glances, I am shameless enough to confess, have done much to convince me of the utility of H.'s plan. They furnish evidence that the consciousness of the borrower has been penetrated by realization of two wholesome facts: first, that I shall know where the book is, and, second, that he is expected to return it.

Going to my faithful list the other day to see what had become of a volume that had disappeared from my shelves, I found that I had lent it to G. nine months ago. Then I turned back over the pages of the little ledger with some melancholy reflections. The books marked "not returned" represent, it is true, no great value in money; but I have missed every one of them more than once. Some of them are not easily to be replaced; some, which I valued for their associations, could not be replaced at all. Where shall I find another copy of that delightful story of baseball and Connecticut, "The Plated City," written in his youth by one of the wisest and best of my teachers? On an unlucky day I lent it to a too amiable colleague, who enjoyed it so much that he lent it to a friend of his. (I wish some greater master of malediction than I would devise a curse for the borrower who lends his neighbor's books.) I scarcely hope to replace "Enchanted Ground," the last and best novel of a friend and classmate whose career, full of promise, was early cut short. On the day I lent it my guardian spirit, which keeps me, had deserted his duty; for (I confess it with shame) I forgot to record the loan. I could replace "The New Canterbury Tales," which in an evil hour I lent to a thoughtless miss; but my copy was enriched with a screed of punning verse in the crabbed hand of the donor, my old friend S. Why should I recall the lack of my "Peg Woffington," lent to the more forgetful mother of the forgetful damsel, and the empty spaces in my shelves of plays? Plays for some reason seem to offer the strongest temptation to the unconscienced borrower; I have lost at least nine volumes of them.

As I thumbed over the leaves of my ledger with such thoughts, it occurred to me that the experiences there recorded might be of interest to others of the unhappy race of book-lenders. All of us, like Dogberry, have had losses. Those who don't know how many books they have unintentionally presented to friends may conjecture the extent of their generosity from my experience; those who have kept records may like to compare notes with me. For the benefit of fellow-lenders, then, I made a brief statistical investigation. When you see a favorite volume leaving your library under a friend's arm, you may be interested to consider what are the mathematical probabilities of your ever seeing it again. Not being born systematic, I have often forgotten to enter loans on my list; and some books thus lent, I know, have been *spurlos versenkt*. Such unrecorded loans and losses are not, of course, included in my figures. Probably the proportion of losses to loans would be at least as large as in the cases which are of record. Lenders who keep no records may be sure that their losses are proportionately heavier

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than mine; for, not to mention the tonic effect of the mere knowledge of the record upon the borrower's conscience, I know that I have saved some books by dunning delinquent borrowers.

The list shows that in the thirteen years ending last January I lent three hundred books. Of these, fifteen have never been returned, though I made some attempt to reclaim most of them. Reckoned on this basis, then, the lender's chance of losing a cherished volume, if he keeps a list and duns the tardy, is only one in twenty. To be sure, the twentieth book may be the one he is most reluctant to part with; but then he still has the other nineteen. Unfortunately, however, such an inference from the figures is by far too rosy. We should probably be nearer the truth if we based the calculation on the ratio of negligent to punctilious borrowers. (This is a polite way of saying it, you understand. By "negligent" I mean those who resolutely refused, or indefinitely postponed, the returning of books; by "punctilious" I mean those who, with or without pressure, in fact returned them.) To borrowers of proved integrity, of course, I lent a far larger number of books than to the other sort; hence it would be misleading to draw a general conclusion from my ratio of books lost to books lent. The determining factor in the problem, "Shall I see my book again?" is obviously the character of the borrower. My borrowers were a rather selected list; they included students, teachers, college professors, business men, lawyers, ministers, writers, and musicians. Altogether there were eighty-six of them; and of these, twelve failed in at least one instance to return a book. Reckoned on this basis, your chance of losing your book is almost one in seven. But this inference is rather too gloomy; for of the twelve negligent borrowers, several returned some books, though each kept one or more.

Of my borrowing friends, fifty-two were men and thirty-four women; of the delinquents, nine were men and only three women. Apparently it is almost twice as safe to lend a book to a woman as to a man; with the man your chance of loss is better than one in six, with the woman less than one in eleven. Some would say that this is because women have no real love of books. I offer no explanation; I simply present the facts. Regarding the relative unreliability of borrowers in different professions, my statistics point to a rather startling conclusion, which I deem it inexpedient to disclose. I will merely observe that, contrary to the general impression in academic circles, it is very much safer to lend a book to a student than to a professor; and that the villain of my list, who was responsible for the loss of three books before I stopped his depredations, was a colleague. *Verbum sat!* For the honor of the profession, however, I must add that this particular borrower has since gone into business; perhaps he was in training for it when he appropriated my books. I am told, and I readily believe, that he is making a great success.

Looking over my list of delinquents, I have tried to make some generalizations about them; to discover, if possible, some sign by which the unreliable borrower may be distinguished. But I have completely failed. They are all persons of good repute; some have exceptional ability, several have rare personal charm. Some approximate Lamb's description of the noble and lordly borrower, but others are as far as possible from that type. So far as I can judge, there is no earmark by which the lender may recognize the prospective plunderer of his shelves. We must e'en take our chances.

For of course we would not for the world stop lending books. Churlishly as we may grumble about our losses, we acknowledge to ourselves, at least, that we should risk them again with our eyes open. For the unreliable borrower as such I have nothing but anathemas; on no consideration, however, is the pleasure of introducing a friend to a good book, and talking it over with him, to be foregone. Among my seventy-four righteous borrowers many are of the salt of the earth, and there is also much Attic salt among them. I could not have known them so well had I not lent them books. Among the sinners, too, there is mighty good company; I should hate to have missed knowing them. I will never indorse the jejune and inhuman advice of Polonius; for (here is my last confession) I am too fond of borrowing books.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A garden scene in the purely decorative style of painting. Attributed to an artist of the Sung Dynasty. Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

Chinese Art Through Western Eyes

BY MARY MACALISTER

THE unique position occupied by Chinese art is acknowledged by every one who has any familiarity with different styles of art and their history. For it is the one style that has survived in unbroken succession in the geographical area in which it originated and began to flourish as early probably as any art. If it was slow in reaching the high development of the great T'ang Dynasty, after both Greek and Roman art had risen and fallen, it was also slow in declining. Although critics place the limits of originality and growth at the time of the Mongolian Conquest in the thirteenth century, the brilliant Ming Dynasty arose later, lasting well into the seventeenth century. And the most ancient forms and motifs, handed down to the present time, possess an astonishing vitality.

To the Western mind the unchanging characteristics of the East have not ceased to be a wonder. The fact that China was shut in upon herself for centuries at a time, and that when changes and upheavals did occur her art was never really destroyed, but merely modified, and sometimes strengthened technically by outside influences, accounts for some of the lively interest in Chinese art. But the changeless, age-old aspects would be only interesting from a historic and strictly archæological standpoint, if it were not for the perennially

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Lower portion of a large painting of a legendary subject: "Yü the Great Subdues the Deluge." By an unknown artist of the Ming Dynasty.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

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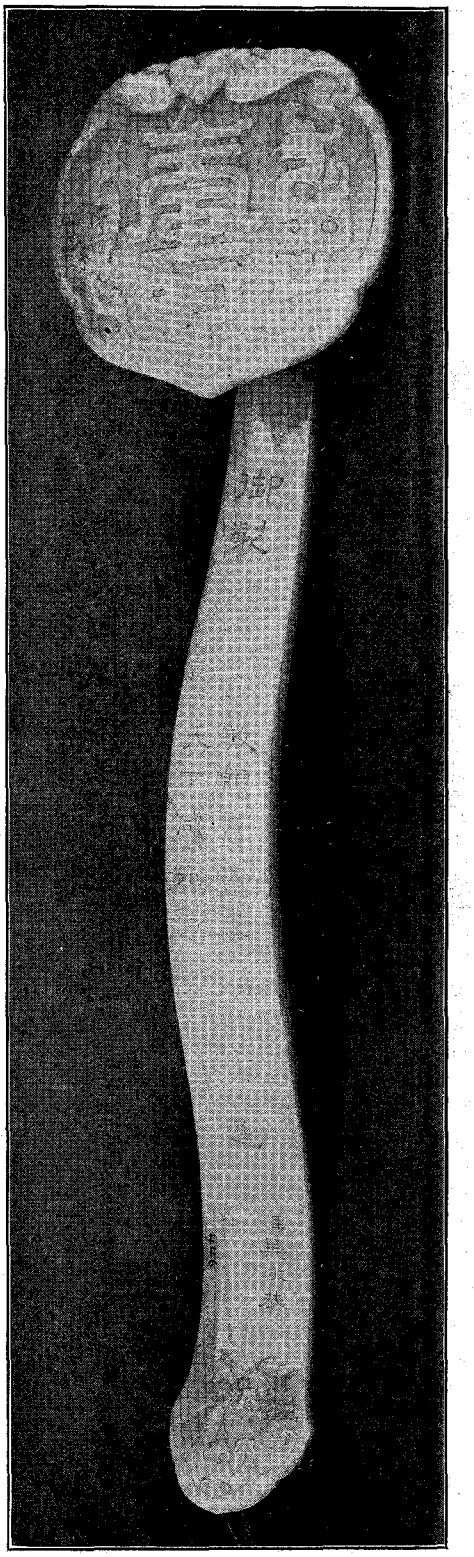
youthful side presented to the modern world. This most ancient art of the Orient which is alive to-day is so profound and philosophic in its older manifestations that the student entering upon a study of it is apt to be discouraged at the outset. Yet it is so gracefully trivial and gaily sophisticated in the decorative uses to which it is put on every hand, that any danger of extinction is from overpopularity and cheap imitations in the present-day commercial environment.

Chinese scholars of to-day would have us take their art more seriously, and regard its ancient lineage with something of the homage which even careless moderns pay to Greek or early Italian art. These we of the West still regard as our heritage, and a heritage, too, is much of the art of the Nearer East, associated with early Christianity in countless symbols whose derivation can easily be traced. East and West have been constantly merged in the history of art, and out of the union have come such beauty and enchantment as are to be seen in Venice, for instance, particularly in the complicated façade of San Marco, the matchless vision of composite art.

The Far East holds a very different appeal. Advanced civilization developed independently there; in the early stages almost as remote from the great nations grouped around the Mediterranean as if it had developed in the moon. Between the most ancient advanced civilizations of the West and that of China in the Bronze Age there is no recorded intercourse. There are examples of ancient bronze vessels to be found in American museums which date back to the prehistoric period of isolation. They belong to ceremonial observances of primitive religious beliefs which were rooted in Chinese soil for ages before Buddhism and the art which belonged to it were introduced from without. These massive and finely wrought metal containers and libation cups for sacrificial food and wine are, therefore, most interesting, for their decorative designs are symbols of nature as interpreted in



Sceptre of pale-green jade with inscription.
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

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early ritual. The scrolls and frets, dragon and bird forms, and "ogre heads" appear in their early conceptions evolved from earth, and air, and water, in the manner that such designs were evolved by other primitive peoples.

The first known relationship between China and Western civilization comes late in ancient history, and several centuries passed before there was an effect upon Chinese art. Modern research and exploration, however, have proved the indirect influence of late Greek art, which was carried eastward to the frontiers of India and the borders of China. It gave rise to the strange, hybrid, Greco-Buddhist sculpture and decoration of which such extensive remains have been discovered in barren and deserted areas of Central Asia. "Serindia" is the name now given to the vanished civilization that once flourished in these desert wastes. Rock-cut temples and shrines of Buddhism guarded for more than a thousand years an unsuspected art that is thought to have been a mingling of Greco-Roman, Iranian, Indian, and Chinese elements. When Buddhism penetrated into China, something of this new art went with it, and thus a faint echo of classic Greece may have been the borrowed element that was necessary for the growth of Chinese and even Japanese sculpture.

Colossal head of a Bodhisattva, sixth or seventh century A. D.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

How much of classic Greece there is to be found in Far Eastern carvings in stone and wood is a question about which experts differ. Any one who is interested in going far afield in theories of such interrelations can find them eloquently set forth in the volumes in which Sir Aurel Stein, the explorer of Serindia, describes his finds, and in the writings of Fenollosa and other authorities. It is not difficult to imagine classic influence in such a sculptured head as that illustrated here—one of the impressive colossal Bodhisattvas of early date. If we should choose to compare it with a classic head of a wholly different type, one possessing the almost sensuous refinement of finish of the most perfect Greek or Roman marbles, and the haunting appeal that is entirely outside the province of Chinese sculpture, there would seem to be only a wide divergence.

Our ideas of art, coming originally from the Greeks, have tended down the ages more and more to individuality, initiative, and "progress." The Chinese, devoted to preserving their traditions, have used the same types and subjects in art and literature over and over with no fear of monotony. There is no lack of individuality in the way of "character study," they were masters of that, especially in drawing and painting; but once found, types have been repeated by generations of artists. In our modern contempt for the shackles of custom we are apt to forget that restraint has been good for the formation of style in art. Even the extreme spirit of conservatism that governed Chinese art did not prevent the play of individual fancy in the artist. Especially in the realm of design there was the fertile invention capable of producing myriad forms of decorative patterns. And the Chinese genius for color had free scope for development. Was it perhaps a habit of restraint that tempered the Oriental delight in varied hues with the peculiarly subtile and exquisite sense of values and gradations of color that is so marked?

An element that enters into Chinese art so largely that it must always be considered is the prominence given to inscriptions. Writ-

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ing as an accomplishment went along with drawing and painting; before the date of any painting now known, the elaborate Chinese written characters were used on bronze and stone. These inscriptions are more than dates and historical accounts of events. They frequently give a touch of poetry to articles in common use that is quite charming. A bronze mirror that was doubtless used by an ancient beauty has ornamentation involving various decorative emblems, and has an inscription informing the user that in the mirror she may see herself as lovely as the flowers, the stars in the sky, etc. Jade, out of which so many precious things were fashioned, often bears inscriptions. A small table-screen of pale-green jade has incised characters which have been filled in with gold—a little poem in antique script translated as follows: "Dew wets a fairy's clothes and makes them heavy. Wind blows the fragrance of golden grains. The sign of the moon shows an early autumn. At the same time we see five fragrant branches of white olive-tree."

Sacrificial libation cup of bronze, Shang Dynasty, 1766–1122 B. C.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

The poetic and philosophic spirit found free expression in painting. A picture was a poem in line and color—in line much more than in color, for that was more fully expressed in other directions. In landscape-painting of the early period, coming to finest development in the Sung Dynasty, the grand style of composition was full of underlying meaning and subtlety. Yet there are old paintings in lighter vein also, garden scenes and palace interiors that delight us merely as decoration, quite apart from any deep significance. Historic legends as well as religious subjects were long a source of inspiration. The literary point of view, and the idea of "culture" as we call it, were all-important in the education of an artist, though technical skill in brush strokes is so apparent. The fact that paintings were done on silk or paper, made to roll up and put away, and brought out to be examined or hung temporarily on walls, puts them in a different class from most of our paintings. But what we consider to be limitations in the choice of materials did not interfere with the choice of subjects. The old Chinese painters were constantly making excursions into the sublime and could clearly convey the impression of stormy aspects of nature, and of boundless space with human figures grouped in it. They seem to be equally at ease in depicting a swiftly moving "Tartar Horseman" or in the bird-and-flower studies that have kept such a delicate freshness in spite of the ravages of time.

If we can but catch the spirit of the Chinese artist, and get the sympathetic point of view, there is a particular kind of enjoyment in looking at a collection of old Chinese paintings. We say to ourselves that whatever they set out to do they did, these seekers after truth, harmony, and rhythm. First they seem to have penetrated very deeply into the meaning of things, and then to have selected and adapted unerringly only the essentials that they were capable of fixing permanently in pictorial form.

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A certain resemblance has been remarked between the general style of old Chinese painting and that of the Italian Primitives just at the dawn of the Renaissance. There is no apparent connection, as was the case with sculpture in an earlier epoch. Communication was still by the long and hazardous caravan routes that had brought silks and other products from the distant Orient to Western markets since the days of Ancient Rome. Marco Polo had returned to Italy after his explorations with accounts of the marvels of the mysterious empire of "Cathay" during the Mongolian expansion at the end of the thirteenth century. Only a few venturesome spirits followed him—missionaries and traders—and then in the fourteenth century began the renewed period of isolation that lasted for nearly two hundred years. Whatever similarities there are between Chinese and early Italian painting appear on the surface, in the tendency in both toward flatness and pattern-like design, and in cool, clear coloring. There are fundamental differences in the way the human figure is treated, of course—all the diversities of race, religion, manners, and customs. Chinese art did not seek to emphasize beauty in the human figure, aiming to view it impersonally as part of the general scheme of things. Even in strictly religious paintings the distinction holds good. The Goddess of Mercy seems always more abstract and conventional in treatment than the Italian blending of ideal and sensuous in the many very human types of the Madonna. As for Botticelli's floating angels and goddesses, how altogether apart they are from Far Eastern conceptions, in spite of the decorative treatment!

Whistler is the artist of modern times who comes to mind at once as the one most subtly akin to the spirit and the manner of Chinese and Japanese art.

Any wide-spread knowledge and appreciation of the fine arts of China is comparatively recent in Europe as well as in America. Although examples of painting and sculpture are to be found in the Oriental collections of museums everywhere, and in some private collections, and so much has been written about them in this present century, it is the industrial arts that have been known since the mediæval Cathay was only the name of a mythical region to Europeans. When sea routes of trade were at last opened, and from the port of Canton, Portuguese, Dutch, and British merchants brought home their rich cargoes of porcelains, lacquers, and textiles, there developed that keen appreciation of the decorative value of Chinese art that has lasted to our own time.

In the estimation of the outside world, the truly incomparable artistic product of China is still her pottery and porcelain. In the department of ceramics there is not much room for diversity of opinion. Like all the most perfect handiwork of man, beautiful old Chinese porcelains speak for themselves, and remain a subject of inexhaustible interest notwithstanding all the volumes in different languages that have been written to describe and classify them. Some of the latest archæological discoveries have led to renewed speculation upon the suggestions of early outside influence in ceramics. As usual, the Chinese so readily absorbed what may have reached them from Byzantium and other sources that such influences have been hard to trace. The art of enamelling on metal, leading to the manufacture of the famous cloisonné wares, is pronounced with certainty to have been of Byzantine origin.

By the eighteenth century, commercial intercourse with Europe had begun to produce the effects that have been so much lamented by critics. There was already imitation of Western art in China. But there is another point of view which is always to be taken into consideration. Late Chinese art and the eighteenth-century style of Europe, when they came into contact, were found to be curiously congenial. Both the East and the West had arrived by widely different paths at somewhat the same stage of translating early ideas and motifs into ornate elaboration. The European designers of that period seized upon the Chinese decorative ideas with an instinctive sense not only of their novelty but of their innate adaptability to the elegant and fanciful taste of the time.

Every period in the long history of Chinese art takes on new interest in the light of modern knowledge and investigation. By exercising the imagination it is possible to think of all periods as closely related, bringing down to our life of to-day the strangely contrasting and remote life of the distant Orient in long-past centuries.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Drift of the World's Finance

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT was recognized, as long ago as war time, that the process of readjustment to the changed economic conditions which were bound to follow the war would be a slow one; that the course of world finance would sometimes be shaped in the wrong direction, making necessary a subsequent movement back to the former position. It was believed that the logic of the economic situation would ultimately govern such important factors as international trade and the international flow of gold, but that this would probably happen in ways which could not be foreseen. To those who tried to look into the longer future, the question of the American balance of trade and the question of the American gold reserve were the most obscure. On the face of the international situation left by the war, the only logical outcome certainly seemed to be a change in the foreign trade of the United States from the traditional large surplus of exports to an equally large and equally permanent surplus of imports, with redistribution to foreign countries of the abnormally large gold reserve which our country had accumulated during and since the war.

Forecasts of Post-War Readjustment

It was pointed out, in all such discussions, that prior to 1914 the United States had been a "debtor country." It had borrowed from Europe in preceding decades, through sale of American securities on foreign markets, an amount of capital aggregating thousands of millions of dollars. Its annual payment of interest and dividends on this accrued indebtedness was mostly made in exported merchandise, and that was clearly recognized as the reason why, even in years when our yearly surplus of imports reached or exceeded $500,000,000 (as it frequently did in the decade before the war), our annual foreign debit and credit account remained as a whole in balance. In the long run we sent abroad about as much gold as we received.

THE war reversed the position. Our markets first bought back the bulk of American stocks and bonds which Europe held; then they subscribed to European war loans on a wholly unexampled scale, and when our own government entered the war, the Treasury loaned $10,000,000,000 to eleven of our allies, raising the money for the purpose through selling an equivalent amount of United States Liberty loans to American investors. At the end of the war, therefore, not only did we hold Europe's obligations on a wholly unprecedented scale instead of Europe's holding ours, but Europe had to find some means for paying the annual interest on such loans. Precisely as we in our debtor days had paid the annual interest to Europe in the shape of an excess of exports over imports, so the eventual necessary solution of the altered problem now appeared to be an excess of imports received by the United States from foreign countries over the exports sent by us to them.

Our Position in 1914 and Now

Similarly, the gold sent here by Europe since the outbreak of war—partly to pay in cash for purchases of food and war munitions here, partly to arrest the depreciation of European exchange, but very largely because of the movement of international capital to this country, as the only nation in the world whose currency stayed at par with gold—reached unexampled magnitude. The Treasury's estimate of August 1, 1914, stated the stock of gold in the United States as

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$1,887,000,000; in June of the present year the estimate was $4,023,000,000, or fully one-half of the world's total visible supply. Our Federal Reserve this summer reported twice as much gold in its reserve as the law required to be held against existing deposits and outstanding note circulation. Stated in figures, the twelve reserve banks had in their vaults $1,653,000,000 more gold than was absolutely necessary.

THIS surplus gold we admittedly did not need; a large body of economists and bankers regarded it as a source of danger, as offering continuous opportunity for such reckless expansion of credit as occurred in 1920. Yet it was equally evident that in the long run this gold would be imperatively needed, when they came to resume gold payments on their paper currencies, by European nations which had suspended such payments during and since the war. This again seemed to force the conclusion that a large excess of merchandise imports in our foreign trade would be the normal outcome, supplemented by large investment of American capital in European securities and followed by redistribution of our surplus gold to the outside world.

Problem of Our Gold Reserve

The course of events since 1918 shows how slowly and how erratically economic logic often operates. Instead of turning to an import surplus, our post-war foreign trade began by producing an excess of exports during 1919 of $4,016,000,000, whereas $3,300,000,000 had been the largest export surplus even in war time and $691,000,000 the largest of any calendar year before the war. Instead of redistributing our gold (which, even in the armistice month, was $1,200,000,000 greater than in August, 1914), our net importation of foreign gold during the four years beginning with 1919 was $700,000,000.

YET economic forces were gradually changing this situation. Their action had been impeded by the whole world's plunge into credit inflation during 1919 and 1920; but the reaction, the fall of prices, the contraction of credit and the increase of foreign production which followed the last-named year brought the normal influences into play. During 1922 our investors subscribed for $500,000,000 new European bonds. Simultaneously our merchandise trade balance began to change. As against the $4,000,000,000 export surplus of 1920, exports exceeded imports in 1922 by barely $700,000,000, or not much above the pre-war yearly maximum. At length the complete reversal came. In the three months beginning with last March the excess of imports over exports had reached the sum of $133,000,000—wholly unparalleled for any similar period in our history.

Our Changing Trade Balance

So far the progress of events seemed clearly in line with economic logic. Yet it remained to say that, in the face of this reversal in the merchandise balance, exchange rates moved against Europe in the first half of 1923 more steadily than at any time since 1920. Purchase of European securities by the American market practically ceased; monthly gold imports from Europe into the United States rose last spring to the largest sum in more than a year and the American stock of gold increased, between January 1 and the end of May, another $100,000,000 over the amount reported at the end of 1922.

How this curious problem will eventually work itself out, it is still impossible to predict. That depends on a score of influences whose character no one can foresee. It cannot even be said with certainty as yet, whether the recent import surplus was the sign of a permanent economic change, or merely an incident of the sudden and spasmodic American trade revival of last spring, with its peremptory and insatiable demand for quick delivery of raw material of manufacture. But the visible anomalies of the situation merely repeat the seeming contradictions which are in sight throughout the economic world. Wall Street and the business community are at the moment in a mood of profound despondency regarding the future of our domestic trade; yet the actual figures show that production, transportation, and consumption are at the high mark of our history.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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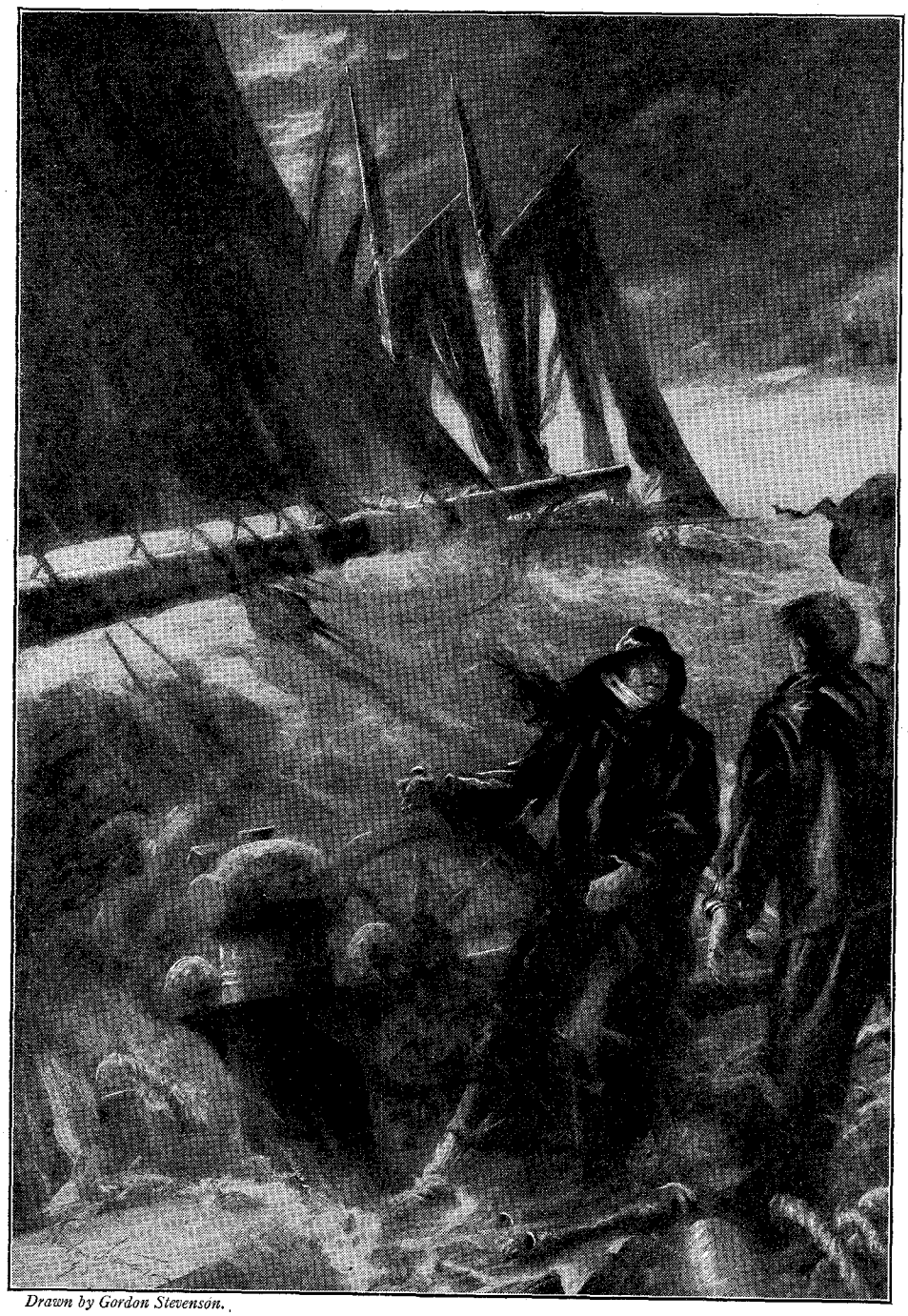

Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

JACOB'S SAILS WERE BLOWN TO RIBBONS.

—"Lobster-Creels," page 316.

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